Collier's

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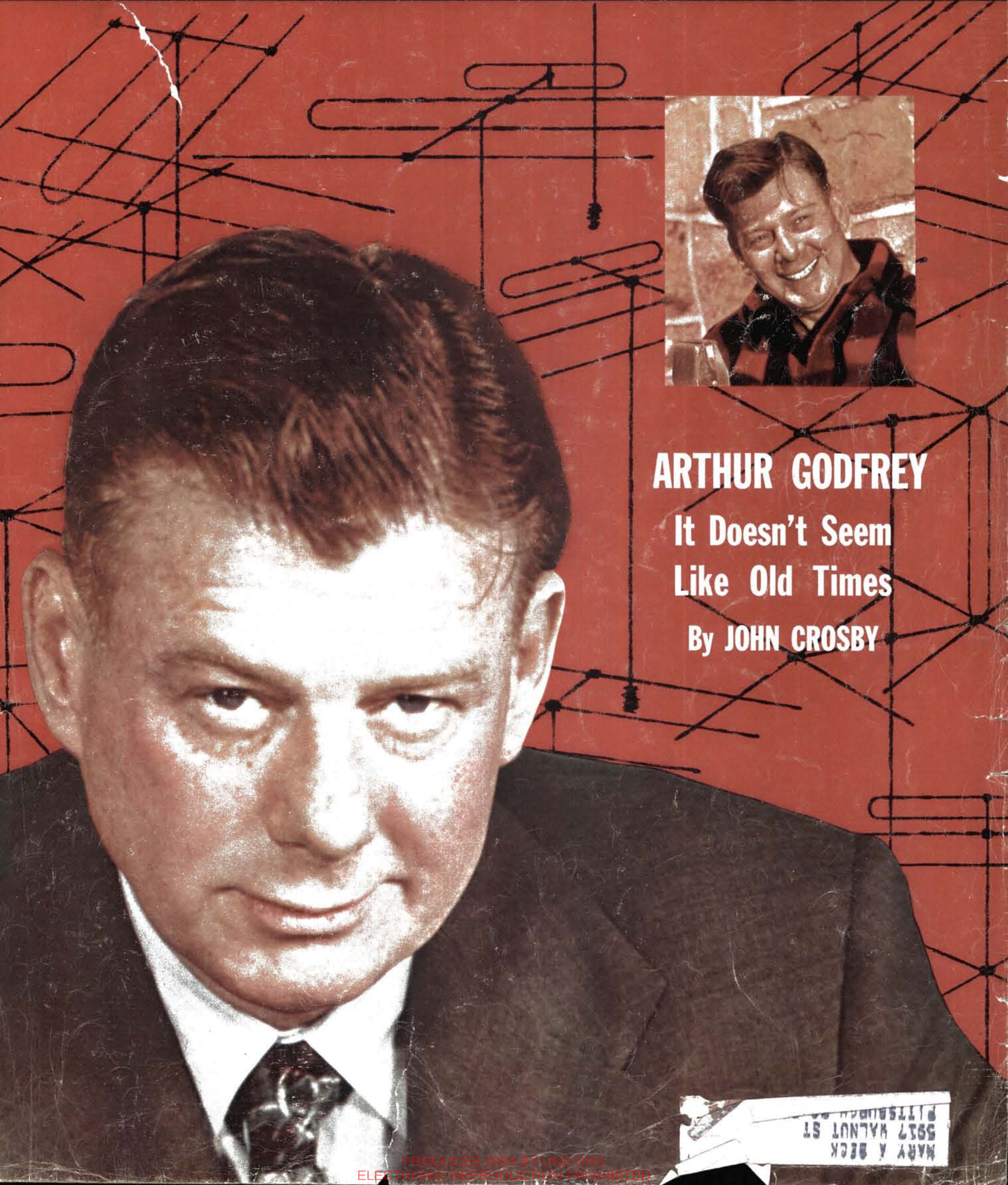
BY UCLA COACH "RED" SANDERS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1955 • FIFTEEN CENTS

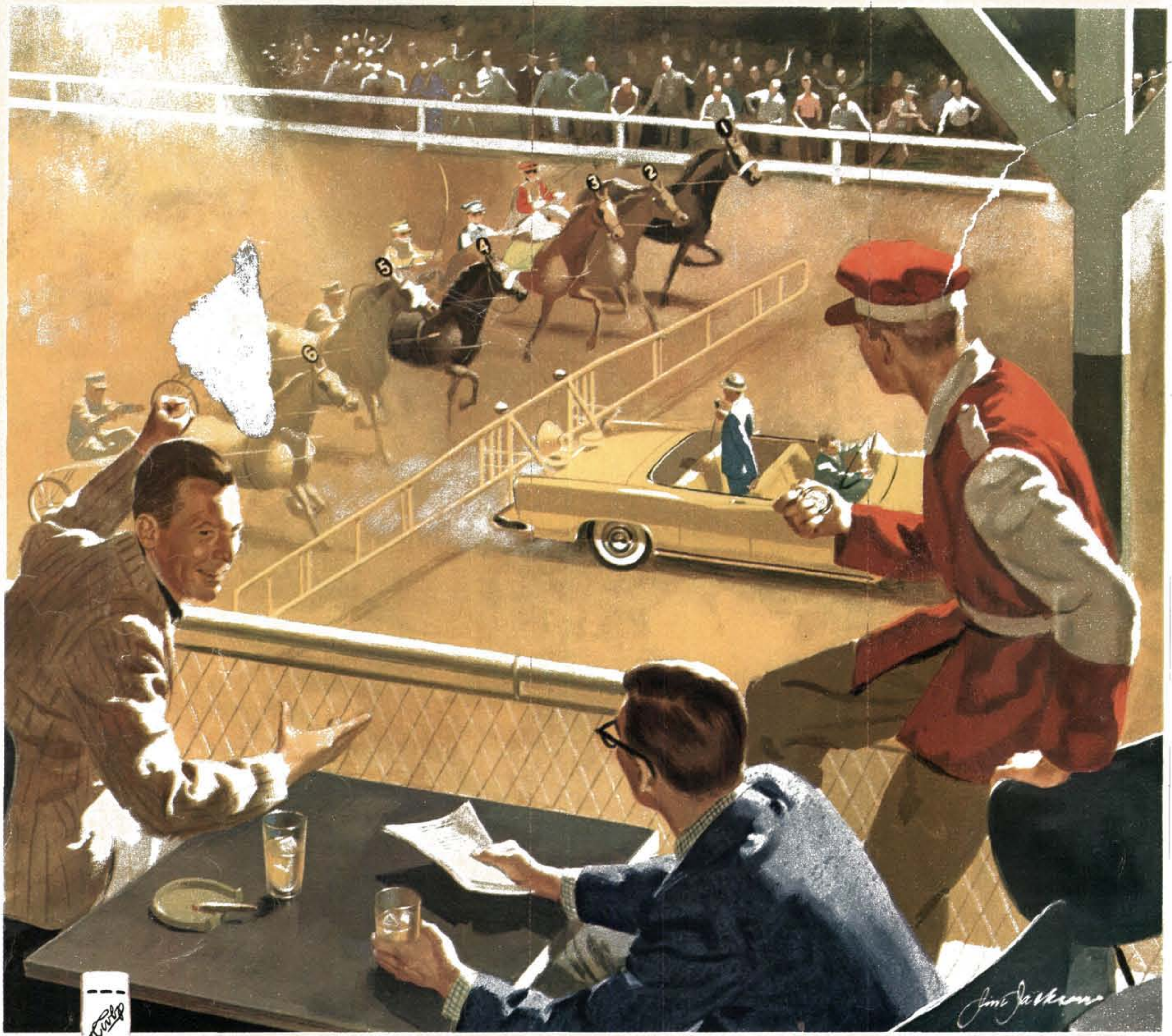


ARTHUR GODFREY

It Doesn't Seem Like Old Times

By JOHN CROSBY

MARY A BECK
5017 WALNUT ST
PITTSBURGH



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Collier's

SEPTEMBER 30, 1955

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THE COVER . . Jerry Ehrlich and Ozzie Sweet

The photographers' accounts of what happened when they took our two cover shots help depict two phases in Godfrey's life. The smaller photo was taken some years ago by Ozzie Sweet, the other one more recently by Jerry Ehrlich. "I met Godfrey in '47," says Sweet, "when he was just emerging as a big radio figure. I spent a leisurely day on his Virginia farm and got all the pictures I could use." But Ehrlich met the star not long ago in New York. "It took two weeks to get an appointment," Ehrlich reports. "Then I went to Godfrey's office, set up my equipment and waited for him to finish his morning show. He hustled in, posed for 15 minutes, during which we were interrupted half a dozen times—and that was it." Some of the reasons for the changes eight years have wrought in Arthur Godfrey are discussed by John Crosby in his article, It Doesn't Seem Like Old Times, on page 27 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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TELEPHONE
COMPANY

THREE TELEPHONE PIONEERS from different sections of the country are shown here. They are Robert C. Price of Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns of Minneapolis, Minn.; and Melvin F. Held of St. Louis, Mo. Shown also are emblems of the two Pioneer associations.

They're Telephone Pioneers

Experience and fellowship of long-term telephone men and women are important factors in good telephone service

Robert C. Price, Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns, and Melvin F. Held, shown together here, are Telephone Pioneers.

They are representative of the more than 180,000 men and women who belong to two big and important organizations in the telephone business.

These are the Telephone Pioneers of America and the Independent Telephone Pioneer Association.

These two organizations are composed of employees who have spent many years in the business, their average service being well over 21 years. About one out of every four telephone people in the Bell System and independent telephone companies in the United States and Canada is a Pioneer.

Each day the active, working Telephone Pioneers bring over 3¾ million years of "know-how" and experience to the job. Equally important is their deep-seated spirit of service that is so important a part of the telephone business.

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Also available in Canada!

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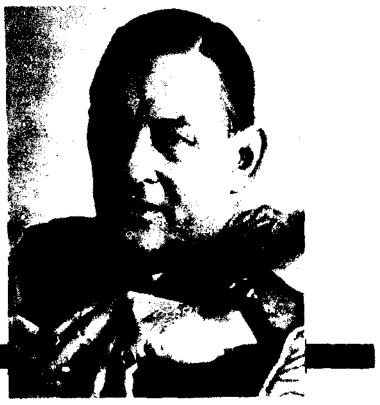
Take it away ...with FITCH Remove it!

Appointment with O'HARA



By JOHN O'HARA

I HAVE been authorized to make the following announcement: In the interests of science, Collier's and Appointment with O'Hara will pay $1,000 (one thousand dollars) for the first authentic photograph of a football team exploding. As an added inducement, we are offering the same sum for the first authentic photograph of a baseball team doing the same thing.

As a fellow who has been covering sports events off and on for 31 years, and as a spectator for some years prior to turning pro, I have always had the bad luck to be elsewhere when a team exploded. As a matter of fact, the newspaper and radio accounts of teams exploding began to appear only about two or three years ago, and most of my attendance at sports events is confined to the football yard of Princeton University and the Yankee Stadium. In several accounts of a Navy-Princeton game I witnessed a couple of years ago, the fellows who had the advantage of sitting in the press box declared that Navy exploded. But all I saw was Navy defeating a Princeton team by a large score. The Princeton alumni who were sitting all around me were, it is true, burning up, possibly from the fall-out. But I was not affected, although it may easily be that I have a thicker skin.

In our high-level discussions before deciding on this award, one of the more eleemosynary executives suggested that we offer $1,000,000 (one million dollars) for a team-explosion photograph. But my Irish caution and thrift prevailed. Only too well am I aware that for $1,000,000 certain baseball and football teams would stash dynamite in their pockets and set the fuses for the convenience of the photographer. And I'm afraid that if, say, the Pittsburgh Pirates were to explode, there still wouldn't be enough reader interest to justify our paying so much for exclusive rights to the picture.

We are not interested in pictures of exploding coaches or managers. And we already have dozens of snapshots of apoplectic alumni and half-shot undergraduates.

* * *

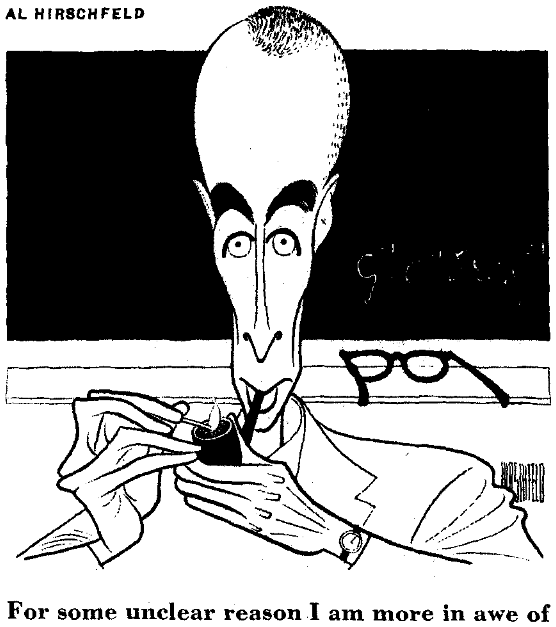
EVEN AS THESE WORDS are being etched in copper plate (a method I follow instead of the typewriter) some kid in Paradox, Colorado, or Cumbola, Pennsylvania, or Saint Ignatius, Montana, or none of those places, but some kid *somewhere* in the U.S.A. is enjoying the last moments of anonymous freedom, the last summer before he becomes a famous football player. Somewhere a boy of eighteen or nineteen, about to enter sophomore year in college, is hoping and possibly praying and certainly planning to use his body and his brains in such expert fashion as to bump and elude other boys who will try to keep him from running beyond a white line on a striped sward. He will be successful, so successful that bank presidents two or three times his age, insurance executives who are walking actuarial tables, physicians who are entrusted with human lives, manufacturers who employ people by the tens of thousands will get into fist fights over the boy's knack of scoring touchdowns, and will behave like *nouveau riche* hostesses in their campaigns to lure the boy to their camps in the woods.

The boy will be known by his nickname and his last name, and there will even be nicknames for his nickname. He will be said to have brought fame and credit to his home town, his high school, his father and mother, his clergyman, his alma mater, his Conference, his section of the United States, the United States, the white or colored race, and Homo sapiens, or at least Pithecanthropus erectus. The Pi Phis will try to get him away from that Kappa he goes around with, and it will be impossible for him to pay for a malted at the campus fountain. His muscles will receive better care than a Derby favorite's and, if he's a Beta, the brightest boy in Beta Theta Pi will try to help him through that gut course in astronomy. Total strangers will write him letters that have nothing to do with football, and his picture will be in all the college barbershops.

There is a good chance that for the next three years his name will be mentioned at least a hundred times a year in every sizable daily newspaper in the country. No matter what he does for the rest of his life, there will always be men and women who will be as dazzled by him at forty as they were when he was twenty. And there will be the others, the boys who played against him without getting famous, and they will feel that somehow they own a part of his reputation. In '75 there will be complete sound-film playbacks of every step he ever took on the football field, and Heaven knows to what inspirational use his presence-in-absentia will be put by means of the technological advances of that distant date.

It wouldn't be hard to preach a little sermon, but I think I'll just let the opportunity pass. We all know the boy exists, as sure as Red Grange's name is Harold, and we can safely guess that he is dreaming about his football future, wanting it more than he has ever wanted anything or, maybe, ever will want anything again. There is an inevitability about the boy's fame, and I don't think that if he were my son I would want all that for him. But I also don't think I would put anything in his way. I wouldn't want to take away anyone's chance of glory. It might be the only chance he'll get.

AL HIRSCHFELD



For some unclear reason I am more in awe of J. Robert Oppenheimer than I was of Einstein

* * *

WHEN I TELL PEOPLE that I live in Princeton, New Jersey, they almost always ask me two questions:

1. Did you ever meet Einstein?
2. Do you know J. Robert Oppenheimer?

The answer to the first question is, yes, I met Dr. Einstein once. I passed a delightful hour and a half at his house and came away with an enduring affection for him.

The answer to the second question is, yes, I know Robert Oppenheimer. He is a friend of mine, a contemporary, and I have dined at his house and he has dined at mine. Now for some reason not altogether clear to me, I am more in awe of my contemporary than I was of Dr. Einstein. The reason may be

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If anything happened to you, have you considered exactly what the financial circumstances of your family would be *from the date of your death until your wife reaches sixty-five?*

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Street__________________________**Wife's Age**______

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First instant coffee so full-bodied it makes *truly satisfying* breakfast coffee!

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

that since we are about the same age, I am more acutely reminded of the difference in our intellects. But just when I am beginning to wonder what an orderly mind like Robert Oppenheimer's can find of interest in a freely associating one like mine—his pipe goes out. One of the most effective ways to advance a relationship between disparate intellects is to have the greater reveal a human frailty. Robert Oppenheimer has trouble keeping his pipe lit.

* * *

I HAVE NOW LIVED half my life —assuming that I shall live to be a hundred—and at no time have I been in possession or command of a million dollars. Nor are my prospects very good. But as a patriotic American, I've often thought that a million bucks should be my goal. "They tell me Pat O'Hara's son Johnny is worth upwards of a million." The thought usually came when I was going through periods during which I was more than a million dollars away from a million, when my financial status was something like minus $1,000,850.

It has taken a long time, just about this long, for me to appreciate the fact that the worst thing that could have happened to me would have been to get my hooks on a thousand-grand all at once. I have had s[illegible] rich cousins who were able t[illegible] just give me, the Big [illegible]e notion ever occurre[illegible]y resisted manfully. M[illegible]an, who like all M.D.s t[illegible]he was a financial wizard, w[illegible]y times a millionaire, but i[illegible]rman marks. He was not overfo[illegible] of the Germans, but he was sure their marks were going to come back, and there would be an O'Hara Brothers polo team (with two spares) and the greatest herd of Jerseys on the North American continent, and Ireland would be free, and he would put the Mayo brothers back in their mousetrap. Well, Ireland is free, because wishing will make it so, and har-de-har-har to you.

This philosophical discourse got under way because I mentioned the other day that I had once been offered a job as a movie producer, and if I had taken it, I probably would be a millionaire today. The real reason I didn't take the job (and I was briefly tempted, because being a movie producer can be fun) was that I was one of those lucky people who always knew what they wanted. And what I wanted is what I am: a nonstarving author who is allowed to do the best he can.

With a million in my poke I would not *have* to work, and I have to work, not only for my living, but because without work I would rot. I have blown a sizable wad in my day, and that is to be viewed with alarm, but if I had saved my money and been a solid citizen instead of a solid spender, I would have no sense of urgency about working. At the moment I am in the final stage of writing a novel, and in my heart I am happier when I look at that stack of typed pages than I would be if in its place there were a cup I had won by defeating the Argentinians at Meadow Brook. My winning goal could have been made possible by Tommy Hitchcock's leaving it when I yelled "Leave it!" This baby, as every novelist must say, is my own.

And this little sermon may prove the falsity of the statement that money isn't everything. Maybe money isn't everything, but it can get to be. I thank you.

* * *

WE HAD SOME PEOPLE in for Sunday lunch and at one point I sat with a group consisting of a lady movie star, a lady television star, a movie director, a stage-screen-TV male star and an English theatrical manager and his wife. The conversation took a sudden turn from the topic, Certain Aspects of the Influence of Gaelic Consonants on the Basque Language during the Sixteenth Century, which is all they *talk about in Hollywood these days,* and we found ourselves discussing Pay-TV. I say we found ourselves. I am a big liar. We lost ourselves.

With the remotely possible exception of the Englishman and his wife, we are all concerned with Pay-Television, Yes or No. But when it really came down to saying what it is and what it isn't, what's good about it (for us) and what isn't, not one of us was able to present a good case for or against. The truth is, we are all just as confused as the guy who never has seen a copy of Billboard and doesn't know Bill Paley from Bill Frawley.

Perhaps I ought to pretend to have a big fund of information on the subject, or at least to take a stand one way or the other. But I'll be honest with you: the battle for public opinion has left me baffled. This is the way it works on me: when I read some publicity statements by the Pro-Pay people I take the Anti side because the Pro guy is trying to sell me his bill; and when I read an Anti broadside, I'm Pro, for the same reason. It is not merely a problem of getting all the facts and deciding for yourself. It's more than that, for in this case you deal not only in facts but in the future, where there are no facts. I am just wearily cynical enough to believe that whatever occurs, you and I, the guys who merely own the TV sets, are going to have very little to say about the ultimate settlement of the question. We are going to have to take what we get, and hope for a fair shake, or Sheree North.

Pay-TV? We can only hope for a fair shake, or for Sheree North

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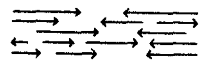
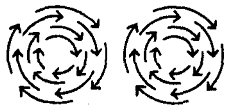


All other electric shavers shave you like this: as if your whiskers grew in rows, like corn.



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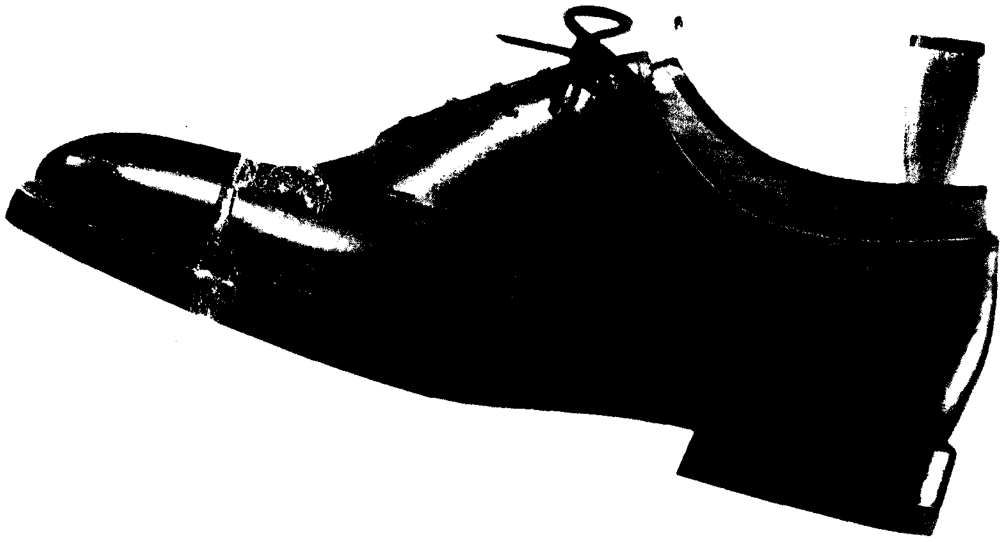

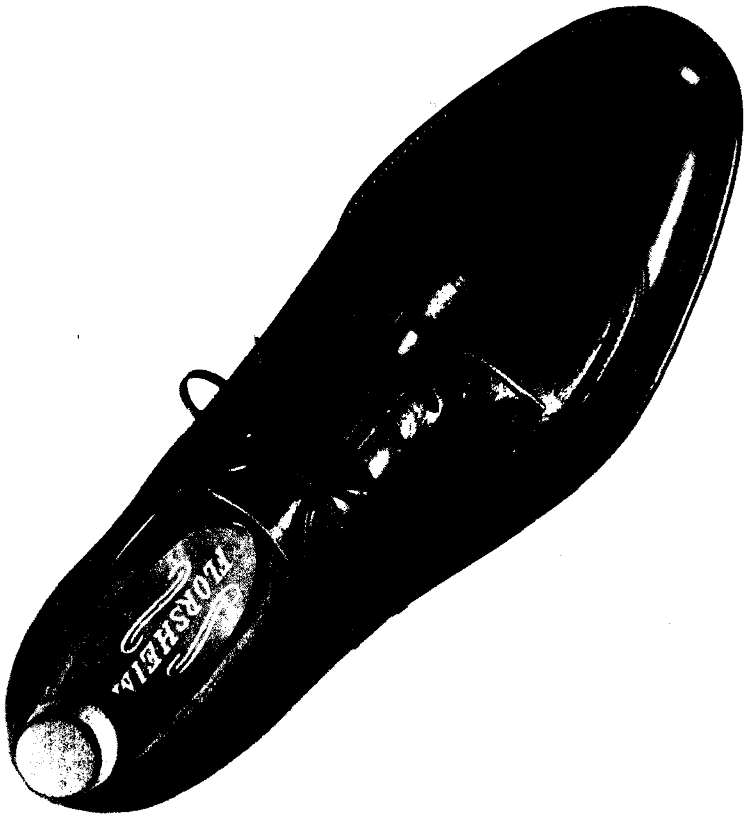

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in the
Softest Leather
ever tanned

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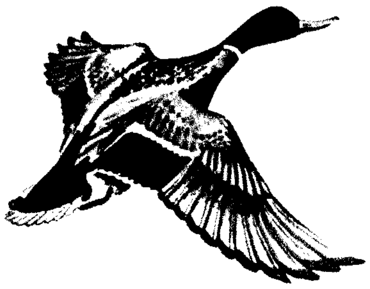

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top left: *The* Envoy, *S-1595; stitched-tip Blucher, in brown Walnut Calf.*
top right: *The* Kenmoor, *S-1591; U-wing Blucher, in brown Walnut Calf.*
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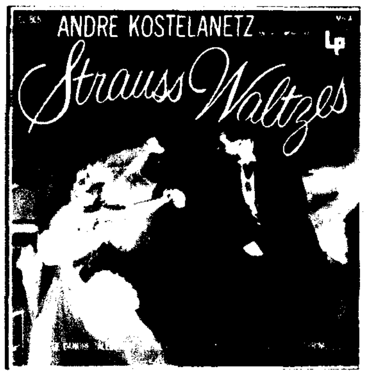
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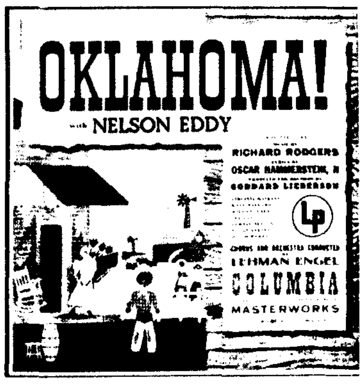
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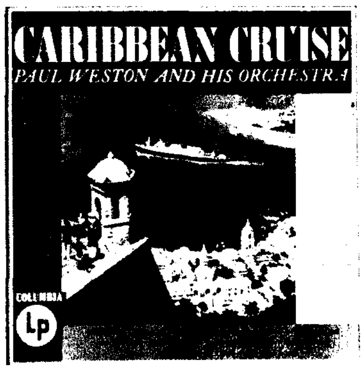
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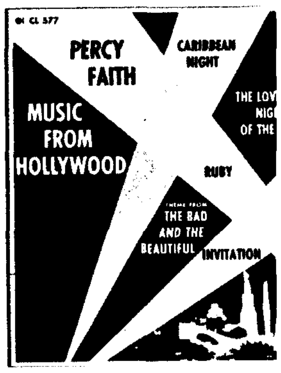
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MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD

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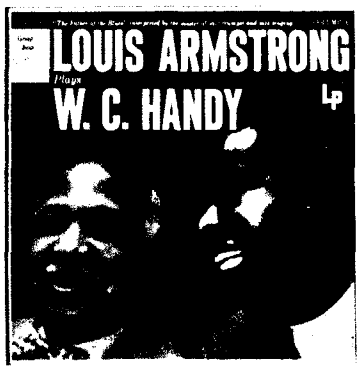
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DANCE THE FOX TROT
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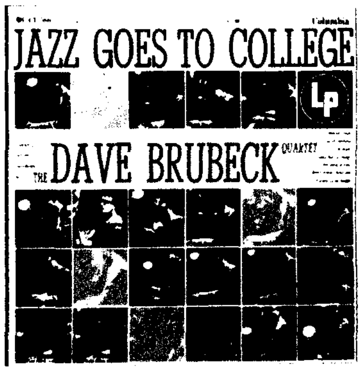
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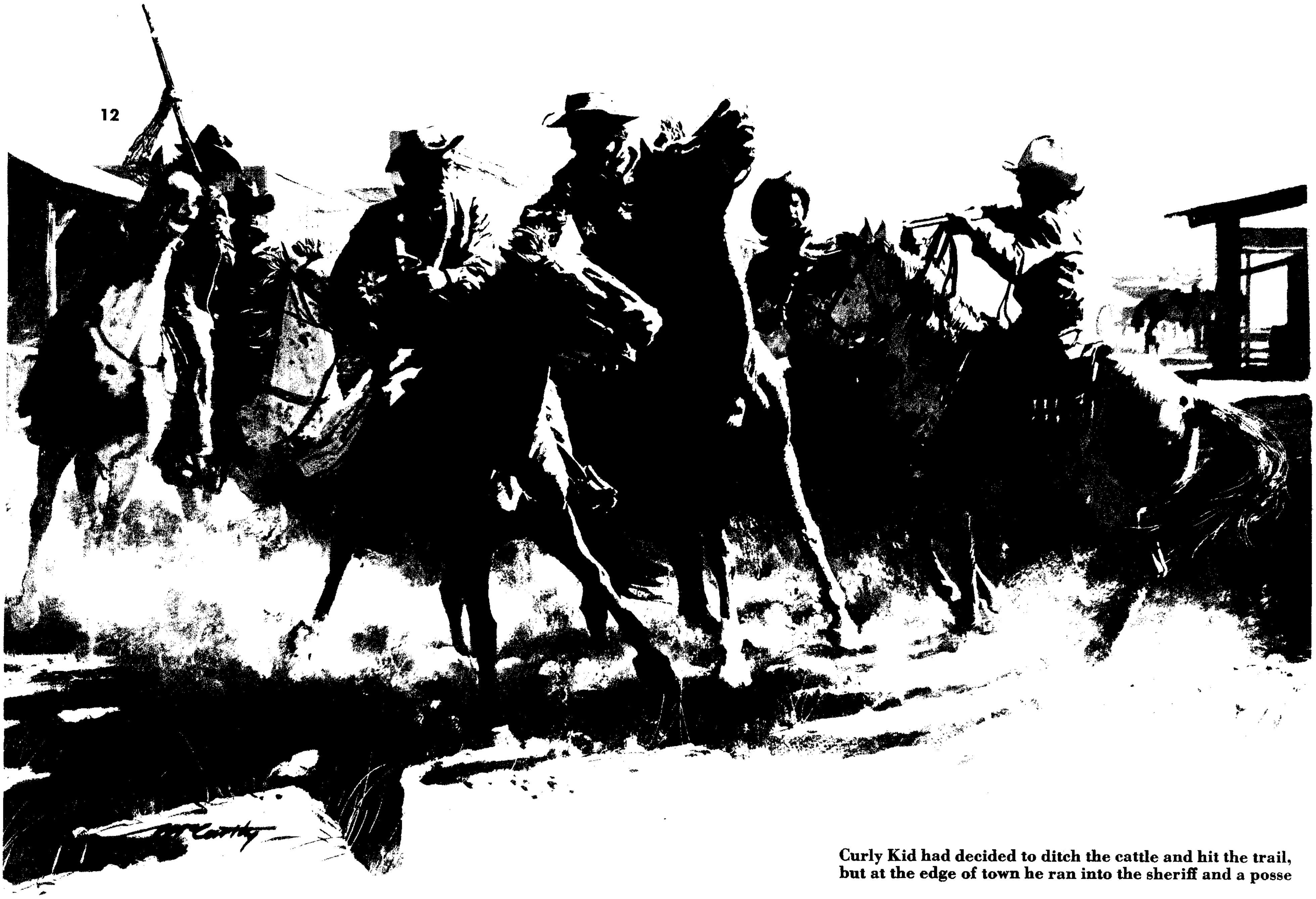

Curly Kid had decided to ditch the cattle and hit the trail, but at the edge of town he ran into the sheriff and a posse

Why Rustlers Never Win

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

THE reason that bankers is rich and cattle rustlers is poor is because bankers read them Eastern business newspapers. This can be proved by what happened to Curly Kid Montague.

Curly Kid Montague was what you might call a all-around outlaw. When he wasn't stealing cattle he was stealing horses, and when he wasn't robbing banks he was holding up stagecoaches. But poor Curly Kid discovered that a wicked heart and a crooked brain ain't no match for a good education.

Curly Kid learned this one time when he was drifting across Texas, looking for something to steal. He rode over a hill and all of a sudden he found himself alone with two hundred head of fat cattle.

He cocked his pistol and looked around for the cowboy who ought to be guarding this fine herd. But there wasn't any cowboy. It was a rustler's dearest dream come true.

Curly Kid examined the brand on the cattle. They was marked with a simple little Bar Zero. He unslung his personal branding iron, built a little fire, and pretty soon there was two hundred head of cattle that had moved from the –0 ranch to the +Q. Then Curly Kid drove his new herd toward the town of Taco, Texas, which was a shipping point on the railroad.

When Curly Kid reached Taco he drove his herd into the railroad corral and set out along the street to find the local cattle buyer. He saw a building with a great big sign out front: TACO INTERNATIONAL BANK, *Seth J. Sleamish, Owner, Pres. & Prop.* Underneath, there was listed other business that could be done inside: horses and mules swapped, wampum changed into greenbacks, mail orders accepted for spectacles and store teeth, and beef cattle bought.

Curly Kid dismounted, hitched up his guns, and went inside.

Now, it was the first time in his life that Curly Kid had ever went into a bank for any reason but to rob it, so he was kind of embarrassed. "I just drove in two hundred head of cattle," he said to the banker, "and I'd like to deal for 'em."

The banker shook his head. "I'm sorry, son," he said, "but I'm not buying cattle right now. The bottom has dropped out of the market. Why, it would cost me more in freight charges to ship those cattle than I'd get for them at the stockyards. Look here what it says in my New York financial paper."

Curly Kid looked at the paper, but all he seen was rows of initials and fractions that hurt his eyes to look at. "Well," he said, "if that's what the paper says, I guess it is true."

"My advice to you, son," the banker said, "is to take your cows back and keep them on your ranch until the price goes up."

Since the cattle wasn't worth anything, Curly Kid decided to leave them where they was and hit the trail. But when he reached the edge of town, he run into the sheriff and a posse. "Where do you think you're going, cowboy?" the sheriff asked.

"I am hurrying home to see my dear old mom and daddy, who I ain't seen for seven years," Curly Kid said. "That ain't no crime, is it?"

"No," the sheriff said. "Not as long as you take them two hundred head of cattle with you. Abandoning cattle is a serious crime in this part of Texas."

"Sheriff," Curly Kid said, "I'm going to give that fine herd of cows to this fine posse."

"You're a cute customer, cowboy," the sheriff said, "but you ain't burdening us down with your herd. Every man here has cattle of his own that he can't afford to feed."

Well, Curly Kid had to go back to the railroad

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corral, get his herd and drive them out of town. He figured to get out on the range, then duck away, but he didn't have a chance. Part of the posse kept tailing him, and at every ranch there was cowboys armed to the teeth, ready to shoot if he tried to abandon his herd on their place.

This went on for two or three days, and at last Curly Kid couldn't take it no more.

"All right, Sheriff," he said. "You got me. I surrender and I confess."

"Confess to what?" the sheriff asked.

"I confess I stole this herd of cattle."

Well, the sheriff looked at Curly Kid and begun to laugh. "If that ain't the biggest lie I ever heard in my whole life!" he exclaimed. "With cattle bringing a penny a pound, and feed costing two cents a pound, you *stole* the herd! Boy, didn't your mom ever tell you it wasn't nice to lie to sheriffs?"

BACK in town, Curly Kid put his cattle in the railroad corral, spent the last of his money to buy feed, and then he crawled in bed to get some sleep.

At midnight he got up, put on his boots and guns, and went across the street to rob the bank. It was easy. The posse was watching the roads out of town, to keep him from running off, so nobody bothered him while he cleaned out the safe and took the money back to his hotel.

What he was going to do, Curly Kid decided, was buy passage to Kansas City for his herd. Once they was gone he'd be free to leave, and maybe a few dollars ahead of the game.

Next morning when he went down to breakfast, the sheriff was waiting for him. "Son," the sheriff said, "I looked in on your herd this morning, and them cattle is hungry."

"I aim to buy 'em feed this morning," Curly Kid said.

"Is that so?" said the sheriff. "I seen you spend your last dollar yesterday, and I was wondering what you would use for money. The only man in this county with any money this morning is the *hombre* that robbed the bank last night. And if we catch *him*, half of us is going to shoot him while the other half hangs him."

Well, Curly Kid was a victim of fate. He had money but he couldn't spend it. And meantime his fine rustled herd was wasting away.

"Why don't you see the banker for a feed-and-water loan?" the sheriff suggested. "Seth J. Sleamish knows ranching problems. He owns a ranch himself—the Bar Zero."

"*Borrow* from a bank?" Curly Kid was really shaken.

"It's your only chance to do your duty by that poor herd."

For the second time in his life, Curly Kid went into a bank unmasked. Seth J. Sleamish was all kind attention, but helpless. He'd be glad to make a loan, he said, but his bank had been robbed and there was nothing to lend with. So that night Curly Kid had to put the money back in the bank, so's he could borrow some of it out again.

The next day, with the money back in the bank, Seth J. Sleamish wasn't so anxious to make the loan—even though he knew, as well as Curly Kid knew, that the cattle had been rustled from him. "But, son, I like you," Banker Sleamish said. "And it's a stroke of good fortune that I own the feed store. I'm going to let you feed that herd on credit, and make a bank loan to the feed store. Whenever you sell your cattle you can pay me what you get and owe me for the rest.

"We'll consider the cattle as chattel," Banker Sleamish went on, "and I'll keep a record of the debt. I'll even compound the interest for you, at ten per cent per day."

"I sure appreciate that," Curly Kid said. He signed the paper the banker gave him and, sure enough, he had all the feed he needed for his herd.

Then one day Seth Sleamish paid Curly Kid a visit at the corral and saw how fine the cattle looked. "Son," Seth Sleamish said, "feed for these cattle has already cost you five hundred dollars. The longer you keep them the more in debt you'll be. Now, I can't pay you anything, but if you let me take them off your hands I'll foot their bills from now on. All you owe for is the feed and interest on the loan."

"Do you really mean that?" Curly Kid asked. "You mean I can give them back to you?"

"I like you, son," Sleamish said. "Now if you will just sign this paper . . ."

"As soon as I git five hundred dollars I'll pay you back," Curly Kid said.

"Five hundred was the loan," Seth Sleamish said gently. "I'm afraid with the interest it comes to three thousand, seven hundred dollars and eighteen cents. I'm only charging you half a day's interest for today."

BEFORE Curly Kid could answer, there was a noise of thunder, and big herds of cattle come into Taco on the run from every direction. "What's happened?" Curly Kid asked Sleamish. "Why is everybody bringing in cattle?"

"It's all here in this new issue of my Eastern financial newspaper," Banker Sleamish said. "The cattle market has changed again. This week they're paying fifty dollars a hundred in Kansas City."

"Why, my herd is worth about fifty thousand dollars now!" Curly Kid said.

"Oh, no," Seth Sleamish said. "*My* herd is."

Well, Curly Kid trudged back to his hotel about the saddest and most forlorn cattle rustler that Texas had ever seen. He got his gear together and started out of town, but once again he was stopped by the sheriff. "Son," the sheriff said, "it would be a hardship on Banker Sleamish if you was hung before your debt was paid. I've got an honest job for you, so's you can pay it off. I've decided you're to be truant officer for the school."

Well, there was some folks who didn't think Curly Kid would stick very long at that job, but they was wrong. He became the best truant officer that had ever served in Taco, and his salary was raised to where he'd be free of debt in only twenty years.

Nobody quite knew why he was so devoted to his job, until one day the schoolteacher asked him.

"Ma'am," Curly Kid said, "I'm gonna see that them kids stays in school, and make sure that what happened to me never happens to them. Ma'am, when these mean, sassy kids grows up to be outlaws, they are going to be *educated* outlaws. And they won't ever have to suffer the awful disgrace of being euchred by a honest man."

—HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

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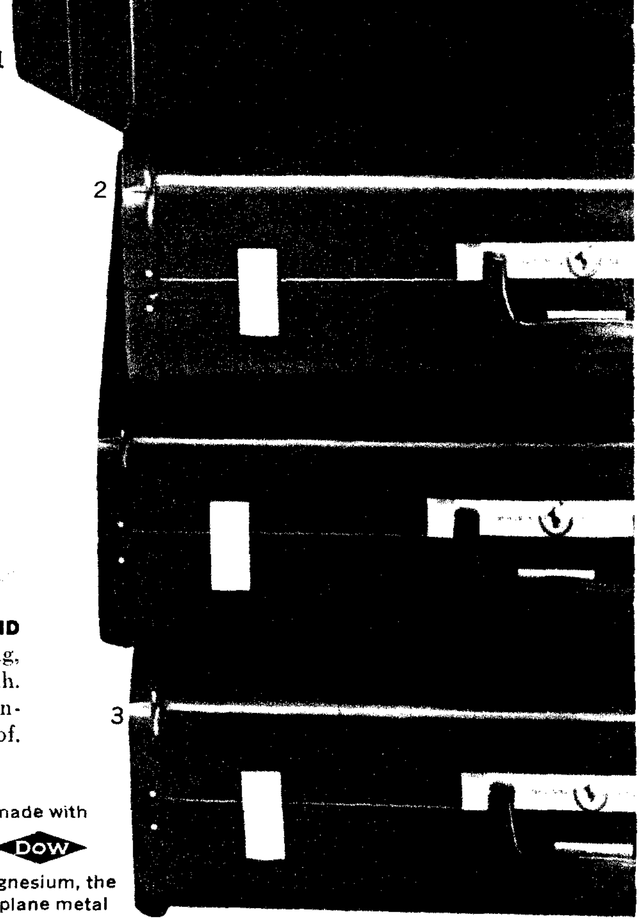

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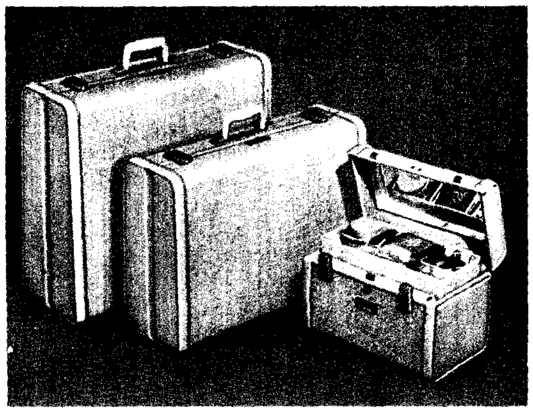

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LETTERS

Letters on Letters

EDITOR: The Lost Letters of Marie-Louise to Napoleon (August 5th and 19th) are indeed a very rare find. The presentation, with the very pertinent text of Theodore H. White, is most effective. . . . HENRI M. PEYRE, Chairman, Dept. of French, Yale University

. . . I do not see how the account could be improved. The discovery is quite exciting. . . . DR. HAROLD PARKER, Professor of History, Duke University

. . . I am keeping this copy of Collier's in my files, and I shall have my students read it when they are studying Napoleon. . . . HOBART RYLAND, University of Kentucky

. . . It should be of real interest to all the students of French as well as history. . . . CLAUDE L. BOURCIER, Dean, The French School, Middlebury College

. . . You are greatly to be complimented not only for bringing out the collection but also for the splendid pictorial forms and brilliant commentary. . . .
MARIO ANDREW PEI, Professor of Romance Philology, Columbia University

. . . These letters have intrigued me. Everyone will surely be glad at long last to have earlier impressions confirmed, along with an array of additional details. . . .
CARL L. LOKKE, Washington, D.C.

. . . Your statement that Napoleon died at Saint Helena was in error, for he escaped and was replaced with a double who was poisoned to death. Napoleon died about 1832, most probably in England. . . .
PIERRE PAUL EBEYER, Houma, La.

. . . Thank you for the publication of these interesting letters. . . .
R. M. STROZIER, Dean of Students, University of Chicago

. . . White commented masterfully. He is an accomplished historian. . . .
ALBERT HEIDER, Basle, Switzerland

. . . I became alarmed when my daughter's horse kicked at her stall door hour after hour. I discovered she would stop if I talked to her. There are few topics you can discuss with a horse, but I read aloud all of Napoleon's and Marie-Louise's letters. She calmed down. And so did I—and I thoroughly enjoyed the letters. . . .
MARY B. HALL, Camden, Me.

For the Birds

EDITOR: The stone structure which archaeologist Roland Wells Robbins found near his home (Collier's Credits, Aug. 5th) is probably a pigeon blind. Passenger pigeons darkened our skies a hundred years ago but are now extinct. . . . PERCY CLARK QUINTARD, New Canaan, Conn.

. . . An Indian "hothouse." The Indians got the rocks of these structures hot with a fire, then they would jump into the pit till they perspired and then run into a body of water. . . .
ARTHUR E. CLARKE, Camp Gordon, Ga.

. . . Built by wild men of the cave-man type or early Eskimo ancestors 100 years before the white man. Also may be remains of Eric the Red or Leif Ericson. . . . PAUL M. FISCHER, East Orange, N.J.

. . . There is a petrified, prehistoric man looking through the rock aperture at the enemy. This is a foxhole. The period can be determined by searching man for petrified Dear John letter. . . .
KENNETH LAWING, Borger, Texas

Airmail

EDITOR: Re Bill Mauldin's The Manpower Problem in the Air Force (July 22d), the troubles are common to all the services. I and many others of equal experience (15 years naval aviation and drawing $240 a month flight pay) are getting shipboard billets as gunnery officers, first lieutenants and damage-control officers. We should be well-rounded naval officers, the Pentagon says. We're not supposed to write anything without clearance so I can't sign this, but this foolishness must be stopped. . . .
LIEUT. COMMANDER, U.S. Navy

. . . We old P-38 jockeys (with some jet time) have been crying on a kindly recruiting sergeant's shoulder to take us back. "Sorry, old-timer," he says, "you ex-fly-boys from the old air corpse couldn't keep up with these kids in the new streamlined AF. However, I might be able to make a deal where you could work your way up again from airman first class to where you could earn back your railroad tracks . . ."
DON E. WIMMER, Denver, Colo.

. . . The wait for people qualifying for aviation cadet now is 13.5 months. Which means they have a backlog of pilot candidates for over a year. . . .
LOGAN J. DAUB, Reese AFB, Lubbock, Texas

. . . I joined the AF in 1951 with the intention of going all the way. What made thousands of us change our minds? You mentioned the fine barracks. A few bases have the dormitory-

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type billets but they were generally reserved for noncoms. The M/Sgt. treated the men horribly. There was always that feeling of resentment between the old-timers and us young noncoms. . . .
BILL E. BURK, Memphis, Tenn.

. . . Things that have frequently been discussed at our reserve meetings: Establish a means for the airman's dollar to purchase necessary items free from heavy federal, state and local taxes. . . . Establish base housing projects with rent in accordance with quarters allowances paid the airman. . . . Give to the airmen and officers a permanent home base during peacetime. . . . Give the reservists on active duty equality with the regulars. . . .
B. K. GOGGANS, Lanett, Ala.

. . . Any number of competent career officers were riffed in the past three or four years. Base commanders were offered noncom jobs or the gate. Why should young officers consider a career that could be terminated by a whim? . . .
JOHN S. FLANNERY, Opelika, Ala.

. . . You should interview the Air Force wives. Money is the number one problem. We don't even make laborers' wages and have to make do on $300 a month. . . . MRS. SHARON SHERIDAN, No. Sacramento, Cal.

. . . Left out was the Air Force Reserve, men who attend meetings three times a month—without pay—and have been for ten years. CAPT. RICHARD J. FIET, Muskegon, Mich.

. . . I've been flying since I was ten, and in eight years I've logged 400 hours. In August I'll be nineteen, the ripe age to apply for Aviation Cadet. True, the pay isn't good, but where else can you get three meals a day, schooling, get paid for it, plus a little exercise? . . .
A/3C ROBERT L. NORMAN, Scott AFB, Ill.

Sincerely Yours

EDITOR: Both Mrs. Borgnine and I enjoyed Gilbert Millstein's story on me (The Importance of Being Marty, July 22d) very, very much; one of the reasons being that the story did not picture us in the glamorous (?) Hollywood tradition, but as we really are, just two people working at and toward one goal—to live happily and help our fellow man. Sounds trite but that's what we believe in. . . .
ERNEST BORGNINE, Van Nuys, Cal.

The Fire Line

EDITOR: Why did Robert de Roos and Alva Neuns overlook the U.S. Marine Corps in Forest Fire (July 22d)? The two years I was stationed at Camp Pendleton, California, we were fighting those fires and the Marines still do, so far as I know. I remember very well jumping into the fire line with the rangers, Apaches and Navajos, and even the Folsom inmates. I remember being trapped in one of those smoke-filled canyons for a day and a half, eating cactus pears and wild rabbits now and then. . . . PFC RUSSEL E. BINKLEY, U.S.M.C.R., Detroit, Mich.

. . . Only the chiefs were mentioned and none of us Indians. I was one of the first tank-truck operators to report to the Jameson fire and the last to leave. It was eight days before we had enough time and water to wash. . . .
WILLIAM H. LAURENT, Aguanga, Cal.

. . . This fire, like most American fires, had its origin in the national totem, the ubiquitous coffin nail, yet not a word with reference to this. . . .
IRA D. CARDIFF, Yakima, Wash.

. . . A fascinating and rather terrifying article. . . . RUTH URTERBERG, New York City, N.Y.

Rhodesia

EDITOR: As a settler in Rhodesia of over 42 years' standing, I wish to comment on Chester Bowles's article Africa (June 10th). There have been no conflicts in Southern Rhodesia between "European settlers and land-hungry Africans" since Rhodes made peace with the Matabele in 1896. There is no land hunger there either . . . The Africans had wasteful methods of agriculture and they have been taught by African demonstrators trained for the purpose to adopt good methods of husbandry. . . . The African is not industrious throughout the year and from year to year so that he seldom acquires a fund of experience in any trade. He will have to adapt himself to habits of industry. . . . SIR HENRY T. LOW, London, England

. . . I differ with Mr. Bowles on racial discrimination in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In 1953 the Federal party was returned to parliament with an almost 90 per cent majority. The policy of this party is "racial harmony." Agriculture is being fostered and soil-conservation agents teach the African whatever there is to know on the subject. . . . Modern hospitals, African townships and schools are being built. . . .
EDMUND A. BENATAR, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

Russia's Respect

EDITOR: Ike and Zhukov—Minutes of Their Last Meeting (July 22d) is enlightening as to President Eisenhower's great ability to command respect and co-operation from foreign nations. In 1945 he already showed this ability. . . .
IRINA ROUBLOV, San Francisco, Cal.

No Reverse Roll

EDITOR: In Snapping Celebs at f/2 ASA 800 (July 22d) Earl Wilson said, "I'd used a roll . . . removed it, somehow grabbed it in hunting a new roll, put it back in the camera. . . . The result was a two-headed, four-chested woman." Roll film is taped (fastened) on the leading end only and will not follow the red or green backing paper in reverse.
E. M. HAMM, Snohomish, Wash.

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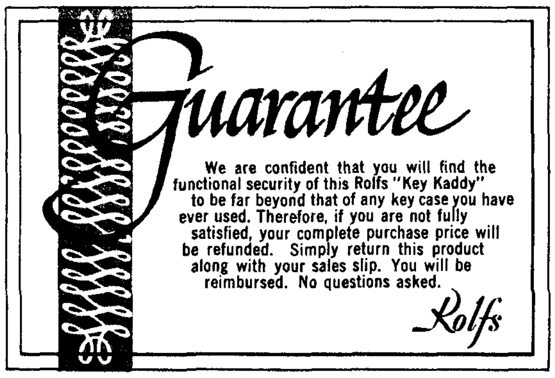

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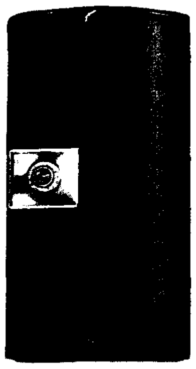

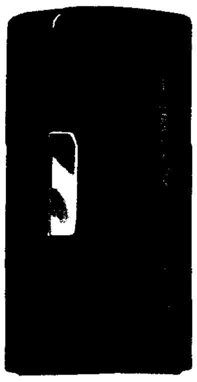

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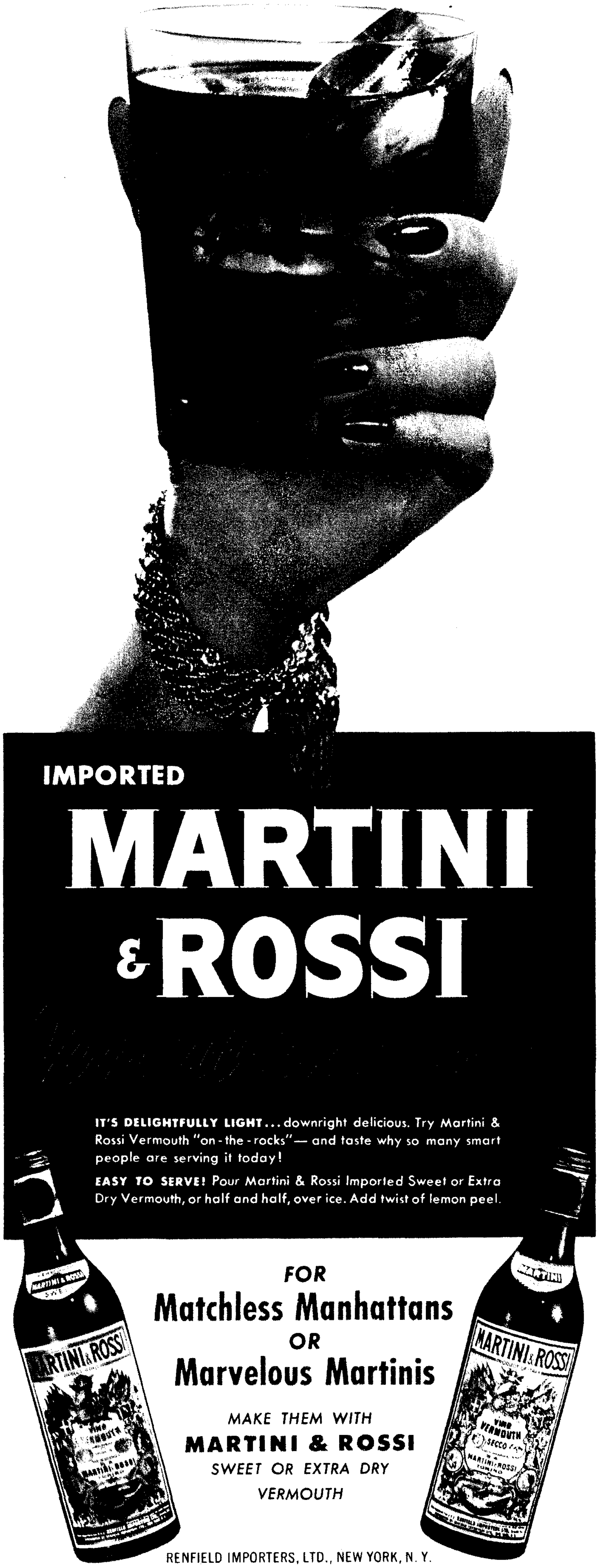
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OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

For years scientists have been figuring out how much the earth weighs. Somewhat to their dismay they found that the majority of their listeners didn't seem to care. So Dr. Armand F. Knoblaugh, associate professor of physics at the University of Cincinnati, decided to let his students theoretically heft the pain-racked old oblate spheroid themselves and see how they liked it. Without leaving the laboratory, two of the lads gave it a heave. They found that this buzz bomb we live on contains approximately 13,300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 pounds of material.

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Lady in North Sacramento, California, called up Mrs. Audrey Cavaiani, police clerk. Said her husband hadn't got home until sunrise. Wanted to know whether he had spent the night in the sneezer. Mrs. Cavaiani said no. "Thank you," said the inquiring lady. "You can't trust any of them. That's where he told me he'd been."

* * *

Our problem of what to put down in this particular space has suddenly been solved by a benefactor who fails to sign his/her name: "The calm serenity of Twin Falls, Idaho, to say nothing of the security of the citizens, is due to the presence of state policemen Foote, Shue, Legg and Hand." You can't imagine our despair before that letter reached our desk.

* * *

This paragraph may be verified merely by dropping in at the City Grill in Cleveland, Mississippi. There's a notice on the wall. It reads: "Cleveland, Mississippi, where everybody knows what everyone else is doing but still reads the local papers to see if they got caught at it."

* * *

Our recent reference to the town of Earth, Texas, has brought demands for information about how to get there. We appealed to Mr. Keith Lane, of Levelland, Texas, for directions. He says you should aim first for Circle Back, take the first left turn toward Lazbuddie, bearing right in order to avoid Beeville, and turn east toward Bigfoot, Noonday and Era, where you turn south to Baby Head. Continue to Tom Bean through Tomball to Scurry. In Scurry, Mr. Lane says, ask anybody.

* * *

A newspaper-clipping collector for these many years, Mr. James Ostrom, of Salt Lake City, Utah, claims to have a museum piece. It's an item about an escaped monkey. Nowhere in the account does the writer say that the monkey "led the police a merry chase." Pulitzer-prize stuff.

* * *

They got to talking agreeably about the middle-age spread, he and she, in their cozy Seattle, Washington, living room. Up to their chins in felicity. They agreed that the middle-age spread brought people closer together, particularly on streetcars and in buses. It was about then, we're told by Mr. Milton Fiebelman, that she unwrapped a girdle she'd bought that morning. "Mary," said he, after a long look at it and her, "if you can get into that, I can stuff a marshmallow into the first available slot machine." Felicity fled.

* * *

This is positively our last warning to those who would drop everything and rush to Sanford, North Carolina, to see the sensational announcement on that church bulletin board. It's no longer there. But when it was, it announced that the pastor's text would be, What Is Hell. And directly following: Come and Hear Our Choir Sing.

* * *

We're asked two simple questions by Mrs. Laura Ann Blankenship, a Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, lady: "Are there really 48 States of Mind in America? If not, what is our prevalent general state of mind?" To the first question, Mrs. Blankenship, the answer is *no*. To the second, it's healthy. And that it is so is a glowing tribute to the American people. They're neither as confused nor as self-centered as some of our leaders. They have a common wish, if we read our mail aright: it is that they be fed the truth, not propaganda; that they be instructed by one voice out of Washington, not harried by a Babel; that frankness supplant evasion; that they be led boldly. That's all they ask, Mrs. Blankenship. They have a right to no less.

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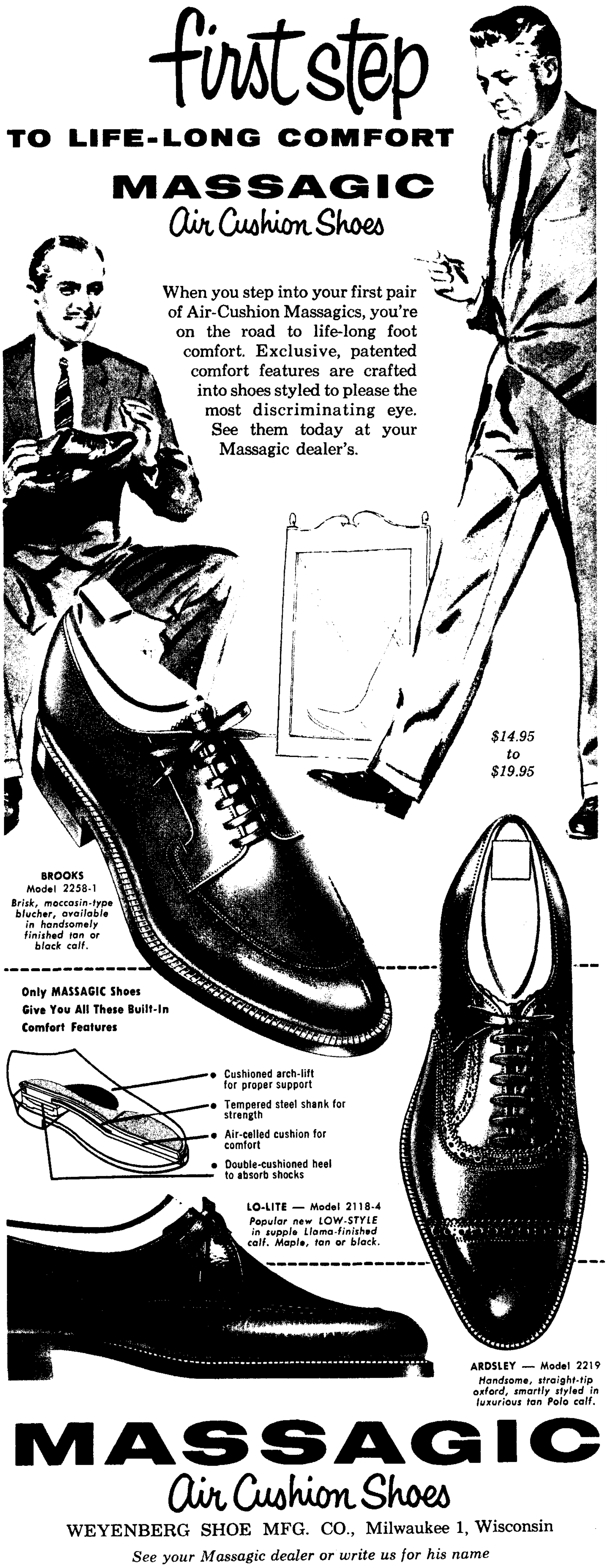

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Our own Detroiter, Si Freeman

WE ARE proud to introduce Siler Freeman, whose authoritative article on the Guaranteed Annual Wage, and how it came into being in the automobile industry, appears on page 34.

Senior editor of the Crowell-Collier regional editorial office in Detroit, Si has been writing about the automotive field for nearly 20 years. (He started following the G.A.W. rumblings two years ago; three recent months of persistent work culminated in the current article.) Thorough reporting and understanding of the industry have won him respect on both sides of the sometimes turbulent Detroit fence. (He and Walter Reuther were neighbors for many years.)

Freeman attended the universities of Illinois, Syracuse and Wayne. He earned three degrees—two in business administration, one in law—and engaged in boxing, football, tennis and golf. "These days, however, I just tend the flower garden," he says. "I have two grown sons and I live with a wife and two teen-age daughters who are harder to figure out than the G.A.W."

★ ★ ★

FOR this issue Indochina's Emperor Bao Dai gave David Schoenbrun the first public explanation (page 42) of why he left his country and has stayed on in France.

For three days and nights the emperor reviewed his life in an unprecedented interview including the most intimate details, from the source of his income to the reason he broke his marriage vows.

Scoops like this are not new to Schoenbrun. CBS correspondent in Paris since 1947, he is the only American to have interviewed all the principal actors in the Indochinese drama including the two central figures, Bao Dai and Red chief Ho Chi Minh. He has covered Indochina from the Communist-led revolution against the French in the summer of 1945 to the nationalist revolt against the emperor in the summer of 1955. At the climax of the war last year Schoenbrun made a tour of all the fronts in that ravaged country. He is now on leave from CBS, finishing his book on the Fourth Republic, As France Goes.

Combination decoy-automatic duck call is Keller's latest invention

★ ★ ★

MEL DURSLAG tells us that UCLA coach Red Sanders (page 74) is boldly violating a basic rule of his profession: he bought a lot in Bel-Air from Shirley Temple and is building a house on it. "Coaches never buy," Mel says, "they always rent. 'Here today—' is the theory, I suppose."

Well, Sanders has a 10-year contract, so there probably won't be any "gone tomorrow" in this case.

★ ★ ★

ONE day Reamer Keller (page 95) waggishly included a horseshoe with a batch of cartoons he was mailing to an editor. The result in sales seemed better than usual and started the Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, artist off on a secondary career as horseshoe collector and inventor. His first collection began in a blacksmith's shop, where he drove the proprietor to distraction. After Keller had picked up a bagful of shoes the smith could stand it no longer.

"That won't work," he said. "You have a shoe for a jumper, one for a trotter, three right-fronts and there ain't a rear-left shoe in the lot. Just what kind of horse you got, mister?"

That was the first Keller knew there were different kinds of horseshoes. The smith has since become used to him, and the whimsical artist has his custom jobs made there. With an understanding nature and a straight face the blacksmith has fashioned, from Keller's designs, such progressive items as a racing shoe built up on the starboard side so the nag can more easily bank the turns; a square shoe to permit a horse to turn square corners; a fur-lined shoe for horses with cold feet; a shoe with a brake on it for fast horses, and an elevator shoe for a pony who wants to be as tall as a horse is.

Keller has now turned his inventive genius toward relieving cartoonists of one of their dirtiest chores, blowing the crumbs away after an erasure. "Most cartoonists are always out of breath," he says. His solution is a semihollow eraser connected to a rubber tube. The other end of the tube leads from a ventilating fan on the roof of his studio, forcing a constant flow of fresh air through the tube and out the eraser, automatically whisking the crumbs away as he rubs.

"This one isn't perfected yet," Keller admits. "In winter it keeps your fingers too numb to draw. I've got to figure out a heating system."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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EXTRA PUZZLE CHARTS SENT ON REQUEST

ENTER NOW—HERE'S HOW!

To solve this easy puzzle, fill the blank letter squares in the chart at the right with letters to spell interlocking names. Use names selected only from the Master List which comprises names of "Olympic Stars" of the past 50 years. *No name to be used more than once.* Spell from top to bottom for vertical names and from left to right for horizontal names. The "Key" name "OLYMPIC" and the "Key" Letters spotted on the chart, must remain in the positions shown. Starting with the name section that interlocks with the "O" in "OLYMPIC" select a 5 or 6 letter name with "O" as the first or second letter. Similarly select a 5-letter name to interlock with the "P" in "OLYMPIC." Your next step is to choose a 5 or 6 letter name to interlock with the "C" in "OLYMPIC." To help you get a good start, we suggest you use the 6-letter name "MORNER" to interlock with the "O" and "LEUCHT" to interlock with the "C" in "OLYMPIC." Proceed in the same manner until the necessary letter squares are filled with interlocking names. It is not necessary to fill all the blank letters in each name section as one letter square at either the beginning or end of a name section may be left blank, provided that all names interlock. Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart) and interlocking letters (which have been circled) are given triple (3 times) their regular value. (It is not necessary to show the separate letter values in each letter square). After you have completed your chart, add up each of the horizontal rows of letters and show these sub-totals in the long ladder-like column at the right. The Grand Total is the total of the 18 horizontal rows of sub-totals added together, which is actually the total point value of all the letters used in your entire puzzle, including the "key" word and "key" letters, not forgetting the triple values where such occur. The object of the puzzle is to obtain the highest possible Grand Total when the 18 rows of horizontal sub-totals are added together. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico who donate $2, are eligible to enter.

LETTER VALUES
A-5
B-8
C-6
D-7
E-5
F-8
G-5
H-9
I-5
J-8
K-6
L-9
M-6
N-6
O-6
P-7
Q-8
R-4
S-6
T-8
U-4
V-9
W-4
X-9
Y-9
Z-9

Tiebreaker Mailed Immediately

Each contestant who submits an answer to this Puzzle within 25 points of the Correct High Score, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Semi-final Tiebreaker, which will be similar in style but larger and require more words. All contestants who achieve a Qualifying Score for the Semi-final Tiebreaker—within 50 points of the Maximum Score—will qualify to proceed to the Final Tiebreaker. Consecutive Tiebreaker Puzzles, not to exceed two more, will be employed if necessary to break the ties should such occur in the Final Tiebreaker.

The same day we receive your Initial Puzzle solution—if qualified under the 25-point rule—we will forward the Semi-final Tiebreaker with full instructions by return mail. Complete details concerning this contest and also a Special Offer whereby you have the option of increasing your donation and "stepping up" the value of First Prize from $4,000 to $30,000, will be inclosed. **If you qualify in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker, no additional money is required, as it is entirely optional whether or not you increase your donation above the original $2 remittance.** When your Initial Puzzle solution is completed, mail it with your $2 subscription to United States Olympic Committee, Puzzle Campaign Headquarters, 209 Mutual Life Building, Seattle 4, Washington. Remit by Cash, Money Order or Personal Check, payable to the U. S. Olympic Committee.

"OLYMPIC STARS" Master Word List

AUFFRAY
BAHR
BATE
BAYAERT
BILGE
CRABBE
DAVIS
DEBRET
DUPONT
ELEK
FLACK
FOSS
HENIE

HILL
HOUSER
KAUHN
KERR
KOTKAS
LEUCHT
LEWIS
LOOMIS
LOWE
LYSAK
MATHIAS
MAYER
MEDICA

MORNER
NADI
NAMBU
NEMETH
NURMI
ODDBORN
OSBORN
OWENS
PAHUD
PAPP
PEARCE
PEREZ
PORTER

PROKOP
RITOLA
ROTH
SCOTT
SERGO
TAYLOR
THORPE
TOLAN
TYSOE
VAST
VOIGT
WAMBST
WILLS

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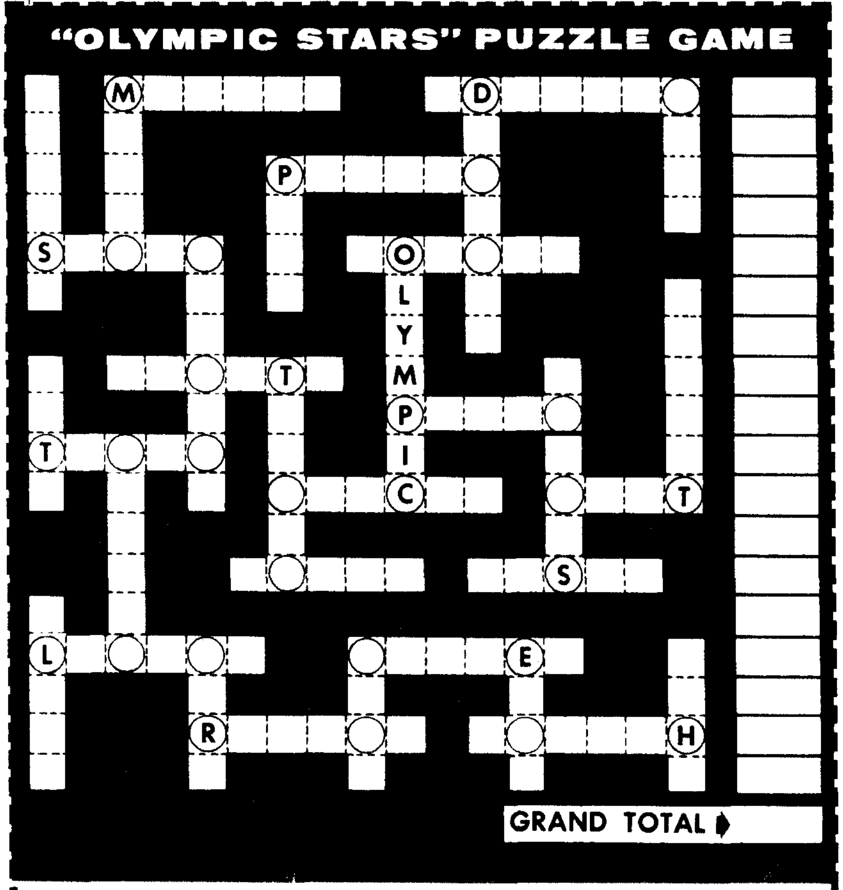
"OLYMPIC STARS" PUZZLE GAME



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Name..

Address..

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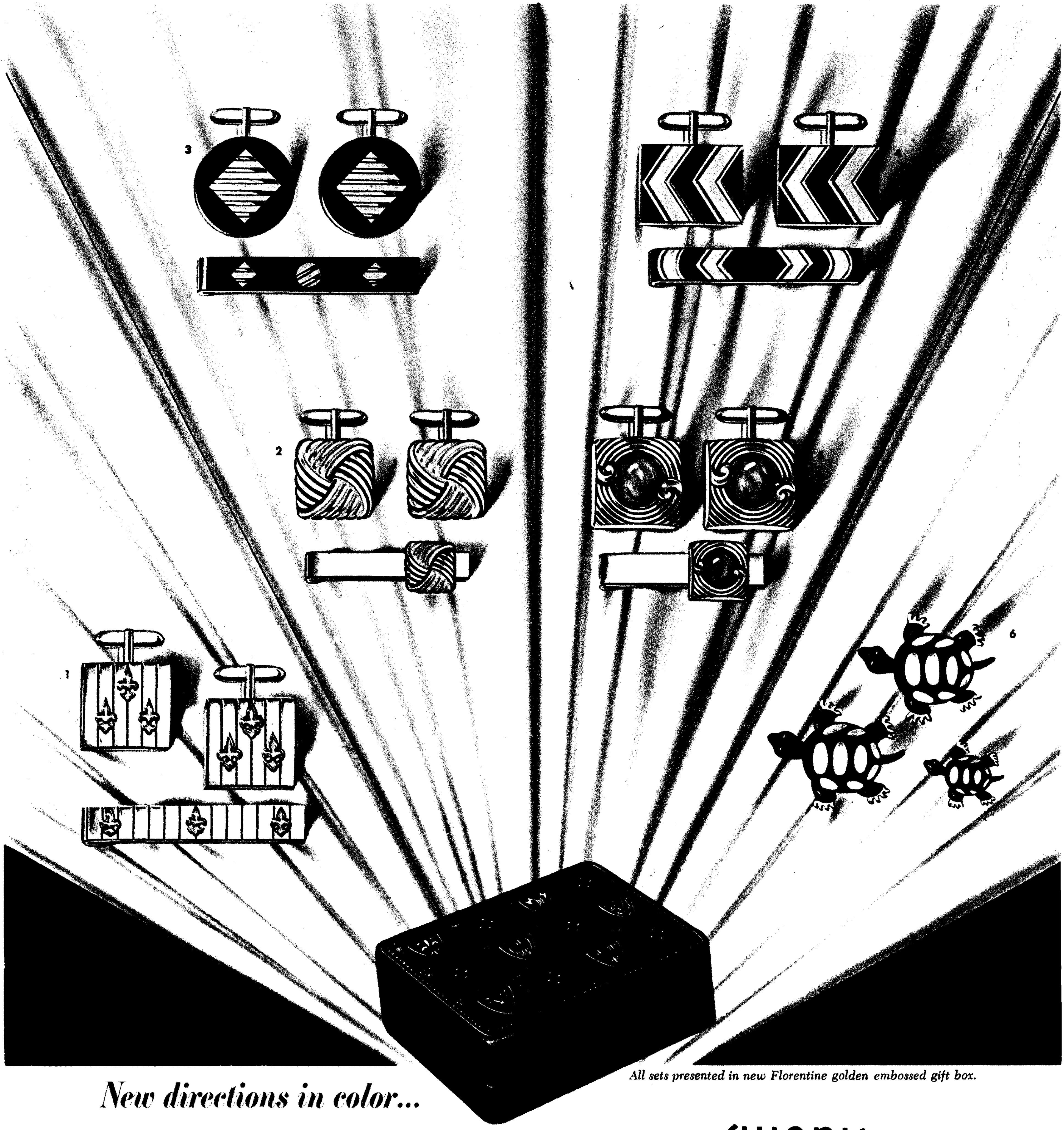

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JERRY EHRLICH

Arthur Godfrey at his desk. Says Crosby: "Success has put a vast gulf between him and his audience . . ."

Arthur Godfrey

It Doesn't Seem Like Old Times

Things have changed for this famous star. Why? A respected radio-television critic offers one man's opinion, as he graphs the curves of a fabulous career

By JOHN CROSBY

IT WAS way back in 1946 on Fire Island on one of those sky-blue summer days, the Atlantic Ocean looking like a sapphire, that I first heard Arthur Godfrey. I was stretched out on the beach, a portable radio at my side, and Godfrey, who had no sponsors at the time and little renown, was remarking in that engaging, barefooted voice which was to become so fearfully famous:

"It's a wonderful day for a wrong number. You know, there's a new gadget on the market. It answers the phone for you, insults the party at the other end and then hangs up. It gives a Bronx cheer to wrong numbers."

It was that kind of program then—homespun and earthy and very relaxing and it added a touch of ease and contentment to a moment that was already quite pleasant.

Godfrey blended well with the sun and the sea, himself possessing much of the warmth of the one and the vitality of the other.

"I have a new item for you," Godfrey was saying in that flexible, powerful, deep voice. "The United States government has bought 1,045 dead horses. The horses are—or were—ponies illegally seized from the Indians during the Sioux war. Well, Congress has appropriated money to pay for 'em. But there are only a few Indians old enough to make the claim. Let's see, there's Bear with Black Body. He's ninety-three. And there's Daniel Grass Rope, eighty-four. But White Buffalo Leader, who is 103, can't collect a dime. You see, he had a hand in wiping out General Custer and he's still considered hostile."

Then, after a bit of music, Godfrey went on to tell us about the 27,000 pigeon strait jackets the government was trying to unload (paratroopers used them in the war to keep pigeons quiet during jumps). And then he got all wrapped up in statistics about how many girls say yes the first time a man asks for a date and how many marriages this leads to. Eight per cent, he claimed. The humor was completely free of malice, which made it unique on radio in those days; it was a self-deprecatory humor—Godfrey liked to talk about how he hated to get up in the morning and how late he was up the night before—and it was full of a sort of searching tenderness.

I wrote a column at that time: "In this impassioned and jittery age, Godfrey is doing his bit to restore our faith in the amiable and gentle characteristics of our high-strung civilization."

But that was all a long time ago. A lot of water has flowed under the Godfrey bridge since that day in 1946. The Godfrey billings swelled from zero to $27,000,000—largest in radio and television—and then shrank to $15,000,000 (still largest). Godfrey became the greatest salesman the world has ever known. Instead of amusing us, he got to advising us how we should feel about price controls (by golly, we should be in favor of 'em) or about the practicability of the B-36. The small boy of radio grew into the high priest of television. It hardly seems the same man.

The story of Arthur Godfrey is a sort of case history of the effect mass adulation can have on a man. In spite of his great triumphs, it's a sober

Continued on next page

"The one thing about Godfrey that has eluded notice," says the author, "is that h

JERRY COOKE

Before TV, Godfrey sometimes would emerge tousle-haired to broadcast his folksy morning radio show from his Virginia farm

story and to understand it you have to start at the beginning.

Arthur Godfrey was born in New York City and brought up in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. The eldest of five children, he was the son of an apparently rather charming Englishman who liked to write about blood horses for English periodicals and earned an uncertain living as a reporter for the New York Times. His mother harbored ambitions as a concert pianist. The family was at times desperately poor and sometimes the evening meal was composed of a bowl of oatmeal.

It could hardly have been a happy childhood. When he was still a young boy his father died of cancer. Mrs. Godfrey undertook to support her brood by playing the piano at local movie houses for Pearl White thrillers. At fifteen Godfrey ran away from home. Relations among the Godfrey family have not been exactly cordial ever since.

A Man of Many and Varied Occupations

The Godfrey legend from the age of fifteen to the happy day in 1947—twenty-nine years later—when Chesterfield, his first network sponsor, signed him up, is a great jungle of anecdotes and tall stories, mostly supplied by Godfrey and rather difficult to track down. Godfrey says his first job was in an architect's office at $10 a week; and during this phase, a girl rolled him of a week's pay in the Statue of Liberty—a lovely story, if true. After that he was—let's see, now—a dishwasher, a hobo, a miner, a lumberjack, a tiremaker, a steerer for a dice game, a cemetery-lot salesman, advertising copy writer, rackman in a pool hall, taxicab driver, farm hand, and banjo player for an adagio team in vaudeville. These activities, the stories go, ranged from one end of the country to the other.

There's no doubt that Godfrey got around a lot as a youth, met a lot of people and gained an insight into people that was to come in mighty handy many years later. He also got very good at doing things with his hands and his feet and his whole body. This is important. Godfrey is a very physical person and part of the great Godfrey appeal is sheer animal vitality. All his life Godfrey has been good at physical things. When in his fifties, he learned to figure-skate and became very good at it in a couple of weeks. He can sail a boat well. He's a good swimmer. He's a very good horseman. Not long ago, without prior experience, he learned a soft-shoe dance routine in two weeks. He's a truly fine pilot who can fly any sort of aircraft, including jets. Like another great American idol, Clark Gable, Godfrey just smells of the great outdoors.

An indisputable part of the Godfrey formative years is his time in the Navy and Coast Guard and this is very important in understanding the sort of man that Godfrey has become. Godfrey was a radio signalman on a destroyer in the Greco-Turkish war and apparently a very good one. He was an obstreperous sailor who picked up a vocabulary that a seagoing parrot would envy (it was many years later to drive Mrs. William S. Paley, wife of the chairman of the board of CBS, out of her own living room in shocked dismay) and a capacity for tall stories that Sindbad could barely match. He also appears to have acquired a love of uniforms that has never left him. After his Navy hitch and another period of bumming around, he joined the Coast Guard, donning again those beloved uniforms, and it was during his Coast Guard hitch in Baltimore that he broke into radio.

The year was 1929. Godfrey and some Coast Guard pals were in a saloon listening to an all-night disk jockey who used to invite amateurs up to help while away the long hours. Godfrey took his banjo up to the station and that was the beginning of "Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist." Soon he was an announcer, then head announcer and from there he went on to WRC in Washington.

Announcers were a fairly wild lot in those days, but whereas the rest of them kept their boisterousness off the air, Godfrey didn't. One morning, as an early-morning disk jockey who hated to get up, he was playing a record when he suddenly remarked: "Ain't this the silliest thing? Here I'm playing the William Tell Overture at eight minutes after seven when everyone wants a little peace and quiet." And he happily smashed the record. "Hey, boss, if you're listening—" and he gave a Bronx cheer. "See, those guys never listen," he told his audience. "If they do, I won't be here tomorrow morning."

This was flouting authority with a vengeance and Washingtonians ate it up. It was a relatively harmless prank—Godfrey broke some other records, too—but the germ of Godfrey's later discontents were clearly visible in this incident. Godfrey, you'll notice, didn't just dislike the record and put it back on the shelf for some other guy who might like it. He smashed the record. He's been smashing things ever since.

In 1931 came the fateful accident which was to make such a deep imprint on the man's personality and on his life. Driving back from a glider lesson at Congressional Airport to north Washington, he encountered a truck going in the opposite direction. There seem to be a couple of versions of the accident. One was that the left front wheel came off and ran over him; the other that the car and truck crashed head on. In any case, Godfrey landed in a hospital with a compound fracture of the left arm, a fractured skull, four broken ribs, his heart pushed over to the right side, both kneecaps shattered, and both hips dislocated, the left one permanently. This would have been a terrible blow for anyone. For a physical man like Godfrey it was especially hard.

It was while he was lying helpless in the hospital that Godfrey took an intense dislike to the brisk, highly cultivated mannerisms of announcers and decided to try something a little more like real speech. The present Godfrey style had its beginnings right there. However, you must not think Godfrey succumbed to simple naturalism. The present Godfrey voice—the hesitations, the slow pace, the habit of chewing on a word as if he enjoyed the taste—is as studied as that of the announcer-type style he discarded, perhaps more so. Godfrey used to listen to records of his voice to get his inflections just right. Similarly, on television, the grimaces, the shrugs, the pouts, the quizzical look from under the eyebrows with lowered head were all very carefully put there for effect. Godfrey has been praised and disparaged for many things, but the one thing that has eluded notice is the fact that he is a very great performer with tremendous control over his voice and face.

Lesson Learned from a Furrier's Bear

When he got back to work, Godfrey tried out his new techniques, one of them being to needle the sponsor in a way that was later to become so well known. One victim was Zlotnick's bear. Zlotnick, a respected Washington furrier, had a stuffed bear standing outside his establishment, and Godfrey would call it "that dirty white bear" and "that moth-bitten fugitive from Noah's ark." Business boomed for Zlotnick, and Godfrey learned a valuable lesson. He has never kidded a product that sponsors him; he may kid the ad copy or the picture on the box or the bear standing outside the sponsor's store—but never the product.

One day Godfrey failed to show up for his 6:00 A.M. disk-jockey show and the NBC station fired him. If it hadn't been for Harry Butcher, who was later to become General Dwight D. Eisenhower's aide in World War II, Godfrey might have quit broadcasting altogether. He was part owner of a flying school outside Washington—he'd first flown in the Navy in 1920—and he became a flying instructor at it. But Butcher, then manager of WJSV, the CBS station in Washington, went looking for him and persuaded him to come to CBS, where he has been ever since.

Another big break came when Walter Winchell got interested in the redhead. When the columnist

a very great performer"

discovered Godfrey was earning only $75 a week, he advised him to get temperamental, demand more money, and, if it wasn't forthcoming, to fail to show up for work. It sounds like a strange recipe for success but it seems to have worked. Soon Godfrey was getting $750 a week—and the Godfrey temperament, which was pretty full-flavored in any case, ripened a little further.

If you study it closely, the essence of that temperament and of the Godfrey charm is a sort of small-boy perversity. "I was in the men's room," he would tell his listeners, "and I noticed a sign saying 'Blot. Don't Rub.' " Then his voice assumes a conspiratorial tone. "But there was no one around to watch. So I rubbed." It was this sort of gentle flouting of somebody's else's dictates that endeared him to the common folk who would never quite dare rub not blot.

Godfrey himself and Godfrey's publicists have made so much of the fact that he has been on the air for 26 years that the impression has been planted that he has been a national phenomenon as long as Jack Benny or Bing Crosby. This is not true. Until quite recently, Godfrey was just a local celebrity no more known than a hundred other disk jockeys around the country. Godfrey's first network show, called Manhattan Pee-Rade, went on the air in the thirties and was a flat flop.

Popularity Dates Back Eight Years

His rise really started with Arthur Godfrey Time, his morning show, which became a network program in 1945 and got its first sponsor in 1947. The real Godfrey, as a national institution, started roughly in 1947; the Godfrey idolatry reached its peak in 1953 and started downhill shortly afterward. In short, eight years—not twenty-six.

In its early years, it was a great show. Daytime radio was a starchy mélange of soap opera and mealymouthed ladies telling the housewives how to make salmon salad. Godfrey was a fresh wind and a very masculine one. He liked to talk about sailboat racing. He derided network vice-presidents and stuffed shirts. He liked to poke fun at himself.

In the words of his boss, William S. Paley: "Godfrey is the kind of guy the average man would like to be. He's a wistful projection of the average guy." The letters that poured in—40,000 of them in a good week—echoed this sentiment. Said one typical one, "You are the little boy who dreamed of having a horse, an airplane, a radio program—and then grew up to obtain them. Everybody was that little boy once. That's why so many Americans find it so easy to identify themselves with you."

The man became an empire. The morning show grew from half an hour to an hour and a half; then came Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts on Monday night and Arthur Godfrey and His Friends on Wednesday night—a total of nine and a half hours a week of network time. As many as 77,000,000 different Americans are still estimated to see Godfrey once a month. From 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 of this number see him much more often, many of them practically every day.

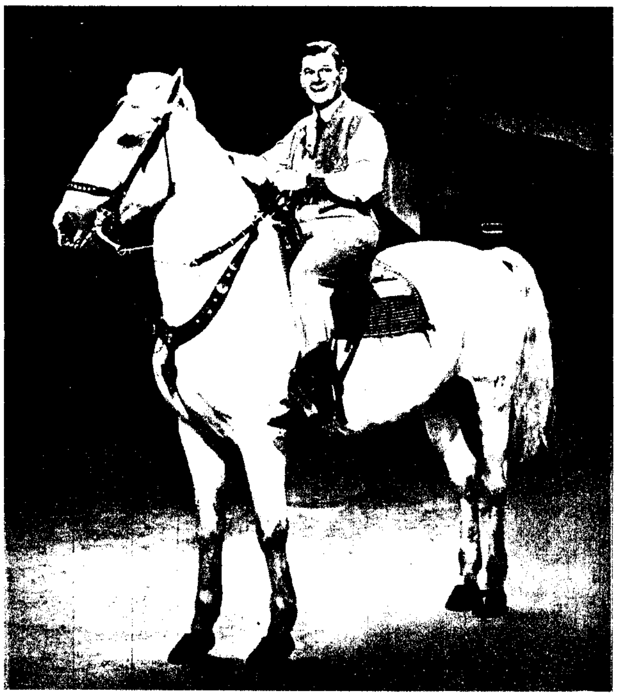
Seated next to him on all these shows at first was a young lady named Margaret (Mug) Richardson who was to become almost as well known in radio-TV circles as he was. Mug, who had been his assistant and adviser for years before he got on the network, came from a North Carolina farm and she had an instinct which was very useful to Godfrey. Popular with everyone, she could walk into a room and within minutes have everyone in it pretty well catalogued. She had an intuitive knowledge of what people wanted and it's hard to say how much she was responsible for Godfrey's early success. She used to get him up in the mornings for his early shows; she helped him with his problems; she counseled him.

Since Godfrey was never an easy man to deal with, the relationship between the redhead and Mug was frequently stormy. When it got too stormy, Mug would disappear for a while. But at

Continued on next page

CULVER SERVICE

Left. **On radio, he'd play the piano or uke, make little jokes, kid the sponsors.**
Below. **On television, he branched out. Here he figure-skates (he learned in his 50s) with pro ice star Joan Walden**



Left. **An excellent horseman, star rode his animal on one show.**
Below. **Godfrey and His Friends—La Rosa, Parker, Davis, Marlowe**

Godfrey says of TV: "It h

SHAPE

In recent years, Godfrey has made many friends among nation's VIPs and military men. Here he is with Gens. LeMay, Ridgway, Gruenther

last even that wasn't enough and she disappeared from Godfrey's career altogether. She now is a radio and TV consultant for the Civil Defense program in Washington. If you had to put a date on the period when Godfrey began to change, the departure of Mug is probably the best one. Hers was a steadying influence and there has been no one to take her place.

And meanwhile, Godfrey was becoming one of the most powerful men in the United States. On Armed Forces Day in May, 1950, some 30,000,000 persons heard him describe what it was like to fly a jet plane. He was at 35,000 feet speaking through a throat mike and it was one of the smartest bits of propaganda the Air Force ever did. Later the Navy got in its licks. He was sent through the jet course at Pensacola and obliged by telling how great the Navy jets were. Many mothers had complained to the Navy about their sons flying those "suicidal" things. After the Godfrey broadcasts the letters dropped off to practically nothing.

People in high places began to recognize that Godfrey was a very powerful instrument of public policy. The Air Force again enlisted Godfrey's help when the B-36 was a matter of hot controversy. Practically the whole strategy of the Strategic Air Command was based on these huge planes. Yet critics said they weren't any good. There was even a rumor that the Air Force couldn't get more than one of them off the ground at once. General Curtis E. LeMay, SAC commander, invited Godfrey out to Omaha to see for himself. Godfrey flew one in a formation of 18 (thus scotching that rumor about only one at a time) and told his devotees it was a fine airplane. (From pigeon strait jackets to the B-36—a long distance.) A few people murmured that Godfrey was hardly qualified to pass on such intricate matters—but they didn't have a national network to sound off on and were ignored.

In Hot Water over Price-Control Views

Godfrey's new and high-powered friends continued to use him to mold public opinion on great matters. Bernard Baruch persuaded Godfrey to endorse price controls, which happened to be Baruch's pet project at the moment. Opponents of price control instantly raised a clamor and Godfrey was told to lay off controversial subjects.

Still, Red Godfrey, the ex-warbling banjoist, got awfully close to controversy from time to time. The group that was trying to win the Republican nomination for General Eisenhower, who was then on leave as president of Columbia University, arranged a meeting between the two famous grins at Ike's campus home in Morningside Heights. Godfrey spent three hours with Ike and came away—he told his audience—"tremendously impressed." This was not open electioneering, exactly. Still, Godfrey's sentiments were so thinly veiled that Senator Robert A. Taft sought him out and asked for Godfrey's support in case *he* got the nomination. Godfrey assured him he would have it. When Charles E. Wilson, now a close friend, was ordered to sell his General Motors stock as a condition to becoming Secretary of Defense, Godfrey denounced the condition as unfair. (CBS had to grant equal time for rebuttal to Chairman Saltonstall of the Senate Armed Services Committee.) And Zlotnick's bear seemed generations backward in time.

Still, the Godfrey star continued to rise. It reached its zenith during the celebrated operation on Godfrey's hip. There has probably been no more famous operation in all recorded history. There were almost hourly bulletins. "Godfrey Jokes Before Operation," the press said. "Godfrey Operation A Success." "Godfrey Sits Up"—and, finally, the word the world was waiting for, "Godfrey Strums Ukulele." In August, 1953, he was back before the cameras from his Virginia farm and with tears in his eyes he thanked his listeners for their prayers—10,000 Masses had been said for his recovery. On the following Wednesday, again on camera before about 40,000,000 people, he picked up his crutches and hobbled across the grass to his swimming pool. There he threw away the crutches and dived in and swam across the pool. Nothing at the Grotto of Lourdes was ever more dramatic and Lourdes never had that audience. (The occasion was only slightly marred by the fact that he later gave hell to the engineers for cutting off some tree limbs to get the TV transmitter in.)

The chorus of applause, though, was not unanimous. Commented Broadcasting-Telecasting magazine sourly: "The deification of Arthur Godfrey has been in progress for some time but the triumph over illness and the opportunities it made for the CBS public-relations factory have rendered it complete. It is only a matter of time before the second syllable of Godfrey will be forgotten."

Adulation can have a powerful effect, and this mass worship had been thrust on Godfrey in a matter of six years, a short time. It didn't so much change him as bring out certain aspects which had always been in the man but which had been more or less hidden. For instance, it was during his Omaha visit that he grew acquainted with General LeMay. Godfrey has always had a penchant for uniforms—he still likes to dress up in them on his show from time to time—and his admiration for the discipline of the granite-hard LeMay was boundless.

Almost immediately after his return, things got different around the Godfrey office. Godfrey had always been paternalistic toward his "Friends"—governing their lives, their amusements, even their romances. "I try to keep them from show-business folk in general," he said. "If they sit around Broadway, they get to talk like them and act like them. The average man wouldn't like their personal lives or how they talk. I like to keep their feet in the grass roots. I keep my people as long as they keep their humility. I don't want phony people around."

After Godfrey met LeMay, who was to become his hunting companion, and who may be the only man alive he's genuinely in awe of, the Godfrey office began to resemble the higher echelons of the Strategic Air Command. Singers and dancers and

GARRY WINOGRAND

The famous television star hurries past a group of young autograph hunters (and an unidentified man) as he enters the CBS building in New York

used up my whole life . . . I'm a prisoner of myself"

announcers were ordered to appear for ballet lessons, singing lessons, skating lessons. "If we were late," said one ex-Godfrey "Friend," "it was like being late for reveille."

That was one of the things that led to the firing of Julius La Rosa. Crooner La Rosa was—and still is—a carefree kid who had an annoying habit of disappearing from rehearsals at the most inopportune times. One day he didn't show up at all. This came right on the heels of a letter, which had enraged Godfrey, from La Rosa's manager, saying that all future dealings would have to be cleared through the manager. That was too much. On the following Monday, after La Rosa had sung his song, Godfrey publicly fired him on the air. The redhead had inaugurated his career publicly breaking records on the air; here he was busting a singer in full view of 30,000,000 people.

When the Show Went Down to Florida

While the La Rosa firing was the most calamitous, it was not the only unexpected thing Godfrey has done on the air; the candle power of his personality, never exactly low, is about twice as great on camera; ideas bubble up that would never occur to him off camera. One cold winter day, for example, Godfrey, after complaining of the weather, said unexpectedly right on the air: "Let's take the show to Florida next Wednesday." In the wings, directors and producers, fully aware of the difficulties of transporting singers, bands, technicians and the rest 1,500 miles in two days, stood tearing their hair—but the show went to Florida.

But where that is a rather charming bit of self-indulgence, the firing of La Rosa was something else again. The uproar was so great that a news conference was called. It was a disaster. Godfrey's whole experience with the press up to that time had been with gush artists from fan magazines or with other writers who had been told, for Heaven's sake, to treat him with respect. This was his first experience with the hard-bitten working press, a tough bunch of sharpshooters who are not impressed by anybody. Godfrey left the press conference confident he had charmed them as he had charmed every other interviewer—until he read the papers. His relations with the press have been pretty terrible ever since.

W. Somerset Maugham, after his novels and plays became overwhelmingly successful, remarked sadly and shrewdly that success had separated him from the sources of his material, which were ordinary people. In Godfrey's case, success has put a vast gulf between himself and his audience. The ex-hobo, ex-farm hand, ex-dishwasher was now rubbing elbows with President Eisenhower, Bernard Baruch, Charles E. Wilson. The guy who originally won friends and chuckles by poking fun at the pomposities of "vice-presidents" now spent all his spare time in their company.

As for the common people, Godfrey has said: "It's no longer possible for Joe Blow to be himself with me. He becomes a phony when he's near me. He doesn't see me any more. He sees a million bucks. Where can I find friends any more? Most people that seek me out are looking for something. This has lost me something that has made me. I once knew all the people's attitudes. Now I'm going on memory."

And the memory is growing dimmer. Godfrey has not only removed himself entirely from the common people but he gives occasional evidence of a positive dislike for them. In 1954 he was in Miami doing a broadcast when he publicly accused an engineer in New York of deliberately fading his voice in Manhattan: "I wonder who that guy is," said Godfrey silkily. "Wonder who that could be? I wonder if he likes his job. Maybe he doesn't like what he's doin', huh? Maybe he should get out of this business, huh? Maybe he should end up shoveling snow. We'll see if we can't arrange that." It was a cutting statement and it lost Godfrey almost as many friends as the La Rosa firing.

Then there was the case at Teterboro Airport, where Godfrey lost his license for "carelessly and recklessly" buzzing the control tower. This was the most startling of all the Godfrey escapades. Godfrey is not only a very fine pilot but had always been a very cautious one. Now, apparently, he had changed.

He had also begun to lose touch with his audience. Much of Godfrey's isolation from the public is the public's own fault. Since television, it has practically torn him apart. When he went to Minneapolis once to visit his friend, columnist Cedric Adams, people lined up by the thousands and all but tore off his clothes. When he walks down the street, women come up and ask reverently if they can touch him. Godfrey flees in disgust. He is afraid even to drive in cars for fear of being mobbed. Recently he said of television, "It has loused up my whole life. I can't go anywhere. I'm a prisoner of myself."

The content of his shows is an accurate reflection of this growing isolation. First, he was the little boy in the men's room who illicitly rubbed, not blotted. Then he was talking about sailing, a sport enjoyed and understood by millions. After that, flying his private airplanes, a sport not enjoyed by many but at least respected. And lately? Well, lately there have been the hunting trips with his important friends. And, more significantly, the Godfrey racing stable—sport of kings. Godfrey has won fame and fortune but he still wants assurance of respectability—and possession of a racing stable is a symbol of respectability.

Godfrey is still the world's greatest salesman, with an audience that CBS recently estimated runs to 77,000,000 Americans at least once a month. But the audience is not so adoring as it was.

For all his recent difficulties Godfrey tends to blame someone else—which is not exactly a recent characteristic. Once his wife, Mary, and Mug tried for hours to wake him for his morning show. They woke him eight minutes before air time, too late for adequate rehearsal of a song. Just before he went on the air he said: "We didn't have enough time on that. I'll bet *they* louse me up." It apparently never occurred to him that he might be lousing himself up.

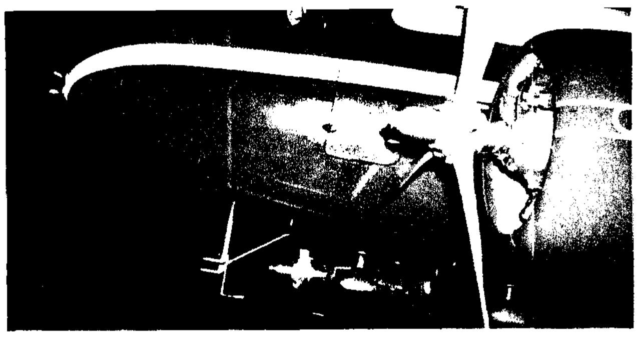
Godfrey's theme song goes, "It seems like old times . . ." But the fact is, it doesn't seem like old times any more.

Lately, he has turned on virtually everybody. He has railed at the press. He fired practically his whole crew of "Friends," including performers and writers who had been with him for years (his last writer quit, the handwriting clearly being on the wall). He was put out when the fired entertainers very quickly got jobs. "If you've ever been out hunting animals in the jungle," he said, "you know that when you kill one of the jungle beasts the buzzards start flying overhead."

As "Friends" He Has Fired Know Him

The plain fact is that there is no simple explanation of Arthur Godfrey. Some of the people he has fired hate him. Some pity him. Some still have enormous admiration for him as a showman—but no love for the man. And some—firing or no—still love him and admire him. Ask three different "ex-Friends" about Godfrey and you get three different answers. While he tried to rule the lives of his people, he was also wildly generous to them, sometimes paying them far more than their talents deserved, sending them to their skating lessons in Cadillac limousines, putting them up in the best hotels in Florida, quietly paying their hospital bills when they fell sick. And when they got out of the hospital, they had to do a little sleuthing to find out who had paid the bills because he didn't say. His charities—mostly for medical research and flying scholarships—have never been publicized.

And while many persons have questioned his taste, no one can question his courage—he'll try anything—or his tireless efforts to get everything exactly right, or his very real grasp of showmanship. Once, after the hip operation, he ended a broadcast by leaping astride a horse and riding off —à la Charlie Chaplin—into the twilight. His producers and directors would have vetoed it as pure corn—if they had known about it in advance. And they would have been wrong. It was a wow. It's a pity he has grown so far from the people because it's with people that he belongs. Once his plane was forced down somewhere in the Carolinas and he had to spend the night at a farmhouse. His description of his hosts—how they lived and worked and played—was one of the all-time great broadcasts. But there's little of that any more.



UNITED PRESS

Godfrey at the controls of his own plane, a big twin-engine transport

GARRY WINOGRAND

Getting into automobile, Godfrey holds cane—still needed after his hip operation

Today he lives behind locked doors. It wasn't always that way. The Godfrey outer-office and inner-office doors were always open and the gang would march in, put their feet on the desk, and munch fruit that the redhead always kept there for them. But then came the screwballs and the devotees, wanting to touch him or just stare at him, and the doors had to be locked. He spends hours behind the locked doors, often alone. Partly this is because the hip operation was not a success. After 28 months, he is still limping and using a cane—and some people feel he will never throw it away.

And many times he must have asked himself why he made the fateful decision to have the operation. The hip wasn't that bad before. In spite of his protestations of 20 years of pain, he used to get around beautifully. His greatest fear, he has said, is not of death, but of being a helpless cripple.

But he's still the biggest thing in television. And he has the 1,500-acre farm in Virginia, the barns painted blue and white like his racing silks. And his wife, Mary, and children, Pat and Mike, whom he rarely sees. And the adulation.

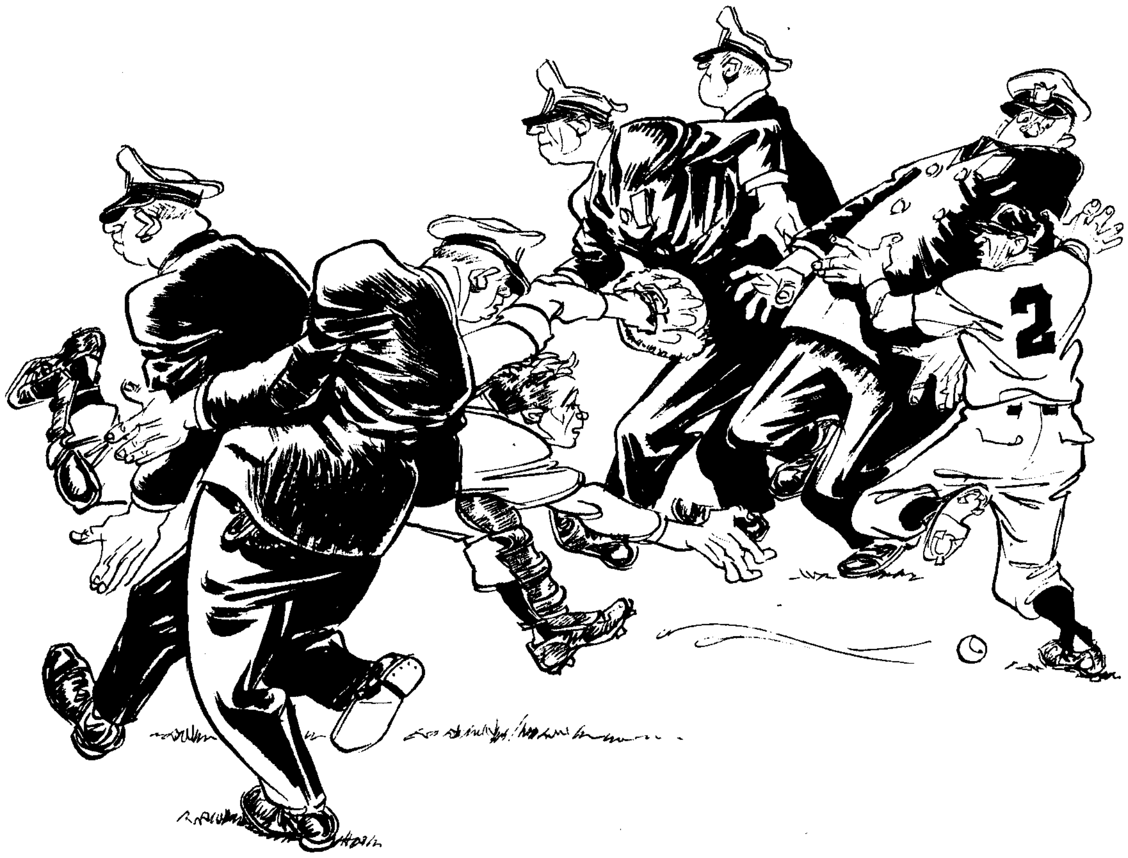
He was the little boy who, like many little boys, dreamed of having a home, an airplane, and fame. Most little boys get sidetracked, somewhere along the way, and have to settle for less, and spend some part of their lives wondering what it would have been like if they had had that golden touch, and won the beautiful home, the airplane, the fame and the fortune.

Godfrey's dream came true; he won success—and all that goes with it. He says he's happy. And maybe he is. THE END

WORLD SERIES LAUGHS

By TOM MEANY

On the eve of another baseball classic, the author shares some favorite moments from the 29 World Series he has covered



The game should have been over. But there was Owen diving for the ball, and Durocher wildly shooing the police back to the stands

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

I covered the first World Series game ever played in Yankee Stadium, back in 1923. Since then I've attended approximately 150 Series games, not all of them at Yankee Stadium, although there have been times when it seemed that way. I have missed covering only the 1925, 1929 and 1931 Series since I made my first unprovoked attack on a defenseless typewriter.

There have been exciting games and dull ones, sensational plays and horrendous errors. There always have been laughs.

My first chuckle came with the first game I covered. The old New York Morning World imported, at practically no expense, a writer from a small town in the Midwest. He was supposed to provide a country cousin's impression of the biggest city's biggest game, only he overplayed his hand. He got hopelessly lost in the subway maze and never did get to Yankee Stadium for the opener.

Here, then, are some of the World Series rib-ticklers I remember through the years:

★ ★ ★

THAT first World Series game played in Yankee Stadium had much to recommend it. Casey Stengel won it for the Giants, 5-4, in the top of the ninth with a home run inside the park, the only Series game in history to be decided by an inside-the-park homer. The Yankees, incidentally, took the world championship—their first—in six games, but Stengel batted .417 for the Series and accounted for both Giant victories with home runs, rapping one in the third game to beat Sad Sam Jones, 1-0.

Making his circuit in the first game, Stengel, then a fading veteran, had to beat a relay started by Bob Meusel, the outfielder with the strongest arm of his time. As Stengel rounded second, he began to wobble and by the time he passed third, he was taking both sides of the road like a Sunday driver with astigmatism. He finally sprawled safely across the plate and lay prostrate for some seconds.

It seems that as Casey rounded second, a rubber insole popped out of his shoe and he was under the impression that he had lost the entire shoe. Instead of dreams of glory, Stengel was thinking of how ridiculous he must look circling the bases with just one shoe. It was only while he was stretched on the ground after scoring that he learned he still had both on.

Explaining to reporters later what had happened, Casey commented: "When I saw them two shoes on my feet, it was a heck of a lot bigger satisfaction than hitting the homer."

★ ★ ★

Lon Warneke, now a staid National League umpire, was just a young kid of twenty-three when he was called upon to pitch for the Cubs against the Yankees in the second game of the 1932 Series. It was his first World Series and he had never seen Yankee Stadium until the day before.

Press photographers descended upon Warneke before the game and asked him to pose with his pitching opponent, Lefty Gomez. Lon demurred.

"I never pose for any pictures on days when I'm going to pitch," he explained.

"What's the matter, Lon?" taunted one of the photographers. "You superstitious?"

"Superstitious, hell!" Warneke replied indignantly. "I just think it's unlucky."

★ ★ ★

It could be that the maddest of all World Series was the 1934 set between the Detroit Tigers and the St. Louis Cardinals. Any Series involving Frank Frisch's colorful Gas House Gang—with the Dean brothers, Lippy Durocher, Ripper Collins, Joe Medwick and Frisch himself—might better have been played on the lawn of a mental institution.

Both the Deans, Diz and Paul, won two games as the Cards beat the Tigers in seven. But Dizzy had to gild the lily by inserting himself as a pinch runner in the fourth game without asking Frisch's permission. Attempting to break up a double play, Dean leaped to block Billy Rogell's throw. He did, too—with his forehead. He dropped as though shot and was lugged from the field on a stretcher.

Dashing to the clubhouse for information about the extent of Dean's injuries, I met Paul, who had been one of the stretcher-bearers. The report I got should have proved to me then and there that Dizzy was predestined to become a broadcaster. He was made for TV even before TV had been invented.

"Was Diz knocked out? Has he regained consciousness?" I asked Paul.

"He warn't unconscious at all," said Paul. "He talked all the time we carried him off the field."

"What was he saying?"

"He wasn't *saying* anything," explained Paul. "He was jes' talking."

* * *

By the time Mike Ryba found himself in a World Series in 1946, he had few, if any, illusions left. Mike, a versatile right-handed pitcher who once had played a different position during each of the nine innings of a minor-league game, was no longer a youngster. He had passed his forty-second birthday, had played in 11 different leagues with a dozen different clubs when he wound up on the Red Sox roster for the World Series against the Cardinals.

Ryba expected no more than a comfortable seat in the bull pen from which to watch the Series, but the Cards batted like crazy during the fourth game in Boston's Fenway Park and manager Joe Cronin found himself virtually out of pitchers. He called on Mike to mop up.

A reporter covering the clubhouse thought Mike would make a swell human-interest story—a grizzled old war horse who had been in baseball for 21 years finally getting into a World Series game.

"Mike," asked the reporter, "how did you feel when you stepped to the rubber to pitch in a World Series game? Were you thrilled, excited?"

"I'll tell you, son," answered Ryba wearily, "I felt I was just one step nearer to Cooperstown."

* * *

While the Giants were beating Cleveland four straight in last year's World Series, Willie Mays performed like a man from outer space. He was slicker than a politician's promise. In the first game at the Polo Grounds, he practically went to the city limits to catch a drive hit by Vic Wertz. In the third game, Willie belted three hits for the Giants and knocked in two runs. In the second inning of the fourth and final game, with Wertz on third and two out, Sam Dente lined to Willie. Mays, forgetting his catch ended the inning, rifled the ball home to keep Wertz from scoring.

This bit of absent-mindedness prompted Cleveland coach Tony Cuccinello to remark to manager Al Lopez, "I finally discovered Willie's weakness, but I'm afraid it may be too late—he can't count."

* * *

When the Tigers and the Cubs faced each other in the 1945 World Series, the bottom of the wartime manpower barrel had been so well scraped it gleamed like ivory. A good baseball prospect those days was a man over thirty-five, with three children, a heart murmur and a hacking cough.

The day before the Series opened in Detroit, Jerry Liska of the Associated Press polled the writers. He asked Warren Brown of the Chicago Herald-American which team he thought would win. Mr. Brown gave the question serious thought.

"Really," said Warren, after weighing the pros and cons, "I can't conceive of either team winning a single game!"

* * *

It was in this same Series that Chuck Hostetler, a forty-year-old pinch hitter for the Tigers, tripped and fell between third and home as he attempted to score the run which would have won the Series for Detroit in the seventh inning of the sixth game. The Cubs eventually won in the 12th and Detroit had to wait 48 hours before becoming champions.

The night of Hostetler's tumble, a friend confided to Irv Kupcinet, popular Chicago columnist, that he was enjoying the Series immensely. "I've got my father here with me, too," he told Irv.

"I know," replied Kupcinet, "I saw him fall down between third and home this afternoon."

* * *

One of the most memorable incidents in Series history happened at Ebbets Field, in the fourth game of the 1941 meeting with the Yankees, when Hugh Casey's third strike to Tommy Henrich, which would have ended the game, eluded Brooklyn catcher Mickey Owen.

If Owen had held the ball, the game was over, of course, and the Series would have been tied at two games each. Brooklyn was ahead 4-3, two out and nobody on. But by the time the inning was over, the Yanks had picked up four runs, the ball game, and a 3-1 edge in the Series, which they went on to wrap up in five games.

Police had been stationed at all the exit gates in the stands around the dugouts so they'd be ready to dash on the field as soon as the game ended and throw up a protective cordon behind which the players on the diamond could get through the dugouts to the dressing rooms. However, the cops, like most of the fans, thought Henrich had fanned and ran out on the field as soon as Tommy's bat came around. There they were, a whole squad of bluecoats, running toward Mickey, and there was Mickey, weaving through the police like a broken-field runner, desperately pursuing the ball.

Leo Durocher, the Brooklyn manager, bounced off the bench gesturing wildly, like a farmer shooing chickens, and frantically chased the cops back to the stands.

They say everything happens at Ebbets Field and I guess it's true; that's the only time in my life, on or off the ball field, I ever saw a citizen chase cops.

* * *

The late boxing czar, Mike Jacobs, decided to take in the 1935 World Series between the Tigers and Cubs, a Series noted chiefly for the bitter cold in which it was played. The first two games were played in Detroit with the temperature around 40. Then the Series moved on to Chicago.

Although Mike had sold thousands of World Series tickets during his days as a ticket broker, and may have scalped more people than Chief Crazy Horse, he had never seen a Series game, had little interest in baseball. It was Jacobs's attitude that if people were crazy enough to go to World Series games, he would gladly sell them the tickets, at a premium; but he had no desire to go himself. However, Joe Louis, then a rising young heavyweight and the apple of Mike's eye, was a devoted Tiger fan and it was he who persuaded Jacobs to attend.

Mike suffered through the two cold days in Detroit and then journeyed to Chicago's Wrigley Field, where the mercury had soared to a rousing 50. Bundled in his overcoat, the fight promoter glumly surveyed the teams practicing before the game. Suddenly, he turned to Louis.

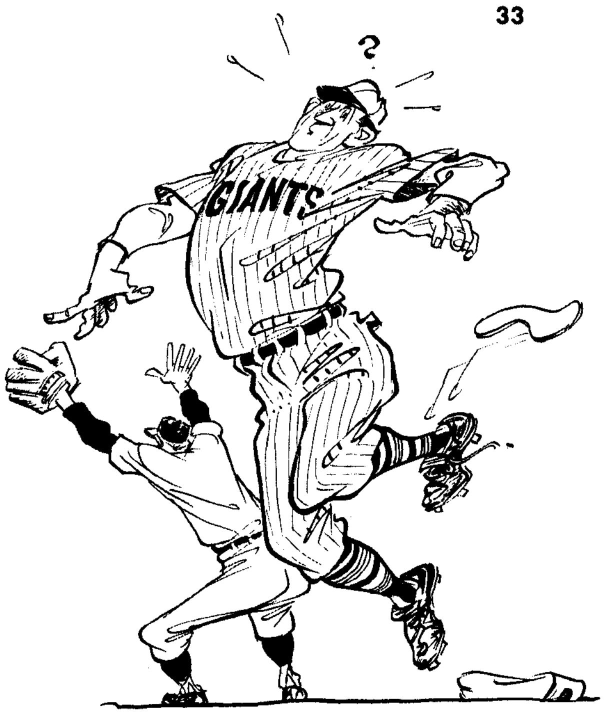
"What's going on here?" Jacobs demanded indignantly. "It's them same two teams that were playing each other in Detroit!"

* * *

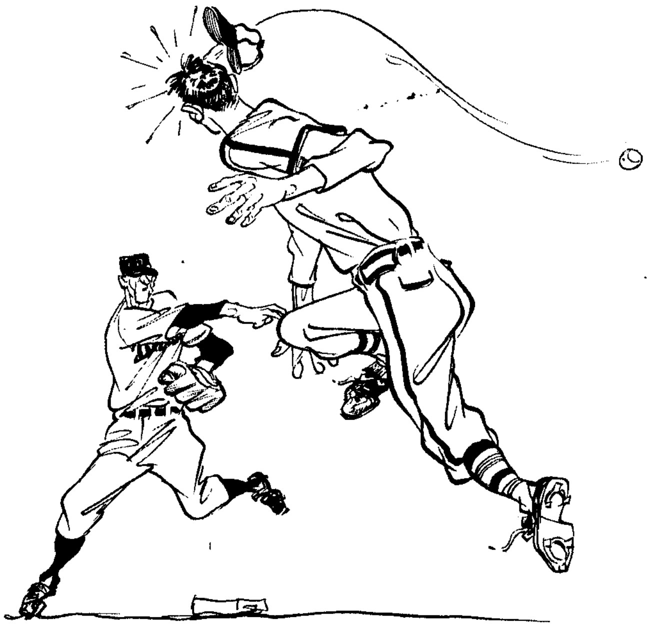
Tommy Henrich was in the Yankee dressing room at the Stadium receiving congratulations from players and press after he won the opening game of the 1949 Series with a ninth-inning homer against Don Newcombe of the Dodgers. The hit broke up a scoreless battle between big Don and Allie Reynolds. A figure filbert discovered that this was the first World Series 1-0 game to be decided by a homer since 1923, when Stengel, Tommy's current manager, had hit one for the Giants against Sam Jones in the third game at the same Stadium.

"I really think," said a reporter informing Casey of the coincidence, "that Tommy's hit was more dramatic than yours, since he made it in the ninth. You hit yours in the seventh."

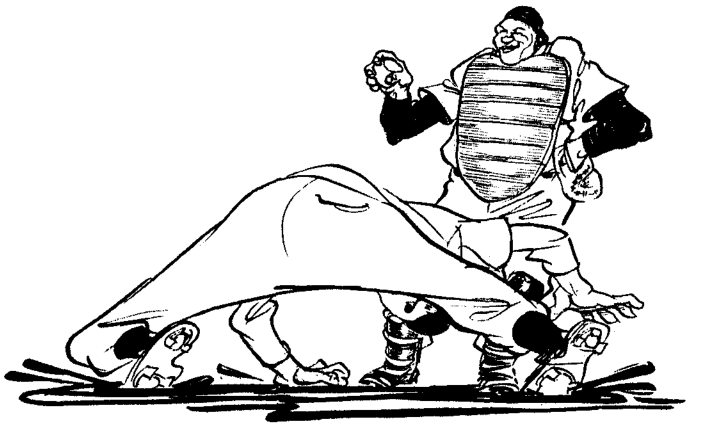
"I know," dead-panned Stengel, "I got nervous and couldn't wait." THE END



Casey Stengel rounded second base plagued by a terrible doubt. Was he fully dressed?



The Cardinals' Dizzy Dean used his head to break up the potential Detroit double play



Player ages were up so high by 1945, a slip between third and home looked like a collapse

"52 Weeks' Pay for 52 Weeks' Work!"

That slogan paid off for Walter Reuther. In 60 days that shook Detroit, he won a modified Guaranteed Annual Wage from the auto industry. Now G.A.W. is spreading to other industries. What's labor's next goal? The 30-hour week

WHAT IS G.A.W.?

G.A.W.—the Guaranteed Annual Wage—is labor's new target in contract negotiations. The ultimate objective: to give workers who are paid by the hour and subject to periodic layoffs an assured yearly income—52 full pay checks a year.

The history of G.A.W. goes back to 1949. In that year, the late Philip Murray, then president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), commissioned a study of G.A.W. However, Murray used G.A.W. proposals mainly as a bargaining weapon to obtain pensions and other concessions from management. His successor, Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, made G.A.W. his number-one objective and began campaigning for it fervently. So did David J. McDonald, president of CIO's United Steelworkers.

Reuther and McDonald won management recognition of the principle of G.A.W. this year, but had to settle for less than 52 full pay checks a year. Under terms of contracts they negotiated in the auto- and can-making industries, laid-off employees will receive up to 65 per cent of their normal take-home pay while idle. Part of the payments will be regular state unemployment compensation. The rest will be drawn from special funds to be established by management. Payments to idle auto workers will continue for a maximum of 26 weeks, to canning workers for a maximum of a full year.

SPECIAL REPORT

The Guaranteed Annual Wage

By SILER FREEMAN

Detroit

A NEW and revolutionary era is dawning in U.S. labor-management relations. Not since the picket-line slogans which rallied mass-production workers a generation ago has so powerful a symbol as "Guaranteed Annual Wage" been added to the vocabulary of trade-unionism. G.A.W. spells out sweeping implications, all not yet entirely clear, for American industry, American workers and the American public.

In the modified form of company-financed benefits for temporarily laid-off workers ("unemployment compensation in a mink coat," some critics call it), G.A.W. is already a reality in principle in the mammoth auto industry. And G.A.W. fever is spreading to bargaining tables in half a dozen other key parts of the economy.

In spite of all the hurrahs, however, G.A.W. does not become a working fact for at least another year. Right now, G.A.W. is but a mock-up model of the actual vehicle which labor hopes will eventually speed toward a goal of 52 full pay checks a year for every production worker. As the plan agreed upon this summer between major auto companies and Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers (CIO) travels to fulfillment in the months ahead, it still must surmount business and legislative roadblocks. Few experts doubt, however, that the G.A.W. idea will indeed survive and multiply.

Two other industries already have fallen into line behind the pace-setting auto makers. In June, Atlantic and Gulf Coast shippers granted CIO seamen a modified G.A.W. In August, the American and Continental Can Companies gave David J. McDonald's United Steelworkers (also CIO) a layoff-pay plan even better than the auto industry's version. Rubber workers also have G.A.W. high on their list of demands for new pay contracts at Firestone, Goodyear, Goodrich and U.S. Tire. And next spring McDonald will be back to negotiate G.A.W. with the big steel companies.

Some setbacks are certain, however. In August, for example, General Electric refused to give G.A.W. to the CIO's International Union of Electrical Workers. The union had gone into the contract talks demanding a layoff-pay plan, but settled instead for a 3 per-cent-a-year wage increase for the next five years and a promise to reopen the question of G.A.W. in 1958.

Most labor observers, in fact, predict that this year more contracts will be signed with such waiting clauses than with G.A.W. plans. The question at this stage is not the desirability of an assured annual income for workers, but the practicability—immediately and eventually.

Nevertheless, all signs indicate that the new principles written into the historic pact between the Ford Motor Company and Reuther's UAW last June 6th will dominate U.S. labor-management relations for the next 5, 10 or even 20 years.

What are these principles?

On the side of management, the big one, of course, is industry's acceptance of responsibility to keep an employee working as steadily as possible and to reimburse him out of its own coffers for being laid off through no fault of his own. Labor, at the same time, is making a significant commitment to free enterprise. It is now joining industry in a partnership arrangement to cushion temporary production cutbacks.

All the more noteworthy, this ground has been broken without the intervening hand of governmental authority and without dramatic new legislation like the Wagner or Taft-Hartley Acts. G.A.W. in many respects brings the form if not the substance of industrial self-government to the age-old problem of ironing out the peaks and valleys that have plagued our economy.

The G.A.W. era has been ushered in with the help of some startling changes in the tactics and weapons of collective bargaining. Meeting on the familiar Detroit battleground the same foes he had fought for over a decade, Reuther this year spectacularly reversed the old order in which a united industry sought to pick off union locals one at a time. This time the union stood fast while its adversaries were split wide open by the fiercest competitive situation in auto history. Reuther plucked the advantage out of a business feud between Ford and General Motors wherein each feared the other as much as, if not more than, union demands.

The union-management battle, moreover, was waged in an atmos-

Continued on next page

Ford's John S. Bugas accused the UAW of giving General Motors preferential treatment in negotiations for G.A.W.

Walter Reuther of the UAW exploited the hot sales race between GM and Ford to push through a G.A.W. program

Harry W. Anderson of General Motors: "We could do nothing but accept once Ford gave it (G.A.W.) to the union"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY FRIED

Some deny that Detroit has accepted G.A.W. even in principle. But Ford admits: "We have gone part way down the road"

phere far removed from the skull-busting and public denunciations of the 1930s. This time the struggle was a soft-spoken, analytical, statistical debate among the "brief-case boys" on each side. Ph.D. crossed slide rules with Ph.D. This professional touch symbolizes something new and different in collective bargaining. The labor-management middlemen have upset the old image of the individualist owner-operator thrashing things out directly with a shirt-sleeved employee straight off the production line.

At the end, neither side shook a fist and said: "Wait'll we get you the next time." Instead, both adversaries respectfully declared: "We both won—and so did the public. We are proud to have come to a decision without a strike."

Thus another great milestone has been reached in American labor-management relations. The turbulent thirties, an era of violence and sit-down strikes, established recognition for the unions. The early forties were marked by spectacular gains in wages and working conditions. The late forties saw so-called fringe benefits—pensions and welfare funds and paid medical benefits—initiated into labor's charter. Now dawns the Job Security Era.

How did it happen?

To appreciate the full significance of the G.A.W. breakthrough, it is necessary to consider the setting for the 60 days which shook Detroit—April 7 through June 6, 1955, the period in which UAW was negotiating with Ford and General Motors.

As the opening dates for the contract talks approached, the two mammoth auto companies were locked in a bitter behind-the-scenes battle for top sales position. Reuther, himself, was under almost equally fierce pressure from within the UAW; the negotiations shaped up as the climax to the most important personal and political fight in his career.

For five years, Reuther had been "selling" G.A.W. wherever he went: "52 weeks' pay for 52 weeks' work!" He had the backing of Jack Conway, his administrative assistant, and Nat Weinberg, his top economist, but some locals were all for forgetting G.A.W. just so long as they got higher wages or a shorter work week. Reuther was adamant; he made G.A.W. his number-one objective in the 1955 auto negotiations.

DETROIT TIMES

The scene as labor won its first major G.A.W. contract: Ford's Bugas (in left background) shakes hands with UAW boss Reuther

His thinking was along these lines: In addition to the traditional seasonal layoffs while new models were being geared to production, an increasingly huge market for cars was bringing into use more and more automatic machinery. "Automation" was beginning to haunt the auto worker's hope for job security. Mergers already had thrown many older workers out of jobs, and a movement of operations away from Detroit had dislocated others. The best antidote, Reuther felt, was G.A.W.

A Battle Flag in the Hands of a Crusader

He defended G.A.W. against charges that it is unrealistic and unpredictable on costs and control, and used the UAW treasury generously to "educate" locals throughout the country. Without fully understanding it, both union members and the public generally became aware that G.A.W. was now a battle flag in the hands of the red-haired, crusading Reuther. If necessary, he was ready to call a strike to get it.

When Reuther picked G.A.W. as the main issue on which to challenge the auto industry, he was taking a calculated risk. But he had sampled the climate and found it favorable.

Contracts were expiring at both Ford and General Motors just as the sales race between Ford and Chevrolet was becoming white-hot. Competition would make it very expensive for either to "take a strike" while the other continued producing. Even on Reuther's figures, G.A.W. would be expensive. But the ever-growing prosperity of the auto companies, especially the "Big Three," made costs almost academic. It would not be a question of, "Can you afford it?" but, "How much?" Model change-over time, moreover, was close at hand. Millions of dollars had been sunk into 1956 models and a long work stoppage would imperil this huge investment.

Reuther, of course, had problems of his own. The $25,000,000 strike fund which UAW had authorized in March was just beginning to build up. Many locals had shown a reluctance to contribute triple dues toward it.

Carl Stellato, hot-tempered president of the huge and powerful Local 600 at the Ford Rouge plant, was known to favor a shorter work week over G.A.W. as a bargaining goal. And there was considerable sentiment in Local 600 and elsewhere in the union for a settlement that would put money in the pay envelope—now, not at some vague time in the future. G.A.W., some grumbled, was vague and Utopian, a Reuther grandstand play.

Reuther was out on a limb, all right. But his confidence was such that he coolly took on not one but two great companies at once, playing them against each other adroitly. At one point victory was almost snatched away, but was suddenly rescued again by what Reuther counted on most—the inability of the auto makers to submerge their bitter rivalry for the top sales position.

The pact finally hammered out at Ford was not quite what Reuther and his UAW forces crusaded to achieve—and some in auto management deny even now that in granting workers private supplementation of state unemployment compensation benefits it accepted G.A.W. in principle or in any form whatever.

"What we gave carries no guarantees, is not annual and can't be called wages," says John S. Bugas, who negotiated for the Ford Motor Company.

But his boss, Henry Ford II, grimly acknowledged: "We have gone part of the way down the road."

The "going down the road" brought to light a shattering disunity in Detroit management ranks. The bitterness was not a passing thing. It carried deep-seated personal animosities which still creep forth in conversations with Ford and GM executives.

Top Ford officials charge GM with failure to give assurances on a "joint approach" to the G.A.W. issue. They talk with anger about finding themselves in a "whipsaw."

On the fourteenth floor of the General Motors Building, you hear a totally different version of the behind-the-scenes maneuvering. While GM yielded on supplementary unemployment benefits only a week after Ford's agreement with the union, the acceptance was grudging. Looking just as grim as the morning he confirmed Reuther's announcement that the largest auto producer and usual pace setter on labor policies had followed the Ford pattern almost to the letter, Harry W. Anderson, GM vice-president in charge of personnel, said: "The principle was established by the Ford Motor Company. Under the circumstances we had no alternative. If we had gone to a strike on this issue, it would have been a long and costly one for everybody."

Gazing intently at the top of his desk in an effort to maintain his usual calm, Anderson continued: "We are not the leaders in this and we do not wish to be. We could do nothing but accept it, once Ford gave it to the union. We took what Ford gave without changing a comma or period. All we did was to put in 'General Motors' where the name 'Ford Motor Company' appeared."

At Ford, on the other hand, top officials felt they had been singled out as the prime target by Reuther all through the negotiations. (UAW began talks with General Motors on April 7th, with Ford on April 12th.) It had been whispered some time before the negotiations got under way that it was Ford's turn to take the lumps; GM had taken them in 1946. Ford was certain that GM was getting preferred treatment.

Bugas put these unhappy feelings into words during the last stages of the negotiations: "The General Motors contract originally expired before ours. The union voluntarily extended the GM contract. . . . Now our employees face a strike, solely because they are fewer in number than the GM employees, and to strike them is less costly and less bothersome to the union."

Chrysler shares some of Ford's feelings against GM, despite the fact that Ford gave in first. The bitterness there arises over the fact that the number-one producer has always gone it alone, and Chrysler blames GM's refusal to give assurances that it would stand firm on G.A.W. as the cause of the union breakthrough.

Why didn't the major auto makers form a united front on the G.A.W. issue?

It had been rumored months before actual negotiations started that Ford would have a revolutionary counteroffer to a full-blown guaranteed annual wage. Bits of information had filtered into GM headquarters in which the figure "26" was a persistent and mystifying factor. It was finally worked out that the Ford plan must revolve around 26 hours of guaranteed pay. In the end, the 65 per cent of the standard work-week income guaranteed Ford workers for the first four weeks of unemployment under the Ford pact came to exactly 26 hours.

Even today General Motors officials are enraged that in two preliminary discussions with Ford executives, the Ford people denied they had any plan to offer the union against the G.A.W. demand.

GM's first counteroffer to balk G.A.W. was given to the union on May 17th. It offered employees stock at half price, interest-free loans, severance pay and a generous economic package. The next day GM told Ford officials its contents. A copy of it went to Dearborn later, with all the details spelled out. That, according to Bugas, was when Ford felt it was in the "whipsaw," with its hands tied on the economic package.

Reuther's (Purported) $64,000 Question

GM scoffs at this and points out that the Ford offer made to the union May 26th as the P.I.P.P. (Partnership in Prosperity Plan) was almost a carbon copy of GM's May 17th proposal. It substantiates this view by quoting Reuther's purported remark as he walked out of the Ford negotiations in white anger: "How the hell does a Chevvie get on a Ford assembly line?"

At that moment the UAW chieftain was in a pocket and panicky. He felt that he had been double-crossed. He was certain the two companies had acted jointly to put him in the middle. He called in an associate and said: "The impossible has happened. The two —— — ——— have gotten together."

Reuther called an executive council meeting for the announced purpose of authorizing a strike against Ford. That is when, outsiders now say, a colossal tactical blunder was made in the management camp. A letter from Ford went to UAW headquarters, urging Reuther not to turn down P.I.P.P. summarily, but to give his Ford workers a vote on acceptance and refusal.

The adroit UAW leader leaped at this unexpected chance to get out of the box. He immediately offered to put the Ford plan versus G.A.W. to a vote of the membership, both sides to be bound by the results. It was a stacked deal that everyone recognized, but Ford forces were hoist with their own petard.

Thrown into a frenzied search for an out, Ford then brought the private guarantee of added unemployment benefits out of the deep drawer in which it had been deposited for emergency use only.

Bugas re-creates the thinking behind this final offer this way:

"We wanted to avoid a strike, unless it meant acceding to what we considered unsound principles. We wanted to avoid a whipsaw action and the only way to do it was through a joint approach by the principal automotive companies. But two or three weeks before, we knew this objective was impossible. We wanted to avoid an outsize economic package. But that became academic because a competitor had established the size of it.

"We reached these conclusions: the union's G.A.W. or anything resembling it was unsound in principle, morally and every other way, because it imposed unlimited liability and unpredictable costs, and destroyed the incentive to find a substitute job. We felt also, however, that state unemployment compensation was inadequate principally on the level of benefits. It could be amended only over a long period of time. We felt that pressure for something like G.A.W. would grow and somewhere in

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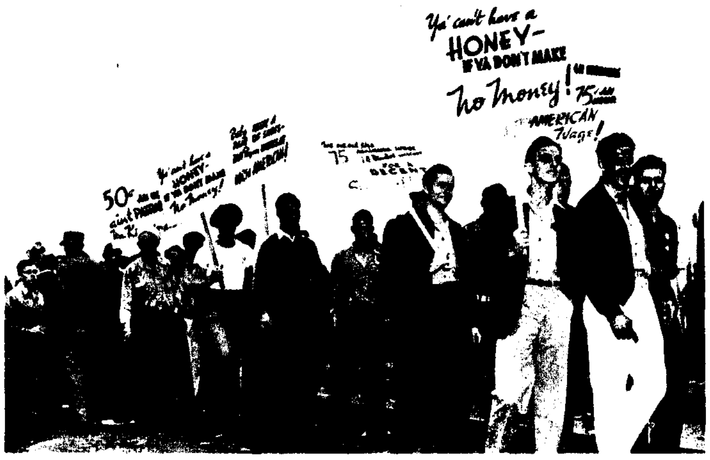
LABOR'S MILESTONES

Turbulent '30s established recognition for the unions . . .


Ya can't have a HONEY- IF YA DON'T MAKE The Money!
75c AMERICAN Wage!
50c

Early '40s were marked by spectacular gains in wages . . .

STRIKE FOR PENSIONS
PROFITS IN STEEL INDUSTRY
2200
U.S.A.-C.I.O. ACCEPTS PRESIDENT'S FACT FINDING BOARDS REPORT BETHLEHEM STEEL REFUSES
AWARDED TO USA-CIO LOCAL 33 FOR CITIZENSHIP IN PAC

Late '40s saw pensions and welfare funds agreed upon . . .

On June 6, 1955, the Job Security Era dawned in Detroit

Reuther still faces a big job: he's got to convince a lot of disgruntled workers that G.A.W. is better than more hourly pay

the auto industry or in some other industry there would be a breakthrough which would fail to recognize the dangerous principles we believe to exist in the G.A.W. program."

GM knew of the defection of its competitor almost as soon as it happened. It knew of the all-day May 30th meeting at the Dearborn headquarters, where Henry Ford II and his top staff argued the next step with the strike deadline just ahead; knew that young Ford had been the last one to hold out against offering private supplementation of unemployment compensation. It was going to be placed on the Ford bargaining table, and it was considered by some of Henry's advisers so good that it "would toss a curve at the UAW they won't be able to catch."

But GM realized that the proposal would give Reuther exactly what he wanted, a foot in the door on G.A.W. General Motors knew he was not interested in the money part—now. That would come later. Anderson subsequently told Reuther: "If you hadn't gotten it at Ford first, you'd never have gotten it here."

When the Ford last-ditch offer was tossed before Reuther, it was manna from heaven. He saw with joy that not only had there been a sudden split in management ranks but that he had won his crusade for recognition of the principle that the employer take financial responsibility for work layoffs. He ordered his staff to break out their slide rules and nail down the figures.

The offer also eased a ticklish situation in Reuther's own ranks. Within his negotiating committee, Reuther had been having his troubles. Stellato, head of the biggest Ford local, was still dwelling on the desirability of a short contract and more money in the pocket over the long-range goals of G.A.W. In the pinch of the first duplicate proposals from Ford and GM, some of Reuther's backers began to fear the worst.

Compromise Figured in Hard-Won Victory

When the modified G.A.W. finally was offered, it carried a five-year duration clause and Ford appeared adamant on that point. When all other points were settled, Reuther still had to sell a three-year compromise to Stellato before he could accept his hard-won victory.

The victory was signed, sealed and delivered at Ford on June 6th. Reuther immediately foresaw "a Ford in GM's future," and John Livingston, who headed the union's team of negotiators at GM, reported to his council that he expected more from "the fattest goose of all Christmas geese" than had been won from Ford.

Not until the eleventh hour before a new strike deadline, however, did GM bow to the inevitable. It had known since Decoration Day that it would stand alone if it continued to ignore the principle of G.A.W. It weighed the chances to win an all-out fight, then on June 11th reiterated its first economic package—excepting the offer of stock, severance pay and loans—and added the Ford supplementation plan almost verbatim.

Reuther had won his "pattern," which he now was prepared to take to the rest of the auto industry, to the farm-equipment industry, to UAW-organized plants from Connecticut to California.

What does this pattern amount to?

Briefly what the auto workers got was a package, variously estimated at between 15 and 22 cents an hour per worker, a rousing hike even in a period of high prosperity. Of the package, five cents will go into a fund to supplement the state unemployment compensation a worker can draw when he is laid off. Ford's fund must reach $55,000,000 before it is exempt from further payments; GM's quota is around $150,000,000. When the funds drop below these amounts, company payments resume.

Laid-off workers, under a complicated system of credits, will eventually be able to draw up to 65 per cent of their normal take-home pay for four weeks and up to 60 per cent for another 22 weeks—the funds contributed under the agreement supplementing what they would receive under state unemployment compensation laws. When and if state benefits are boosted, private supplementation will be reduced accordingly.

No one, however, can begin drawing on the funds until after June, 1956, and not then unless the plan hurdles these prior obstacles:

1. The payments into the funds must be ruled by the Treasury Department to be a deductible business expense under federal income-tax regulations.
2. The payments must likewise be ruled not part of taxable base pay under the Social Security Act.
3. They must be approved for integration with state unemployment compensation by states in which at least two thirds of a company's workers are employed.

Some believe the last hurdle will be the toughest. Legislatures dominated in many states by farm-area representatives may not relish Detroit substituting its judgment for theirs on how high unemployment compensation should be set.

But Michigan, which has 56 per cent of the auto workers, is in the union fold. Ohio, with 11 per cent, proved stubborn on the first test, but may change its stand under labor pressure; 1956 is an election year. These two alone could make the plan operative. A combination of New York and New Jersey with Michigan would also suffice, and New York has ruled informally for integration.

Once Ford and GM were in the fold, Reuther's representatives took G.A.W. into contract talks with the other automakers. Chrysler and American Motors (Nash-Hudson) swallowed the Ford formula with hardly a murmur, although negotiations at both places bogged down over other issues. Studebaker-Packard likewise is expected to accept G.A.W. with no more than formal protests against its costs.

Will G.A.W. be applied generally to American industry?

The answer probably is no—certainly not right away. Even Reuther has indicated that he is more interested at this time in getting severance pay than G.A.W. for UAW members in the aircraft industry; cutbacks in government defense orders are the principal problem there. Textiles and coal are other special fields in which labor leaders have different problems than those confronting unions in the prosperous auto and steel industries.

Furthermore, newer and smaller firms generally may not have the means to build up G.A.W. funds on the scale established at the big auto firms. "Maybe Ford and General Motors can stand it, but can we?" asks Charles R. Sligh, Jr., former head of the National Association of Manufacturers. "I think it is something we should fight." Modified G.A.W. undoubtedly will be challenged in the courts as well as across the bargaining table by other segments of American business.

Finally, union members, especially in the skilled trades, are by no means unanimous in their enthusiasm for a settlement which can't be spent at the store. Their antagonism may increase when and if modified G.A.W. begins paying out, for certain inequities are bound to make themselves felt.

In Michigan, where state unemployment benefits are high, a single man ordinarily making $84 a week will be able to draw $30 a week from state funds a week after he is laid off. Under the Ford plan, he will draw an extra $15.05 for four weeks and $11.59 for the next 22. Another worker with a wife and four children will get $43 from the state but only $9.53 and $5.49 a week from the supplementary fund. Yet each will be sacrificing equally to build up the fund. The disparity is even greater in a state such as Alabama where state benefits are lower. A single worker there could draw as high as $25 a week from the supplementary fund while the Rouge worker with six dependents is drawing his $9.53.

Rank-and-file unrest caused a series of wildcat strikes both at Ford and GM following the settlements. Discontent still breaks into print in "Letter to the Editor" columns in Detroit newspapers. One typical complaint reads:

"I just want to express my feeling toward our union leader, Walter Reuther, in regard to the new three-year contract that was signed.

"I call it unfair to union members. It has all the earmarks of help the rich and to heck with the poor devils like myself, ashamed to take home the pay we receive. What we all wanted was more take-home pay—say 10 to 15 cents an hour at the minimum—but what do we get? You name it. I don't know." "Disgusted"

The attitude of many older UAW workers was summed up by a veteran from the Ford forge shop as he sipped his beer near the Rouge plant. "Look, I'm fifty-seven. I've worked at Ford for 36 years. I've got eight more years to go till I get my pension. I don't think I'm gonna make it. So why should I worry about G.A.W.?" A thirty-year-old worker from the Dearborn engine plant added: "I voted for it because they told me it was okay. But I don't know what it means."

A Detroit labor observer put it thusly: "Reuther sold his principle to Ford and forced it down GM's throat. But now he must sell it all over again to his own members. Only his top official group understands its long-range import."

To all complaints Reuther has a ready answer. His primary objective in going after G.A.W. was to push up the level of state unemployment compensation. Now, managements which accept the theory of private supplementation have an incentive to join with labor and lobby jointly on this in order to cut down their own private contributions. In Michigan, state unemployment compensation has already been boosted in the upper brackets to $54 a week. So Reuther's reply to his critics would be: "How else would you have gotten this? And three years hence, I'll get you more. This is only the beginning."

The automotive industry is already bracing itself for the next onslaught to extend both the amount and the duration of supplementary payments in the direction of "52 weeks' guaranteed pay." How much more, it is asking itself, will that cost than the original five cents an hour? Whatever the answer, the auto makers are girding now to offset the future costs. They are thinking of larger and larger production volume to do this, and are investing heavily in new machinery and tools. And attitudes in some quarters are mellowing toward the Ford plan.

Frank Rising, managing director of the Automotive Parts Manufacturers Association and an early and vocal foe of G.A.W., now says: "I didn't like the prospect of having private supplementation of unemployment compensation at first. But the plan worked up by Ford avoided many of the objections. It was about the minimum compromise that could be effected, taking into consideration the UAW attitude."

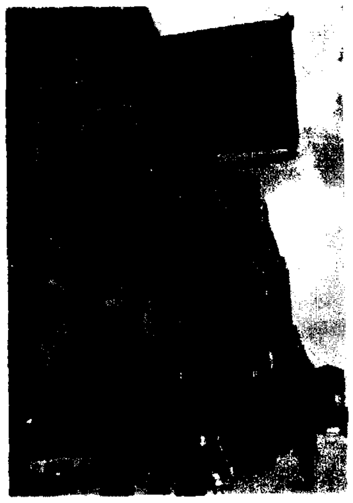
It may be that Henry Ford II, like his grandfather before him with his $5-a-day policy, ultimately will be hailed as a labor-management pioneer. But not for some years will economists be able to evaluate the step. Until then only this can be set down with certainty: pressure on other industries to join the great experiment will grow in intensity and breadth.

Where other unions find "hard-core" resistance to the G.A.W. principle, as in the recent negotiations between General Electric and 80,000 CIO electrical workers, management will pay for this breather with hefty boosts in wages. Where price rises follow wage hikes, as in the steel industry, a new inflationary spiral may be in the making.

Economists differ on the economic effects of G.A.W. itself. While the G.A.W. funds are being accumulated, the effect may be to stabilize prices, since huge amounts will go into reserves instead of the workers' pocketbooks. In the event of an economic downturn, G.A.W. payments might then become another cushion built into the economy.

Meanwhile, restless Walter Reuther already has a new goal in view—a shorter work week. His next push will be for an ultimate 30-hour week with 40 hours' pay, and he will settle for 35. This goes hand-in-hand with extended G.A.W. as part of Reuther's program to attain an era of job security in the age of automation.

The drive for the 30-hour week is set for 1958, when this year's auto contracts expire. That is the next big date on the calendar for the days that shake not only Detroit—but the nation. THE END



WHAT THE WORKER GETS

Here is what auto workers in Michigan would receive under the modified Guaranteed Annual Wage adopted in the auto industry. The figures are based on the average pay in the industry of $84 for a 40-hour week and at least 10 years seniority. Actually, all workers with at least one-year seniority would be eligible for payments, but the length of time over which a laid-off employee would receive the G.A.W. benefits would vary with his length of service and the status of his employer's fund at the time the draw is made.

An employee with this family status:	SINGLE	MARRIED—2 CHILDREN	MARRIED—4 CHILDREN
Normally receives for a 40-hour week:	$84.00	$84.00	$84.00
From which is deducted for Social Security:	1.68	1.68	1.68
And in withholding tax:	13.00	6.10	1.50
Leaving as take-home pay:	$69.32	$76.22	$80.82
If laid off, the employee would receive nothing during the first week. During the next four weeks of idleness, he would receive:			
In Unemployment Compensation:	$30.00	$42.00	$43.00
From his employer's G.A.W. fund:	15.05	7.54	9.53
Giving him 65 per cent of his normal take-home pay:	$45.05	$49.54	$52.53
During the following 22 weeks of idleness, he would receive:			
In Unemployment Compensation:	$30.00	$42.00	$43.00
From his employer's G.A.W. fund:	11.59	3.73	5.49
Giving him 60 per cent of his normal take-home pay:	$41.59	$45.73	$48.49

Take a vast campus and fill it with young ladies who hate the idea of walking five miles to classes. At Smith College, it adds up to . . .

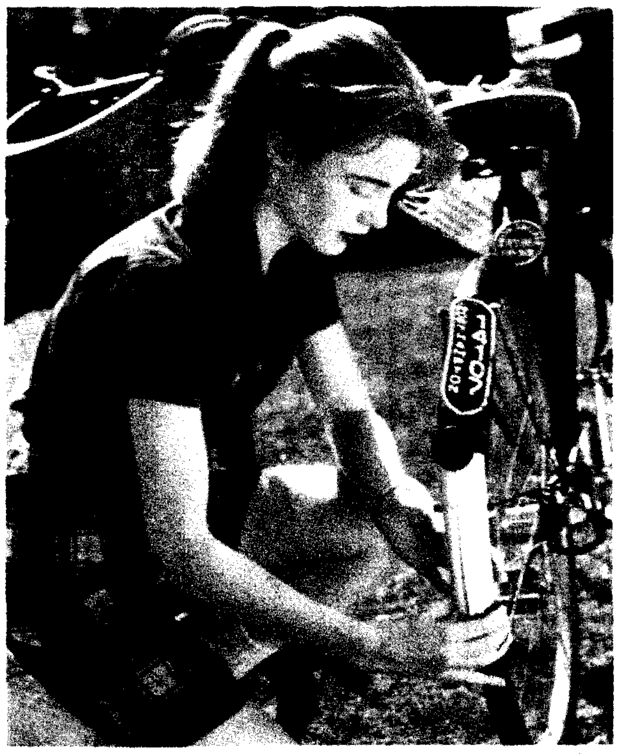
Bicycles Built for 2,200 Girls

THE CAMPUS of Smith College, the famous girls' school in Northampton, Massachusetts, is a sprawling place, as large as 20 city blocks, but much less compact. It is a campus with broad vistas, great distances—and one of the most unusual traffic problems in U.S. academic circles. For, to solve their transport difficulties (some girls may travel five miles a day, just attending classes), Smith students long ago turned to bicycles—wholesale. Smith has 2,200 girls, and no less than 1,500 bikes.

To avoid the mayhem that would result from the unrestrained cycling of 1,500 women drivers in a confined area, Smith and Northampton have imposed an elaborate system of regulations. Both town and college license plates are required; parts of the campus—including all lawns—are off limits, and speeding is strictly controlled. These regulations are enforced by student police called Grass Cops, who are equipped with badges, piercing police whistles, authority to hand out 50-cent tickets—and the usual gripes of cops everywhere. ("This job lacks the dignity and respect it deserves," one complained recently. "People don't take you seriously.")

One other biking note: The school infirmary reports that a part of its work is patching up cyclists—particularly those who try to ride while wearing high heels, in violation of the rule that spikes and spokes don't mix.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND



Janet Walker inspects bike wheel. Bermuda shorts are standard Smith undergrad attire

Boys from nearby Amherst sometimes pedal over. Here are Charles Pydych (l.) with Pat Heyer and Irving Grosbeck with Jean Bradley

Cyclists arrive at athletic field. Bicycles are sold from class to class until they are just junk. Then they may be given a ceremonious funeral

nly the tuba player in Smith band has a transport roblem as bad as that of Nancy Lloyd, bass drummer

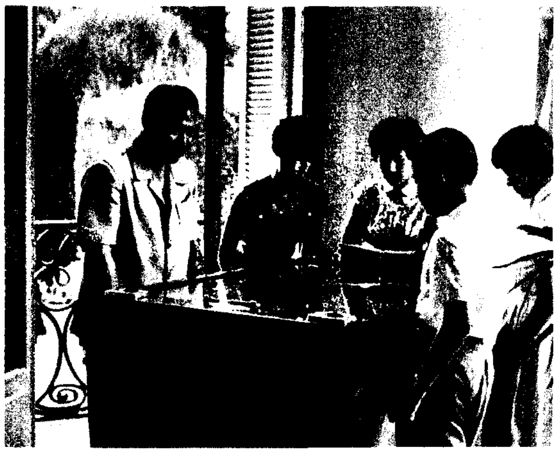
Shorts can't be too short. "Grass Cop" Lisette Schaub checks Linda Blakeslee

"Grass Cops" guard lawn from cyclists. Here Louise Kirkpatrick (r.) flags Catha Grace

A cynical playboy-king amuses himself on the Riviera, while half a world away the Reds wait to grab his vitally important nation. Why have we supported this man—and what does he say for himself?

Bao Dai: THE CASE OF THE ABSENTEE EMPEROR

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN



Bao Dai and four of his children play with American pinball machine in Riviera château

In the ideological, and sometimes shooting, conflict between the East and the West, two countries stand out today as symbols of the struggle: Germany and Indochina, the twin centers of gravity in a precariously balanced peace. Any shift of power to either side of the fulcrum could break the equilibrium. The break may come first in Indochina, where the people of South and North Viet-Nam are scheduled to go to the polls next spring to choose a regime to reunite their divided land.

The choice will be between two chiefs of state. In the North, Communist Ho Chi Minh commands the second largest combat-tested army in Asia—an army that proved powerful enough to chase the French out of northern Indochina in a war bloodier than the recent Korean struggle. In the South, Emperor Bao Dai meets this Communist challenge by sending peremptory telegrams to his divided and defiant government from the French Riviera, where he fled even before the fighting in his homeland ended a year ago.

Most qualified observers agree that if the choice were made today, the people of Viet-Nam would vote for Ho—and thus become the first country in history (apart from tiny San Marino) to choose Communism in a free election. The military and political consequences of such a choice are not hard to calculate: Communist armies would move 500 miles deeper into strategic Southeast Asia; great fear would seize the peoples of Burma, Thailand and Malaya.

Only a few months remain to create an effective alternative to Communism in Viet-Nam. But Bao Dai remains on the Riviera, and the statesmen of the Western World appear powerless. The Case of the Absentee Emperor is a mystery story which threatens to end as a tragedy for the free world.

THE LITTLE BOY sat very still and quiet in the corner of the big house in Paris as the two men talked about his future and the future of his country. The old emperor, his father, spoke haltingly, clipping the French phrases in the lilting accents of Annam: "Make of my son a modern man but not a man of the West. He must rule one day over an Oriental people with a proud history. Keep him faithful to that history so that his may be the Reign of the Bridge, linking the past with the future, the East with the West."

The Frenchman's slim, patrician face tensed with emotion. He replied softly, so softly that the boy had to strain to hear: "I shall not fail you. I hope to bring your son to love my country and learn its ways, the better to serve his own. We shall open his mind to progress without closing it to tradition. He shall read the teachings of both Confucius and Descartes."

Eugène Charles, former governor general of Indochina, and Khai Dinh, emperor of Annam and Tonkin, arose and bowed solemnly to each other, then turned to the little boy whose fate they had just sealed. Nine-year-old Prince Vinh Thuy went to his father's side and the emperor said to him: "I leave you now, my son. Until we meet again M. Charles will be your mentor. Respect him, obey him, love him as a father. Farewell."

Three years later Khai Dinh died. The young prince left Paris and sailed home to the ancient imperial city of Hué, to the palace on the banks of the Perfumed River where he had been born. There, court attendants met him and clothed him in the embroidered silk tunic and yellow turban of an emperor and carried him to the throne of his ancestors. Before the assembled members of the Royal Family Council and the chief mandarins of the realm, Prince Vinh Thuy of the Nguyen family was recognized as emperor and given the dynastic name Bao Dai, "Guardian of Greatness." It was the first appearance on the stage of the actor who was to play a major role in the tragedy of Indochina—the son of two fathers who had willed him to be the fusion of East and West, of tradition and progress. The year was 1925.

Today, 30 years later, Bao Dai is the symbol of fission, not fusion. His country is torn in half, racked by civil war and cold war, caught in the middle of East-West conflict. The name Bao Dai, "Guardian of Greatness," has come to mean the very opposite—guardian of pettiness, corruption, intrigue, trickery. Twisting and turning with every wind that blows over Indochina, Bao Dai has become a diplomatic whirling dervish, the ally, by turns, of the French, the Japanese and the Americans, the Communists, Catholics and nationalists. He has changed sides and titles so often that by the summer of 1955 it was almost impossible to describe who or what he was. Ex-emperor of Annam, ex-supreme adviser to the revolution, chief of state of a state that did not really exist, living in luxurious exile yet recognized diplomatically by 30 world powers, Bao Dai was the most controversial and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SAM ROSENBERG

mysterious character in one of the most baffling mysteries of modern history: The Strange Case of the Absentee Emperor.

One of the most powerful nations of the world, the United States, had committed its prestige to the success of his regime, had contributed some $4,000,000,000 to the cause of saving his country from Communist aggression. Yet at the height of the most critical battle in the Indochinese war Bao Dai had fled to the French Riviera. When the world powers met at Geneva to conclude an armistice that would partition his country, Bao Dai watched from a safe distance at Evian, across the border in France. When civil war broke out anew last spring, in South Viet-Nam, he sent a cablegram from Cannes asking all the adversaries to come to his villa to talk things over. He himself went no farther than Paris to see the French premier and U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who were conferring on the latest crisis of Indochina. Dulles publicly snubbed him, refusing to receive him. But the United States still recognizes him officially as chief of state of Viet-Nam. What is the explanation of this apparent contradiction? Why does America continue to recognize a corrupt, discredited, absentee emperor when our highest officials do not even try to hide their contempt for him?

The same mystery puzzles observers in Saigon, capital of South Viet-Nam. Last April a Revolutionary Council denounced Bao Dai, stripped his pictures from the walls of the city, called upon Premier Ngo Dinh Diem to assume the office of chief of state in place of the absent emperor. Why did Diem hesitate to accept the call to revolution, to depose Bao Dai? Why did he send his brother, Ngo Dinh Luyen, on repeated missions to the French Riviera to plead with Bao Dai to resign voluntarily, while Diem himself dispatched a stream of telegrams assuring the emperor of his personal loyalty? Why did Diem continue to issue decrees in the name of Bao Dai, including, ironically, a decree putting Bao Dai's property under state sequester?

What is Bao Dai's source of power? How has he managed to survive world war, civil war, cold war and revolution? How has he been able to cross and double-cross so many powerful men and nations? What happened to the little boy of nine that led him to betray his teachers, his fathers, his countrymen, his allies? What is the real story of Bao Dai, "Guardian of Greatness"?

* * *

The story begins back in the throne room of the palace at Hué, after the coronation had ended. The boy emperor waited until all the guests had left. Then he turned to his foster father, Eugène Charles, and said: "Take me home to Paris."

Paris had become his home in the three years he had lived there before his father's death. It was the place of his first associations, his closest friends. So M. Charles took the twelve-year-old emperor back to the French capital to finish his studies and become a "modern man," as his father had desired. Bao Dai would not return to the throne room at Hué until he had passed his eighteenth birthday.

Those seven years in Paris were the happiest years Bao Dai ever lived. His studies were not too onerous. He attended the classes of the Cours Hattemer in the mornings, spent an hour in the afternoon with a Chinese and Viet-Namese tutor. The rest of the time he devoted to sports. He learned tennis from France's Davis Cup star, Henri Cochet. He learned to drive and on his eighteenth birthday got a car of his own, a sleek Ferrari racer.

The only thing he did not acquire a taste for in France was life in Hué. He has told me what it was like to leave Paris as a young man of eighteen, gay, athletic, wealthy and popular, to be installed as emperor in the ancient city of his ancestors.

"You cannot imagine what life was like at the court," he said. "You think I was an absolute mon-

The two Bao Dais: Western-educated man-about-town and (in the painting) the Oriental king

Continued on next page

GAMMA

Premier Ngo Dinh Diem defies Bao Dai, but he hesitates to depose him

WIDE WORLD

Ho Chi Minh of Red North Viet-Nam leads second largest army in Orient

GAMMA

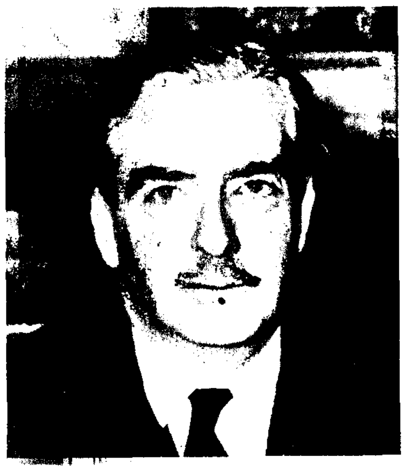
French ex-Premier Mendès-France. Bao Dai claims he sold out Viet-Nam

WIDE WORLD

Secretary of State Dulles. He once backed Bao Dai, then snubbed him

Britain's Sir Anthony Eden agreed at Geneva to Viet-Nam partitioning

WIDE WORLD



In six hectic months in 1945, Bao Dai served first the French, then the Japanese—and finally a new government led by Communists

arch, free to do as he pleased, to rule as he chose? Nonsense! I was the slave of my mandarins. The real rulers of the court were the low-level administrators, particularly the Service of the Censors. The censors promulgated all decrees and laws. They had the power even to depose me as emperor. They could tell me how to dress, how to behave, whom to marry.

"I could reign but not rule. I was the Son of Heaven, to serve my people as their intermediary with the powers above, but had no power to rule over them. Viet-Nam was a feudal, communal society. My father dreamed that I would lead my country out of the Middle Ages and into the twentieth century. He hoped my knowledge of Western ways would make me wise enough and strong enough to force the French to end their colonial practices and help us to become an independent, modern nation. That was also the dream of my foster father, Charles." He smiled bitterly. "It didn't work out that way."

Tribulations of a Puppet Monarch

Nothing, he told me, worked out the way he had hoped. French officials in Hué were polite, correct but not the companions he had known in Paris, no longer the trusted friends they used to be. French officials were only too happy to play bridge with him or go on a tiger hunt. They were not, however, inclined to discuss with him his plans for reform of the colonial administration. They did not appreciate his irony when he talked of liberty, equality and fraternity. He found that the French "protectorate" over his kingdom was only a mask for direct French administration. He was an absolute monarch without any real power, cast in the role of puppet. Someone pulled the strings and he had to move.

His only escape was to the jungle, to hunt tigers with his favorite subjects, the primitive Moi Indians. There he sought release from the frustrations of court life in the thrill and danger of the hunt. There he found peace and friendship. Thus the habit of flight to a private world of his own began early in his reign. Another permanent characteristic of his nature showed itself in those early days: his readiness to yield to superior force, to swim with the current. Let the French and the mandarins struggle for power. Since he could only reign but not rule, let the others draw up the papers —he would sign them.

He could always vacation in Paris and in Cannes and there never was any hurry to return to Hué. He began to buy property abroad, the Château de Thorenc in Cannes, a chalet in the Swiss Alps, a villa in Morocco, a town house in the fashionable Neuilly suburb of Paris. He also acquired a wife.

It was typical of Bao Dai that he permitted the Council of Ministers to select a wife for him. Why make a fuss when it was so easy to agree? His grandfather had had 120 wives and concubines. If the first one the ministers picked did not please Bao Dai they could keep on picking. It was also, however, inevitable that when he met the candidate-brides he should fall deeply in love with the only one among them who had been educated and raised in France as he had been.

Mariette-Jeanne Huu Thi Lan was a lovely, delicate young Cochin Chinese from the southern provinces. She had been raised in a convent in Normandy and would not consent to the marriage until the Roman Catholic Church approved and unless Bao Dai first took a marriage vow renouncing the polygamy of his ancestors. He promptly took the vow. Mariette-Jeanne was worth a marriage vow; he could worry about it later if circumstances were to change. She became his empress and was given the dynastic name of Nam Phuong, "Perfume of the South."

Sharing the throne now were two split personalities, two French-trained Asians, more at home in Paris than in Hué, and one was a devout Catholic in a country whose only "religion" was the cult of ancestors. The elements of tragedy were being created in the prologue to war between the years 1932 and 1939.

World War II intruded on Indochina in 1940, when the Japanese, with the consent of the Vichy regime of Marshal Pétain, sent troops into Tonkin to assure Indochina's collaboration with Japan's "Greater Asia Coprosperity Sphere." Bao Dai, sitting in his palace, watching the great-power struggle begin to roll over his land, was powerless to resist. If hard-pressed Britain and neutral America could not help, if France was prostrate, what could he do? He could, of course, have fled, but where and for what purpose? He decided that the least he could do would be to stay and intercede with the occupying power whenever he could to ease the restrictions on the people. He became a Japanese collaborator.

All through the war, Bao Dai sat quietly, waiting to see where to jump next. When, in March, 1945, the Japanese took over all Indochina and proclaimed its "independence" as a member of the Greater Asia Coprosperity Sphere, he solemnly thanked them and dispatched a telegram to General de Gaulle informing him that Indochina had "thrown off the French yoke." Someone had pulled the strings again, and Bao Dai had moved.

It was not long before a new master began to pull the strings. With the Japanese throughout Asia and the Pacific reeling back toward their homeland in the final weeks of the war, a Communist-led resistance movement emerged from the Indochinese underground, declared itself to be the "National Committee of Liberation," and elected Ho Chi Minh as leader. Ho set out at the head of his troops for the northern capital of Hanoi. As the column passed through the villages young men fell into line, cheering the revolution. The march became a triumphal parade.

Bao Dai did not hesitate. From his palace at Hué, he sent an imperial messenger to Hanoi with a note for Ho, telling him the emperor was ready to abdicate and join the revolution. He also sent a telegram to the Allied High Command asking for recognition of a free Viet-Nam.

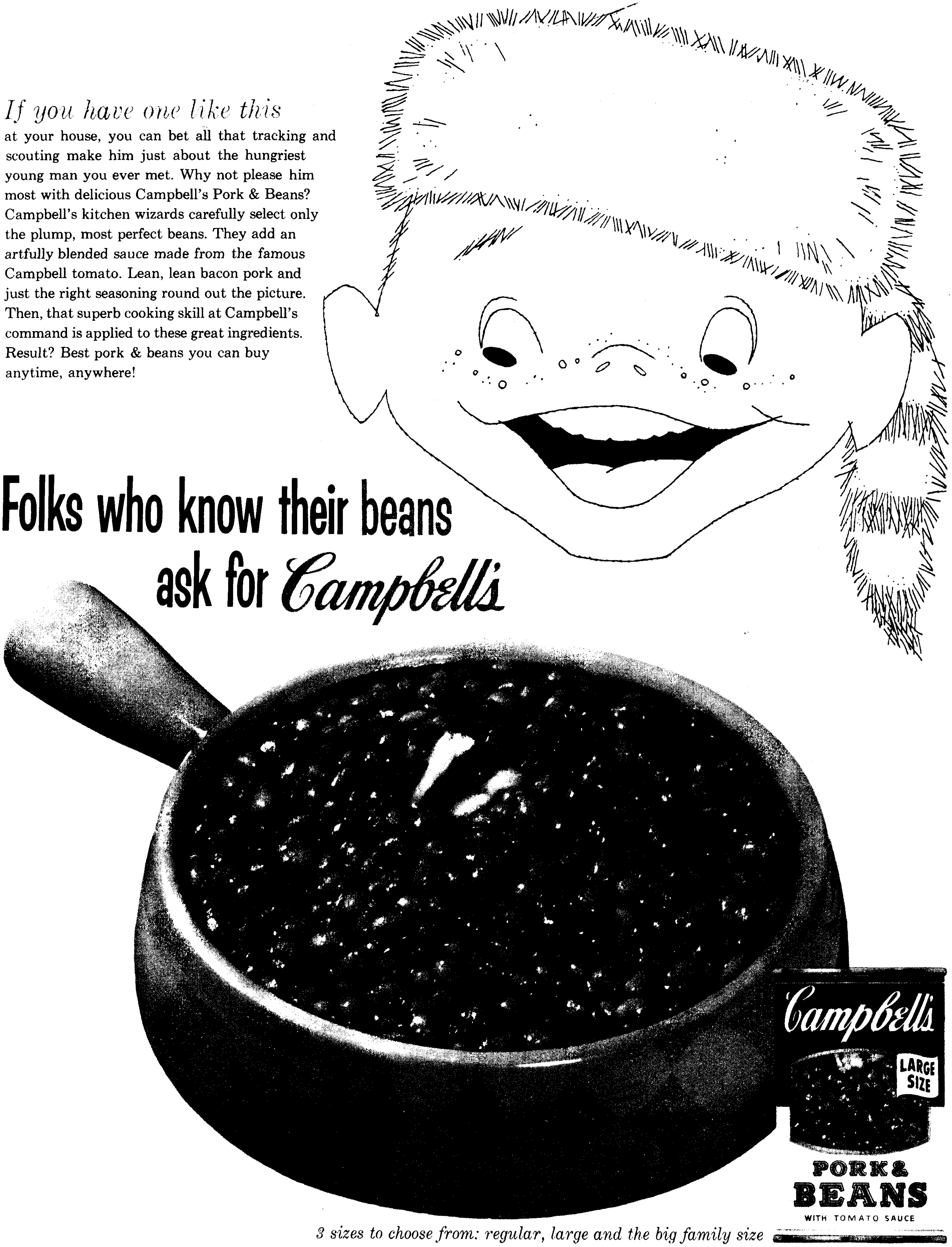
An Impressive Pageant of Abdication

A few days later, on August 26, 1945, for the first time in 2,000 years of Indochinese history, the Son of Heaven handed his ruby-encrusted sword and gold seal to one of his subjects and renounced the imperial mandate. Bao Dai, clothed for the last time in the embroidered tunic and yellow turban of his ancestors, stood in the courtyard of Hué before a hushed crowd and called on "all classes of society, as well as the royal family, to strengthen and support unreservedly the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam in order to consolidate our national independence."

Bao Dai abandoned his dynastic name and re-adopted his birth name, Nguyen Phuoc Vinh Thuy. The people waved the new red-and-yellow flag of the "Democratic Republic" in honor of the new convert, citizen Vinh Thuy. Ho Chi Minh promptly appointed him "Supreme Political Adviser" to the Liberation Committee.

In the space of only six months Bao Dai had switched sides three times, had served the French, the Japanese and now a Communist-led revolution. But the Communists would need him for only a short time, just long enough to establish their title to legitimacy, to the continuity of the state.

The time ran out in March, 1946. Ho Chi Minh had just signed a new accord with France, in which France recognized the existence of a Viet-Nam republic "within the French Union." The revolution, recognized, no longer needed citizen Vinh Thuy. In fact, he might even become a troublesome rallying point for anti-Communist elements if he re-



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mained in the new republic. Ho called him in and offered to send him on a diplomatic mission to Chungking, ostensibly to find the terms of a friendship treaty with China.

It was the moment that Bao Dai had been waiting for, an opportunity to escape from the increasingly uncomfortable role of citizen Vinh Thuy. He went to Chungking and Kunming briefly, pretending to carry out his mission, but in fact only contacting political refugees living under Chiang Kai-shek's protection. He explained to them he had been "forced" to abdicate and told them he would never return. However, he warned, he could take no active part in politics at that time. His wife, Empress Nam Phuong, and his five children were hostages of the Communists in Hué. He would have to bide his time, try to arrange for their escape. Meanwhile, he would go quietly into voluntary exile in Hong Kong.

LIFE in Hong Kong was not unpleasant. It was the "Paris of the Orient," a city of many pleasures and graceful living. It was too bad his wife could not be there with him, and he did keep trying to arrange her escape—but it was not long before he broke his marriage vow and took a second wife, a beautiful Chinese dancer.

I asked Bao Dai, when I interviewed him at his villa in July, whether he cared to explain why he had broken his vow. At first he was angry, but when I persisted, he shrugged and said: "Well, what would you expect? I'm a man, not a monk. I was separated from my wife for a very long time. Is polygamy worse than adultery? Don't try to judge me by Western standards."

Whatever the rationalization, he broke his vow to his wife—and he was to break it again later when he took a third wife, a Viet-Namese in Paris, Mong Diep. She still has an apartment in Paris and one in Cannes, not far from his villa. He sometimes uses her apartment as a confidential meeting place to receive political emissaries.

After war broke out between Ho Chi Minh and the French in December, 1946, it was only a matter of a few weeks before French troops freed the imperial city and sent the royal family to Hong Kong. Nam Phuong arrived in Hong Kong, told Bao Dai that she would return to France with the children and would stay there until peace had been restored in Indochina. He agreed that it was the wisest plan. But he had to stay in Hong Kong to be ready to make a new move back to power when the right time came.

It came in September, 1947, when French High Commissioner Émile Bollaert delivered a speech declaring France's readiness to negotiate with "any and all responsible Viet-Namese leaders." French colonial officials planned to exploit genuine anti-Communist nationalism for their own purposes. The perfect instrument would be Bao Dai, ex-emperor, who had joined the revolution and was, therefore, a real patriot, but had then fled to freedom when he saw the evil of Communism.

But Bao Dai told the French he would not return to Indochina until they had granted him the "unity of the three Kys—Tonkin, Annam and Cochin China." His price was huge: surrender of the rich French colony of Cochin China in the south, something the French had refused to give to Ho Chi Minh. That and that alone, Bao Dai said, would prove to the nationalists that there was no point in continuing the war.

The negotiations dragged on for two years before the French gave way and made Cochin China part of Bao Dai's empire—while retaining for themselves basic economic and financial control of the old colony. Bao Dai returned to Viet-Nam in June, 1949, and went for the first time to the southern capital of Saigon to proclaim the creation of the new "State of Viet-Nam." He took for himself the title of "Chief of State," to prepare for the creation of an independent democratic state someday in the future when peace prevailed.

Peace was not to prevail, however. The war went on, year after agonizing year, to become the longest war of this century. The double game of Bao Dai and the French colonials, intent upon double-crossing each other, succeeded only in sabotaging the chances of both of them. The nationalists did not rally in significant number to Bao Dai's new flag; his army of counterrevolutionaries never became a real army.

It would have been a comedy if it had not been so tragic. Viet-Nam was being destroyed in the war and France was being bankrupted. But the Communists profited; their army grew steadily stronger until, at the end, it emerged as the second largest combat-experienced force in all Asia—second only to the huge Chinese machine. Another group of men also profited from the tragedy: the black marketeers, the smugglers, the money-changers, the gangs and the underworld of Saigon.

Chief among these profiteers was a sect called the Binh Xuyen, outgrowth of a gang of river pirates who had for years collected "protection money" from shippers on the Mekong River. Its personal domain was Cholon, the old Chinese quarter of Saigon and the city's gambling and white-slave district. The Binh Xuyen ran all the rackets, had a private army of 2,500 armed soldiers, controlled the opium traffic, prostitution and the gambling casinos. Its "take" ran to millions of dollars a month and, according to Allied intelligence sources, the organization paid Bao Dai a commission of $150,000 a month in piasters, which he was able almost to triple on the money black market. In fact, he was estimated by reliable sources to have accumulated a fortune of about $50,000,000.

THE sordid game could not go on indefinitely. The war was draining France, and the people at home were clamoring for peace. America had accepted an armistice in Korea after only three years of fighting; the Indochinese war was past its seventh year. A four-power conference in Berlin, in February, 1954, agreed to convene as a five-power conference in Geneva in April, to try to negotiate a cease-fire.

As soon as the Berlin agreement was announced, the Communists, sensing the war-weariness of the French and the emptiness of Bao Dai's regime, launched a full-scale frontal assault on Dienbienphu. They intended to go to Geneva to negotiate from strength. After 55 days of frenzied attack, the Communists took Dienbienphu.

I was there, up in the delta country, when the climax came. I had flown over Dienbienphu, had listened by radio to General de Castries calling for help, for planes, plasma and penicillin. I had seen there in the north Governor Tri, Chief of Staff General Van Hinh, Prime Minister Prince Buu Loc—everyone of importance except the chief of state, Bao Dai. He had stayed in his summer palace at Dalat, getting ready to jump again if he could. Before the battle of Dienbienphu had ended, he was gone. He had flown back to France, to his villa on the Riviera, the Château de Thorenc, in the hills above Cannes.

* * *

The Château de Thorenc is a wide stucco building, only two stories high, more a villa than a castle. Its pink stone is framed by five acres of box hedges and pines in a formal French garden. Bao Dai bought it in 1936. Its value today is about $150,000. From the sun terrace you can see the harbor of Cannes down below. Bao Dai's yacht is there, a 130-foot, four-cabin beauty. It cost $200,000. His sailboat is moored alongside.

In his garage, behind the villa, he has 10 cars. His current favorite is a new Ferrari, with a 300-horsepower engine; he has told me proudly that he has pushed it up to 180 miles per hour. Next to the Ferrari he likes a Mercedes-Benz racer—of which there is a junior model for his son, Prince Bao Long, a cadet at France's military academy, Saint-Cyr. The handsome young prince, like his father before him, loves to race along the Riviera. The empress prefers a Bentley limousine that cost $18,000. Bao Dai also owns a Cadillac, a Chrysler, a Packard, two Citroens, and a light German station wagon.

I had seen those cars from time to time on the Riviera or in Paris, but before last spring had never been inside the château, nor had I ever talked for any length of time with Bao Dai. I knew his cousin very well, Prince Buu Loc, who had been his ambassador in Paris, and, during the time of Dienbienphu, the prime minister. In fact, Buu Loc had been premier in Saigon the day Bao Dai had sent a telegram from Cannes instructing him to fire his chief of security and turn over the security police to Lai Huu Sang, of the Binh Xuyen clan. The appointment was a shocking example of Bao Dai cynicism. It was tantamount to firing J. Edgar Hoover and appointing Frank Costello chief of the FBI.

It was Buu Loc who first introduced me to Bao Dai last April at the Château de Thorenc. I had heard so much about him, written so much about him, that I was eager to see this modern Nero who fiddled with racing engines while his country burned. I wanted to hear his version of the tragedy in which he had played so important a role.

Bao Dai met me in the entrance hall and led me through a big room into a small study, just behind it. He sat down at a lacquered desk opposite a glass curio cabinet. Inside was an exquisite collection of jades and Venetian glass, and on the bottom shelf a row of ivory figurines representing the Indochinese procession of Nam Giao, in which the emperor, as the intermediary of the people with Heaven, begs forgiveness for whatever sins he has committed.

As we stood in front of the little ivory figures, Bao Dai began to talk about the crisis that had just erupted in Saigon, his conflict with Prime Minister Ngo Dinh Diem, the Catholic leader. He told me he had no personal quarrel with Diem, that he had appointed him premier in good faith and had given him his full decree powers. "He abused those powers," Bao Dai said. "He behaved like a dictator. He did not try to integrate the sects into a national community as I had asked him to. He ordered them to surrender to him, to trust his generosity and justice."

Bao Dai said he did not understand the American attitude toward the dispute. "You criticize me for being an absolute monarch. Why do you applaud Diem for acting more autocratically than I ever dared? Do you prefer dictators to emperors? Is Diem your Viet-Namese Syngman Rhee, your new Chiang Kai-shek?"

Our first interview was brief. I saw Bao Dai two or three times after that, always discussing his country's affairs. It was in July, at the request of Collier's, that I went to him again to say that I was going to write this study of his case. I asked his permission to go into personal details, promised that I would give him an opportunity to state his side of the case fully, if he desired.

I BEGAN by asking why he stayed on the Riviera, instead of going home to put his country's affairs in order.

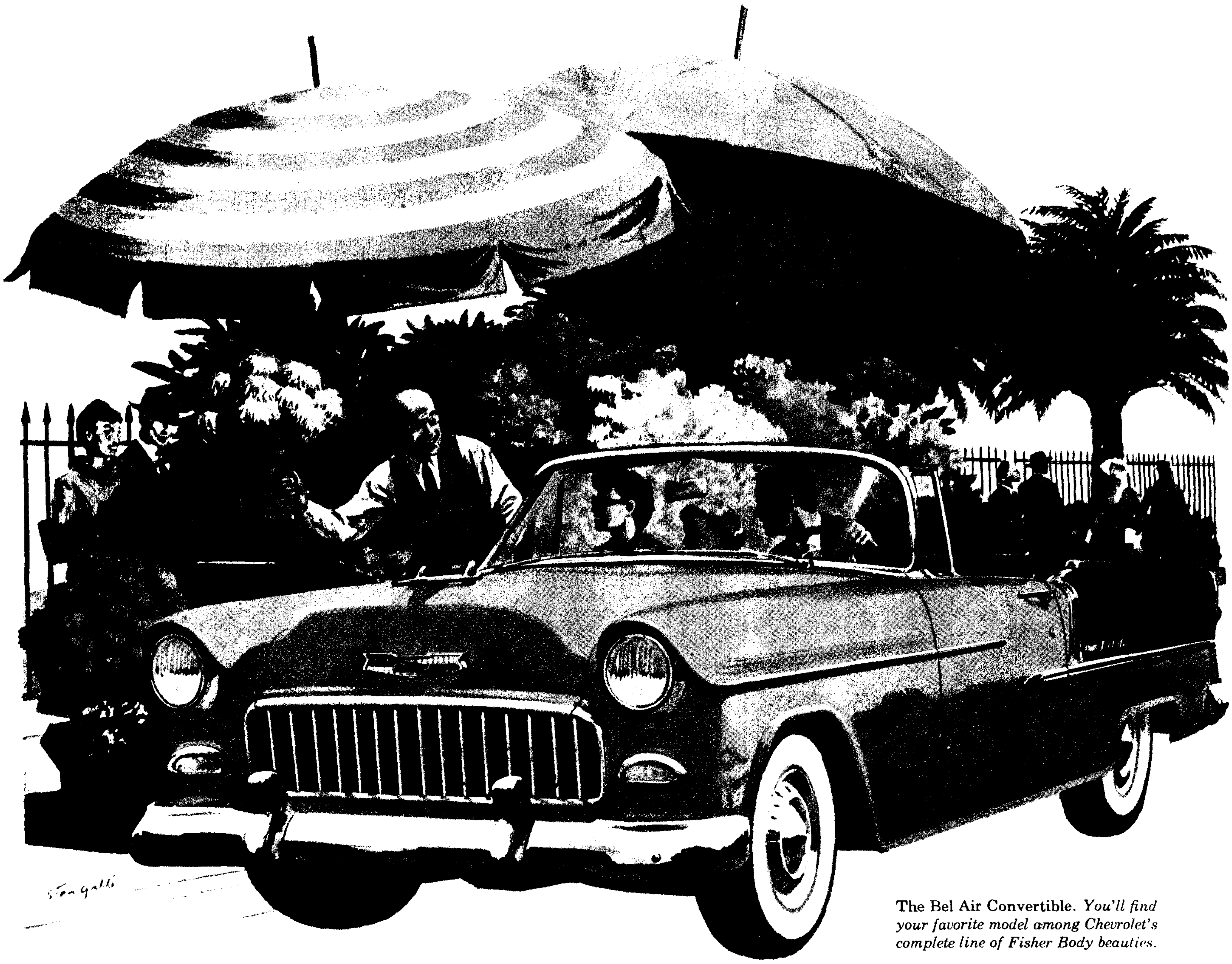
"I'll tell you why I left in April. I left because there was a conference going on in Geneva and I had to be nearby to do what I could to prevent the great powers of the world from selling out my country. People call me corrupt? They accuse me of selling out? What an irony, what a travesty of the truth! I'll tell you who sold out my country: the great powers of the world, Russia and China and France, and, yes, even your great democracy, the United States. They accuse me? I accuse them. I accuse the big powers of doing what they always do to small nations, using them as pawns for their own game!

"You call me the Absentee Emperor. Where was your hero, Mr. Diem, during the war of Indochina? Why didn't he fight for his country? You applaud him for having refused to take office when I first asked him to. If he were such a patriot, why didn't he take office earlier and help me win independence from the French? All he did was say to me over and over again: 'I'll take office only when they give us dominion status.' He never would say just how I was to arrange that or how France could grant dominion status when the French Union statutes precluded anything of the kind. He talked big but did nothing.

"And if you want to talk about absentees, where were your soldiers and planes at Dienbienphu? I do not blame you, by the way, for not sending your soldiers to die in Indochina, but you can't also have the privilege of accusing others of making another Munich. If there was a Munich in Geneva, it was not I who was responsible. I refused to sign the Geneva accords. My government did not agree to partition. The British did; the French did. I didn't. Why wasn't I there? Let me ask you this: Why wasn't Mr. Dulles there? Why did he run away from Geneva? Because he didn't want to be a party to a sellout? Well, I didn't either—so why does he call me names now?

"If anybody sold out at Geneva it was [French Premier] Mendès-France. The French quit at that conference, threw in the sponge. I do not blame Mendès-France. I would have done the same as he. France had nothing left to fight for. America and Britain refused to fight along with her. I don't blame them. I don't blame anybody. Why do they blame me? Am I to be the goat for them? Am I the whipping boy to relieve everyone's bad conscience? Is it very satisfying for your Mr. Dulles to call me names so that he can fool the American people about who was really responsible for the loss of Indochina?"

I asked Bao Dai: "Just who, in your



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opinion, is responsible for the tragedy of your country, and what, if anything can be done about it?"

"The errors were committed years ago, by men like Bidault, d'Argenlieu, Letourneau, Valluy—men who would not implement France's promises of independence. They never let me have an army until it was too late. Only General de Lattre understood and he died before he could help save us all from tragedy. The French never let my chief of staff, General Van Hinh, sit in on a military strategy meeting. I learned once on the radio that Hoa Binh had been evacuated. They had not even bothered to tell me how the battle was going, or what cities they would or would not defend. As a result, it became inevitably a French war against the Viet Minh. It never really was a civil war. I could not rally people on my side, since I had no real authority. I could not ask a village to fight, to resist the Communists, when I could not protect them against Communist raids and reprisals. I could not guarantee to protect people, so I could not exhort them to stand up and fight."

A Desperate Plea for Unity

Bao Dai got up and we walked to the garden. He seemed to want to breathe some fresh air. The little study was filled with stale smoke and bitter memories. "What good does it do now to rake all this up? Why must you find someone to blame and force me and others to accuse one another? Isn't it time for unity now while there is still something left to be saved?"

I asked: "Why don't you resign, then, as you once abdicated, for the good of your country?"

Bao Dai replied: "I would if I thought now as I did then that it was for the good of my country. But I am not sure it is this time. I cannot forgive Diem so easily for starting a religious war in the south. I cannot forgive him for driving my old queen mother from her home. I am without news of her for three months now. Diem tells me he doesn't know where she is, that the 'revolutionaries' are responsible. If that is true, then he does not really control his so-called revolution. And I will not again make the mistake I made with Ho Chi Minh. I won't lend the legitimacy of my family to Diem or any other single man. I first want to see a truly representative government and parliament formed, and no tricks. . . .

"For years people have all criticized me for not delegating my powers to the people's representatives. Why now ask me to transfer them to Diem? Diem represents nothing! He derives his office from me. I appointed him. If he will call a true constituent assembly into being, hold real elections throughout the country, then I will be glad to go home, transfer my authority to a People's Congress and let them decide my fate. If they want to have a republic, then I will resign and go into permanent exile. If they want a constitutional monarchy, which I prefer, I will stay as a symbol of national unity and renounce all personal political powers, just as does the monarch in England. I proposed this to Diem, to the French, to the Americans in May. But they chose to sneer, to turn their backs, to close their doors upon me. Why? Are they perhaps ashamed to face me, knowing they have abandoned my country?"

Bao Dai turned to me, as we reached the end of the garden: "Despite all that has happened, despite all the recriminations and charges that have been hurled at me in your country, many of them unfairly, believe me, I would like to say this: America is now the only hope for my country, the only hope for Asian democracy. Your country has no colonial designs, nor any hidden economic, imperialist objectives. My people know that. You can still help my people, play a great role in Viet-Nam, if you would be true to yourselves and your own ideals. Don't let the cold war alone dictate your motives there. I don't care much what you think of me, but I still admire and respect your great country. I know it is the hope of mine. But take heed, learn from the recent past. The so-called Bao Dai experiment failed because it never was tried. The French never gave me real independence. If you must commit yourself to Diem, or anybody else, see to it that it is not an American government in disguise. You who have so often called me a puppet should know that puppets always fail."

I took my leave of Bao Dai, walked down the gravel path to the gate, where four French policemen kept watch. A secret-service agent was sitting in a black Citroen, off to one side. I looked back at the Château de Thorenc and tried to sort out in my mind all that Bao Dai had said, and all that I knew about him. What did it all add up to?

I checked the list of facts and opinion.

His villa was not the palace of luxury I had always thought it was. It was a four-bedroom house, very handsome, but considerably less magnificent than the homes of some of America's industrialists, in Manhasset, Atlanta, Denver, to say nothing of Beverly Hills. His yacht, I discovered by checking, was not his at all. It belonged to the state of Viet-Nam, had been "given" to him by a former premier, Trans Van Huu, and its ownership was being contested by Diem. It hadn't been used in a year.

At the Casino, I had discovered that Bao Dai used to be a fairly heavy gambler once but had not gambled for any considerable sum for the past four or five years. I made the rounds of the night clubs of Cannes and Nice. None of them could boast of Bao Dai as a habitué. One director said he thought he had seen him there once or twice.

Blessed with a Frugal Wife

He certainly lived well, but I could not say that I had seen anything extravagant, nor did a search of newspaper files turn up any evidence of enormous wealth. Bao Dai himself had said to me: "I swear on the heads of my children that I never took one franc from the Binh Xuyen, that I never trafficked in opium, prostitution or any of the things I have been accused of. I'll tell you the source of my money; it is no secret. From 1952 through 1954 I sent my wife in Paris 20,000,000 francs a month [roughly $50,000] through the official Exchange Control Office in Saigon. The money was to pay for the imperial staff in France, the education of my children and the cost of running our households. From the sums my wife saved each month she accumulated a reserve on which we are now living. That is all. I have started to sell my cars. I sold a Ferrari to an English motor sales agency in Paris last month. I will have to economize now for I no longer have any income. . . . That is the true story of my so-called huge fortune. If you have proof that I have black-marketed I challenge you to produce it."

This reporter has no such proof. However, I had heard the charges from well-informed diplomats and intelligence agents and I still believe they are true. Everyone in Saigon seemed to be working the rackets. Still, when a man says to me, "I swear on the heads of my children" that these are lies, and challenges me to produce proof, then I must confess that I have no proof and have never seen any produced. As for his reserve funds, they are difficult to calculate. If his wife managed to put aside half of the 20,000,000 francs a month she formerly received then she would have saved in 36 months a total of 360,000,000 francs or $1,000,000.

But even if you put aside the question of Bao Dai's alleged "corruption," what remains is still a weak, vacillating man, who never in his life stood up to fight for what he really believed. He did collaborate with the Japanese, the Communists, practically everybody. He always found a perfectly good reason to do so. It is easier to rationalize than to fight, and it was true that he was always faced with superior force. But Communist Ho Chi Minh was also faced with superior force and he fought back. So did Cambodia's plucky King Norodom Sihanouk. Why did Bao Dai not do the same?

The fact is that Bao Dai is not a warrior emperor, is not a fighting nationalist. He is a cynical and disenchanted man, spiritually corrupted more than materially corrupt. He remains in power because neither Diem nor the U.S. State Department has yet found a substitute for him. If Bao Dai were deposed tomorrow, as he might well be, then who would be left to challenge the claim of Ho Chi Minh to represent all of Viet-Nam? Ho was elected president in January, 1947, in the last general election held in that country, and was recognized internationally as the chief executive. Only Bao Dai, descendant of Minh Mong and Gia Long, can rival Ho's claim to represent legitimacy in Viet-Nam. His claim may be fictional by now, but it is a very useful fiction and not easily replaced. That is the reason he has been able to survive, to enjoy formal recognition, even in exile. It is an essential clue to solving the mystery of the Absentee Emperor.

Awaiting Diem's Next Move

It seems likely that the United States and the other Western Powers will continue to recognize Bao Dai as chief of state of Viet-Nam, even though they will not support him, until Premier Diem takes steps to depose him. In Washington, State Department people tell you that Bao Dai is "completely washed up," that "we are having no direct dealings with him," but that "we would prefer to have him disposed of legally."

Why, then, hasn't Diem acted? The answer is that he has more important internal problems to deal with first. Then, when he does act, he must have a solution that will be even more appealing to his fellow Asians, including Prime Minister Nehru of India, than it is to the West. After all, it is in Asia that Diem and the infant state of Viet-Nam must make their way.

Diem must not only remove Bao Dai, but do it in such a way that he no longer has any usefulness as a symbol of Viet-Namese national unity. With Ho Chi Minh courting Bao Dai—and the emperor admitted to me that he had been contacted recently by Ho's emissaries—the importance of destroying him as a possible useful turncoat to the Reds is quite evident. All that the United States and France can do in the meantime—and they are doing it—is to try to help Diem reach a position of internal strength. Then the premier can safely call a representative constitutional assembly to remove Bao Dai and replace him with a legitimately selected democratic government, thus ending the danger Bao Dai presents.

Until that time, the statesmen of the democratic countries would be well advised to keep their minds and eyes open, for the last act has not yet been written in The Strange Case of the Absentee Emperor. THE END

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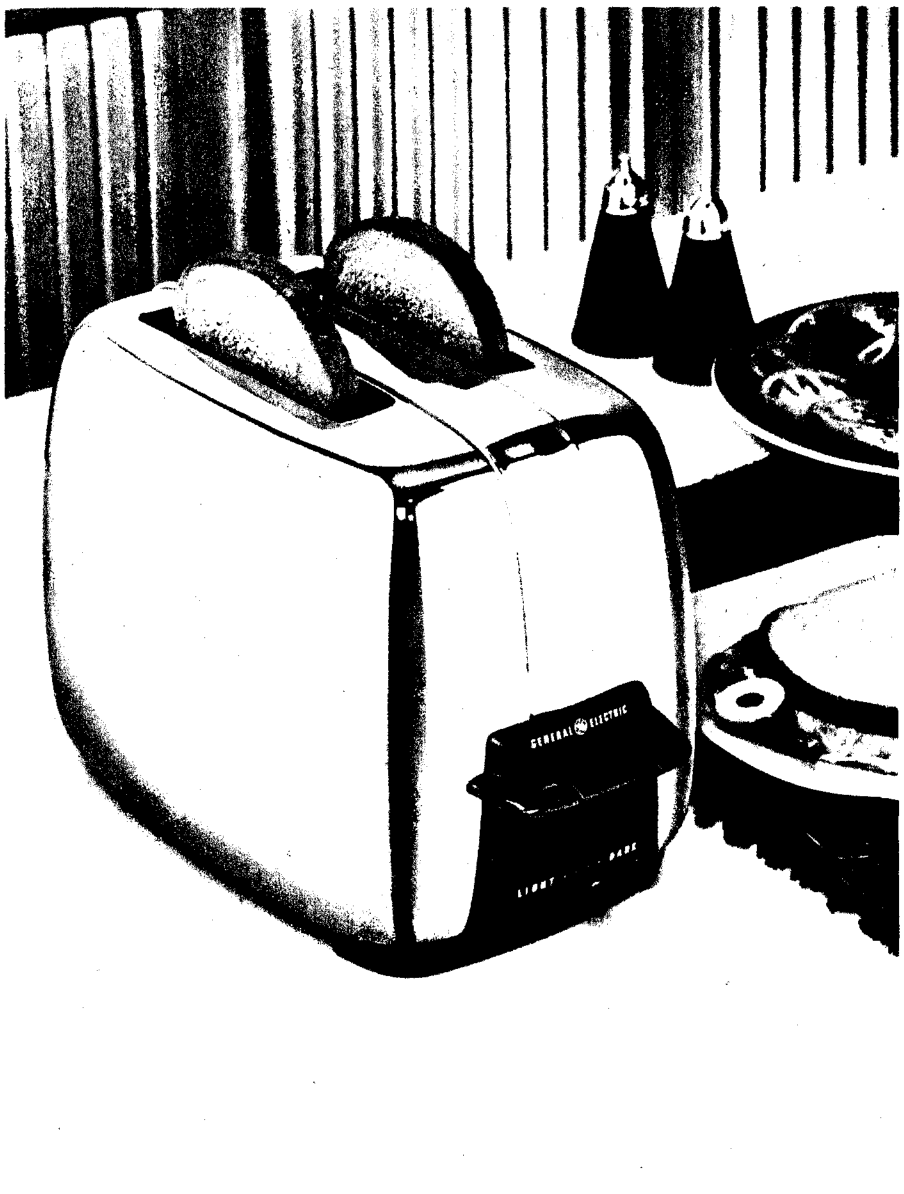

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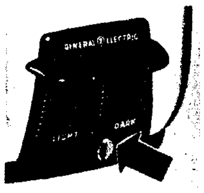

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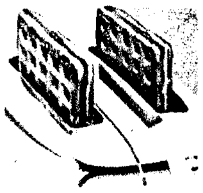

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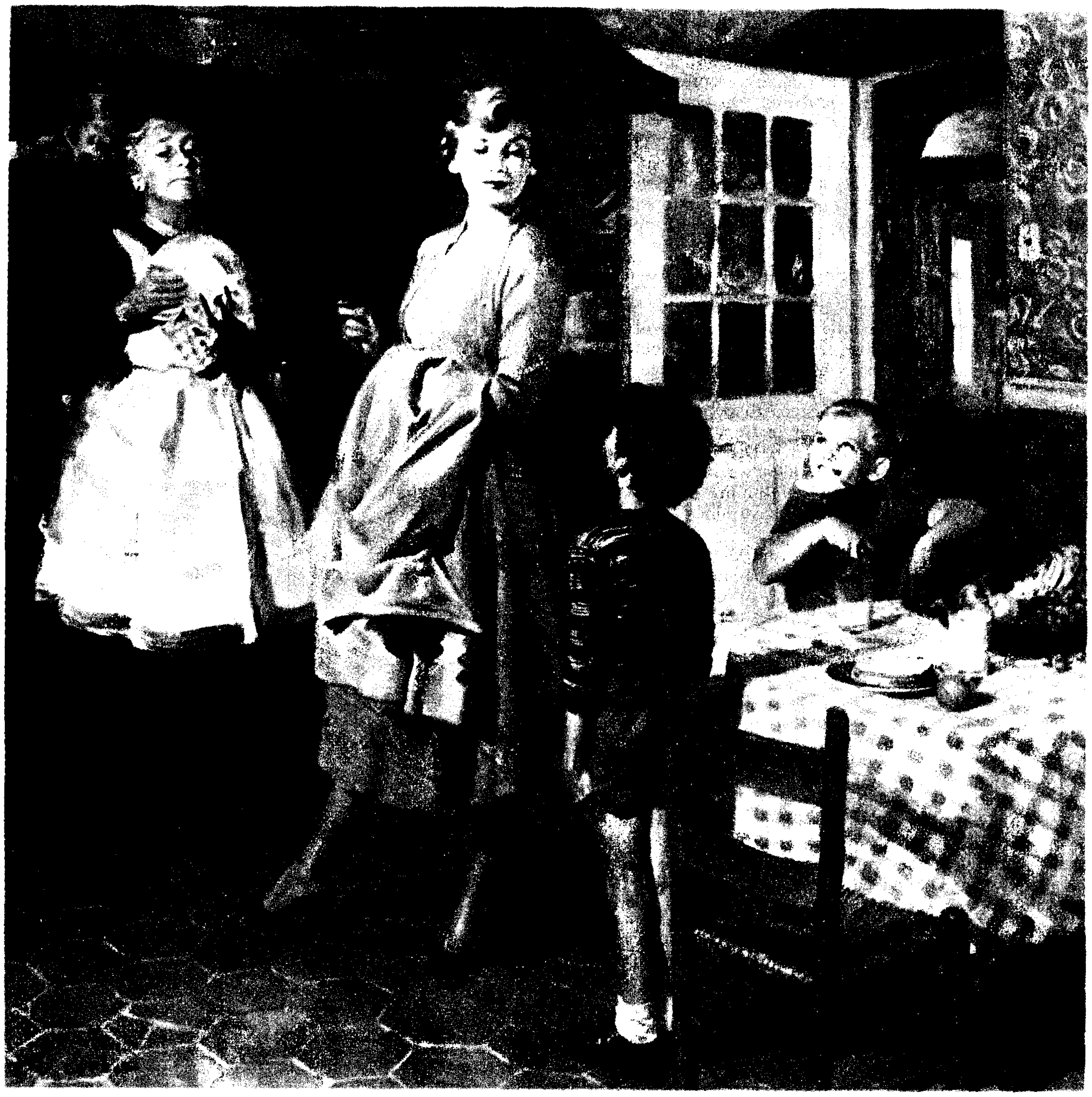

Oliver watched proudly as Janet asked the French boy, "What is your real name, Monsieur Pomme?"

So Far from Home

By ANN CHIDESTER

Janet felt alone and unwelcome in Paris, but everyone loved her young son. What was his secret? Why did she fail?

JANET CRAWFORD had been living in Paris almost three months and still felt outside the main, important currents of French life. She was lonely. Every morning she stood at the high, arched windows overlooking the broad avenue, watching her husband, Harry, set off for his office. To him, it was very simple, except that he crossed the Seine instead of the Hudson. Once he reached his office, he was among people who spoke English, called him by his first name and shared his outlook on life, politics and sports. She, on the other hand, struggled alone to master French and the psychology of a strange country and the dollar-franc finances. Even her only child, Oliver, had deserted her.

Janet worried about Oliver, now six, who would soon start school. She believed he should continue to act, feel and think American. Her husband had none of these worries. He was Union Chemical's new manager, spending three years in a city he remembered fondly from his war days. He could not understand her confusion. She had never been outside the United States in all her twenty-seven years—no farther from home than a short vacation in New Orleans.

"It's so far from our way of life—from everything familiar," she had explained soon after their arrival.

"But people are people no matter *where* you live." Harry was fond of this theory. He said Oliver would now learn French, and she could buy some French clothes, and there was the experience. She was almost convinced. Certainly everyone they knew envied them,

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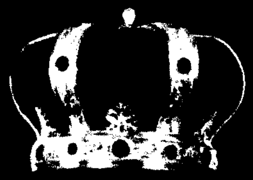

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and she hoped that once they were settled in the house, she would feel less foreign.

I never had it so good! she reminded herself. The house was large and bright with a broad lawn as smooth as a tennis court, many fine trees and a formal garden with a goldfish pool where Oliver waded with a new little friend. They had inherited Giselle, a round woman who cooked with passionate devotion, and her daughter, Colette, a tall spinster who looked like an English governess and loved everything and everyone, singing at her work. The previous company manager had been French.

THE first week, Janet—armed with recipes from her mother and grandmother, and therefore sacred—descended the stairs to the kitchen and painfully translated several recipes. They were received politely, but when served, the food tasted new and strange. When Janet inquired, Giselle swore she had followed the recipes, though Janet knew otherwise. Giselle seemed willing enough to try, but she was not convinced. American food, to her, was no food at all.

"But Oliver likes her," Harry reasoned. "Don't you, son?"

"Oui. Bien sûr," Oliver said.

Harry chuckled. Oliver never failed him. "Kids learn fast!"

"He doesn't sound or look like himself when he speaks French," Janet said. It seemed wrong for Oliver to adjust himself so easily, forgetting people and things back home. He was like a chameleon, blending eagerly with his new environment. Would living in a foreign country make him lose a basic sense of loyalty to his own? She seemed unable to acquire her husband's mature, detached outlook, though Oliver seemed to have been born with it. She was absolutely comfortable only when caught in Harry's rough, vast embrace or when she lunched at the embassy restaurant with Eve McMahon and Nancy Hart, wives of embassy officials.

"It's possible to get too foreign too quickly," she said. Oliver often made gestures like an old man, suggesting ancient wisdom, or he shrugged in a suave, Old World manner.

"I'm *me!*" Oliver protested stoutly.

"Look, Janet," Harry said, "if you disapprove of the present help, dismiss them. We can go back to plain living. Though I like living high off the hog."

"Off the hog," Oliver said dreamily.

Giselle and Colette made a prince of Oliver. He sauntered through the big, old-fashioned kitchen as though he had always owned it, and he who had been a remote, independent baby was now never annoyed at their frequent caresses. Their shouts and laughter came up the stairs.

Why can't *I* make friends here? What's wrong with *my* approach? Janet asked herself. Certainly they were in luck. For the first time since Oliver was born, they could go out evenings feeling sure he was well cared for by the two Frenchwomen.

Janet bent her mind toward understanding and being tolerant. She felt if, perhaps, she conquered the language, she would then make French friends easily. Three times a week, she went to French movies whose plots remained a garbled mystery because she was not sure what the hero had said to his captors in the crucial scene.

She took lessons at the Alliance Française, but since she met only English-speaking people, her feeling of living on an island outside real life was intensified. Marveling at Oliver's facility, she succeeded in mastering the irregular verbs, but beside her son's speech, hers sounded labored, pedantic and lacking in personality.

OLIVER, six years old, dependent, illiterate and filthy, had already detached himself from his inherited environment. He never ceased quoting Monsieur Pomme, his bosom friend whom Janet had seen only from a distance.

"But isn't that a curious name, darling?" she asked.

Oliver saw nothing curious. "It means Mr. Apple."

Janet decided the place for her to begin was in her own little *quartier.* Giselle warned her it was not easy for Americans to do their own shopping. "They'll get used to me and see I am a member of the community," Janet reasoned, but the woman in the fruit market screamed in pain when, as at home, Janet would have felt the pears for ripeness. Plainly, fruit was gold here, and the woman did not believe in a sale until it was accomplished. Janet knew the vocabulary, but she ended up pointing and grunting.

"Take more time," Harry cautioned. "In every meeting there is a first irritation. Each one wants the other to live by his standards, but later you come to an understanding."

"Tomorrow, I'm taking Oliver marketing with me," she said, determined not to face the world unchaperoned.

"I *never* buy things," Oliver said. "Could I please have wine with my food now?"

"Wine!" she asked.

"Monsieur Pomme does. With a little water," he said. "It makes you feel good."

"Yes—a little wine," Harry said quickly and poured some for Oliver before she could protest. She stared at her son. He seemed to have gone far away from her. He sipped the pale, watered wine as though he had been doing it all his life.

Oliver politely accompanied her every day to the market. He seemed to have no trouble with the language. He was not enthusiastic, suggesting in his singsong murmur that he had business elsewhere. When they reached the park, she bought two ice creams and they sat on a bench. "Is the ice cream as good as at home?" she asked.

"It's *diff*-erent," he said with supreme logic.

He's getting to be a slippery diplomatic type, she thought, studying his face. He was big for his age and had Harry's beautiful dark-blue eyes but her mouth and forehead. His eyes darted toward the big pond where a group of children were sailing boats. If suspicions and dislike were in the air of Paris for Americans, Oliver did not notice.

"I see my friend," he said softly.

"Where—which one, dear?"

"There," he pointed. "Monsieur Pomme. He sails best of anybody in the whole city." He made a little ducking movement of his head for permission to leave, a new habit for him, and dashed away. She could see them shaking hands and talking, each kicking a bit of stone. The French boy seemed about Oliver's size. Mr. Apple? she thought, and when she went home she asked, "Do you know this extraordinary Monsieur Pomme, Giselle?"

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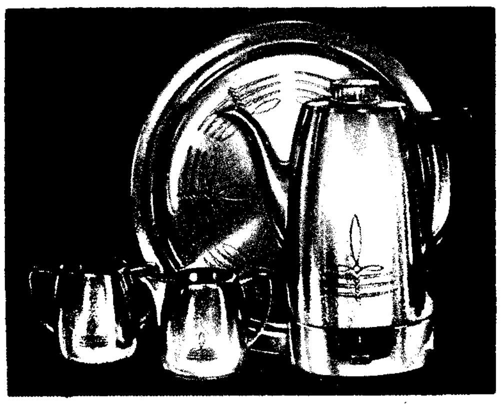

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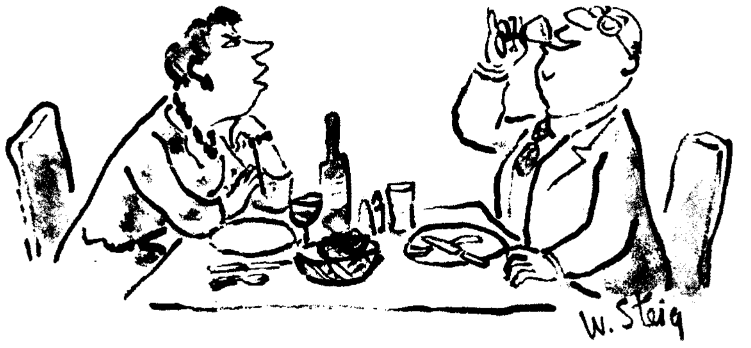


"Why is everything you do so obnoxious to me?"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

"Oliver's friend, madame."

"But *who* is he?"

"He lives near, beyond the old church, madame. That is his nickname. It is a large family, he's the baby of it, and his father was wounded in the war. He died when Monsieur Pomme was four." She seemed to think she needed to protect Oliver's friend.

"I think we ought to know more about Monsieur Pomme. Him and his wine drinking and—"

"Whatever you think," Harry said.

HARRY was not aware of the threat in permitting Oliver to go off merrily and freely into that world that flowed around the American colony, strange and dark to one who could not understand or penetrate it. At home she would know Oliver's friends and their parents, probably play bridge with them.

"If these people drove station wagons and smoked American cigarettes and spoke American English, you'd stop worrying," Harry said, laughing.

"All I want is to feel at home here," Janet said stiffly. That night when she was putting Oliver to bed, she noticed his curious toy, a worn and once-handsome kaleidoscope which he fingered with soft, petting fingers as though it lived under his touch. "Monsieur Pomme give it to me," he said, shyly.

"*Gave,* dear." Was he going to forget English now, too?

"But ain't it truly nice?" The kaleidoscope was a wreck, squeaking when he turned the handle. "He just give it to me. I *said* it wasn't my birthday. And not Christmas. And not—"

"Are you sure you should take it?" she asked, thinking of the tottering French economy and the horrible cost of living.

He looked hurt and stunned. "He *wanted* to give it. I never *asked!*"

"Did you give him anything?"

Oliver frowned. "Nope. He—Monsieur Pomme gives *me.* His *maman* says I'm the guest here."

"But, Oliver, does he have another kaleidoscope?"

"There's only one like this here in all Paris," Oliver said proudly, angry with her. He looked mature, sitting up in bed protecting his precious toy from her who had no understanding of the psychology of gifts and giving—of Monsieur Pomme's status in his life.

AFTER that, if she called him in the park, he came running from his group, sensing her disapproval of Monsieur Pomme's way of life. Still, the French boy had powerful influence on Oliver. He developed manners. However, she saw less and less of him and felt that he was caught up in wonder, in exploration in a world far more attractive than the one he had known with her back home in New Jersey.

"Do you think, Giselle, he should have so many of his meals at Monsieur Pomme's house?" she asked.

"Oliver appreciates French cooking, madame. He is an artist in many ways, this boy. I think one need have no worry. The family of De Rohan is large and good. Boys have their places, like little foxes—holes and secret hideouts and sitting among a big family for a good dinner."

She winced inside herself. Eve McMahon, her friend, understood her worry. "It's called the Six Months Blues, or An American in Paris, Janet. It's when you find out you're not getting into the country—unless you find your own way into it like the kids do. They know more about Paris than we'll ever know—with all our reading."

"But why?"

"Kids know the way, and we can't go where they go. Oliver sits down at Monsieur Pomme's table, listens to the talk, eats the food that appears out of thin air. They know him, too, never fear. But we—we are out of it."

"I shall make Monsieur Pomme's acquaintance," Janet vowed.

That day she went home early, when Oliver was having his afternoon snack. Giselle had made him peanut-butter sandwiches, though lately he preferred cheese and garlic sausage. He had brought his friend with him, and it was the first time Janet saw Monsieur Pomme closely. He was about Oliver's size with lively eyes and a round, red face like an apple. He wore a perennial smile. He sat at the kitchen table watching Oliver eat but not touching the food, now and then staring in delight at the bowl of fruit, the American sandwich and the American bread which Oliver scorned today. While Monsieur Pomme was neatly dressed, his clothes were worn—his jersey patched, his flannel trousers incredibly short. His body was small and thin despite his fat, jolly face.

"What is your real name, Monsieur Pomme?" she asked. Oliver darted her a warning glance.

"André, madame. André Marie Jean de Rohan," he said and stood very straight under her scrutiny.

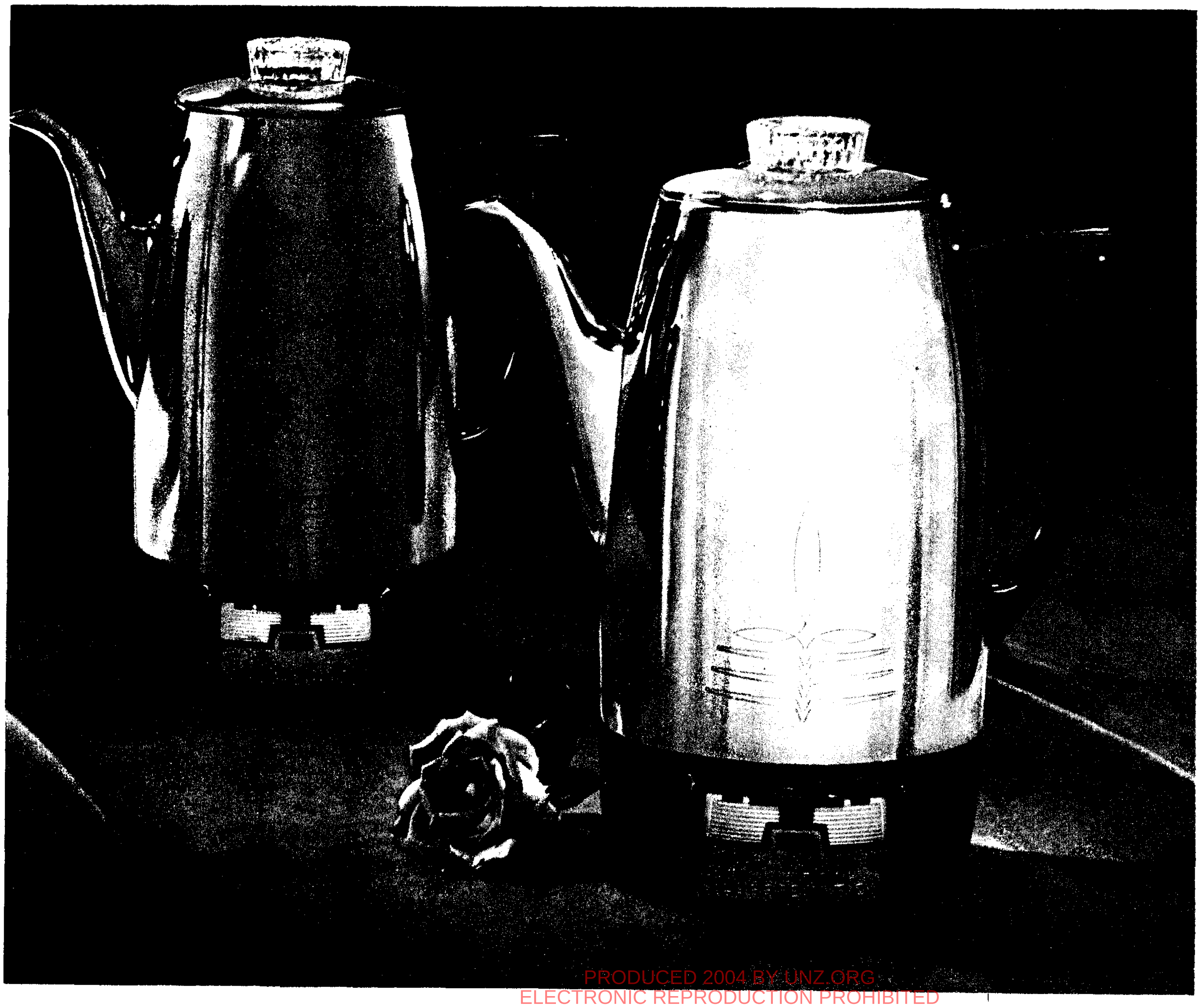
"A fine name," Giselle offered.

"And historic," Janet said. "How old are you, Monsieur Pomme?"

"That's his *real* name!" Oliver said.

"Yes, it is Monsieur Pomme," the French boy said in a paternal tone to console Oliver. "My brother, Yves, gave it to me when I was born. It is special and perhaps there is no one with *my* name anywhere." He spoke careful English. "Now, I am eight."

"Eight?" How small he was! While he continued to smile, the eyes looking



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back at her were dull and thoughtful. He had not touched any of his food, and she moved the bowl of fruit nearer to him.

He shook his head and stepped back. "Someday," he said, "I will be rich and buy *Maman* a sewing machine."

She could not breathe with the sudden, deep pain that attacked her, to think of a child imposing such stern disciplines on himself. She guessed he would not eat in her presence and excused herself. Later she told Giselle they must give the boy things he liked, not just peanut-butter sandwiches.

"He never eats, madame. He takes it home."

"Takes it home!"

Giselle nodded. "He is the youngest. The others work, and he feels it, so I say nothing when he takes home sandwiches and fruit. Fruit is precious, madame. A family like that appreciates it. And Monsieur Pomme feels important. Of course, if you wish—"

"No, no!" she protested and could think of nothing to say. No child she had ever known lived in a world even remotely like Monsieur Pomme's. She had read of it, of course, but she had never dreamed that one day the reality of it would be on her doorstep.

The little boy haunted and puzzled her. Perhaps he might not be a correct influence for Oliver, after all. This was deeper than mere manners, than intelligent parenthood—far deeper. Perhaps Oliver might learn about people who had become bitter, jaded, decadent and without hope for the future, and take on some of their attitudes. Did Monsieur Pomme's family cling to Old World feuds and ideas, refusing any hope from the New World? That was what her more intelligent acquaintances moaned over.

"We have much, much to learn from Europe," Harry said, "but we cannot overlook the fact that we have very much, indeed, to give them, too." This sort of thinking was fine for politics and art, she supposed, but when it came to the matter of one's own son, it was necessary to be careful, to use every ounce of wisdom one possessed.

THINKING like this one day as she walked home from her French lessons, she came to a decision. The city was even more mysterious in the rain, appearing older and softly sighing with half-whispered secrets under the light rain. As she walked along the narrow streets, it seemed that the ancient walls contained mysteries she would never be able to tap. Did people going to the United States feel so strange? It did not seem possible. We don't have *old* secrets, she thought, and as she walked she decided she would inquire into Monsieur Pomme's household.

Giselle told her Oliver had asked permission to remain at Monsieur Pomme's for supper. "They are having his favorite mushroom omelet, madame," she said. Janet asked for the address and went around to fetch Oliver, not out of mere curiosity or even frustration, but in a real need to do something—anything—to hold her son, to prevent him from being so absorbed into foreign life that she could no longer understand him. I'll just *have* to learn what it is Oliver knows and how he can make French friends when I cannot, she thought.

Only last week, at a party, she had tried out her French on two of the guests, and the couple had listened patiently, complimenting her on her accent, but she felt sure that they had told her only what they felt would please her. She had not made friends with them.

She studied her worn little guidebook. Monsieur Pomme's street was less than two blocks in length, hidden behind the dark shell of the old church in back of the tiny flower market. She met a few students and a priest on a motor bike, his black cassock flapping in the wet air. Otherwise, the city was quiet under the rain.

MONSIEUR POMME lived in a small court, and she walked slowly down a dark passageway to the very end, trying to find names on the doors. There seemed to be no concierge. The building looked like a converted police barracks, very plain and dreary, but when she reached the end of the court, walking carefully on the slippery cobblestones, she heard a silly, harsh cry and looked down the narrowest possible passageway. There an old green bird, a kind of parrot, was poking its head through an open window where a shutter banged softly.

There was a pale glow of light, and as she approached, carefully sidestepping a gaudy array of flowerpots, she distinctly heard Oliver's voice. It was followed by a murmur and then shouts of laughter. She felt like a spy. This would never have happened to her at home! Slowly, softly, she approached the lighted window and saw inside a long table with a red-checkered cloth. A bright, naked light hung overhead, and at the end of the table, a soup tureen as large as a washbasin set firmly before her, was a woman in a black cotton dress and white apron ladling out the food. Around the table were eight other people, and Oliver was at the foot—in the father's chair, Janet thought—with Monsieur Pomme beside him. Oliver was speaking again, sitting up very straight, and she felt intensely proud of him there. Really, one never knew one's own children!

"And what more, Oliver?" a tall, handsome boy in a black turtle-neck sweater asked, teasing. All of them around the table were handsome. They did not resemble Monsieur Pomme, but they had a certain common quality, something she could not name exactly. They look indestructible. They look capable. They all look very proud, she thought.

"Well," Oliver said, thoughtfully. "Children *my* age do not drink wine at home." He fondled the small glass of watered wine beside his plate.

"And so they die young, hey? They get bad livers. They have ulcers with nothing to warm their blood. Eh, Oliver?" They spoke his name as in Laurence Olivier, but with gentleness and even a kind of jolly companionship.

"At home wine is most dear," Oliver explained patiently.

They were amazed, looking at one another in disbelief. Plainly, Oliver was Their American and therefore a source of all knowledge to them. The two young girls nodded in understanding. Monsieur Pomme stared at his mother, and the mother began to speak rapidly, making gestures and rebuking her family for thinking that everywhere was like France, rich in wine and history. "How many times must I remind you older ones not to expect them to be like us? Why should they? Do you think *they* sing our songs? Speak our language? Remember our wars and our heroes? What fun is that—to have everyone alike?"

No one answered. There was a low rumble. The big room was clean, bare and somehow very cheery, and Janet, who came from a family of five herself, could imagine this room had been the scene of many arguments and many sermons from the mother. "Do not confuse these children, now," the mother was saying. "I have forbidden you to tease them and confuse them. Isn't it enough that we older ones are confused?"

"No harm was meant, *Maman,*" one of the boys said, stroking her arm.

"It was a joke, Madame Pomme," Oliver said with great manners.

She *wants* them to be friends, Janet thought as she moved toward the door. In a moment, answering her knock, the handsomest of the boys opened the door. When she gave her name, he smiled and took her arm, leading her into the big room and calling out to his mother that Oliver's mother was here. They all rose, smiling, and they made a rush to take her coat, pulling up a chair and offering coffee and wine. She sat beside the woman who, making little pushing gestures at her gray hair, looked at her kindly. "How old she looks!" Janet thought, though she was sure the woman was not yet forty. She shook hands. Oliver tugged at her sleeve and presented each member of the family.

"Yves," he said. "He works for the gov'ment."

"I am a policeman, madame," the handsome man said, smiling.

"And Marcel," Oliver said proudly. "He shot people once." Oliver explained and introduced everyone, the mother sitting smiling, now and then meeting Janet's eyes, and in the end Oliver pointed to a small, bleared picture moist with fingerprints. "And this is Monsieur," he said. "He was the bravest man who ever lived."

"Only as brave as the others," Monsieur Pomme's mother said.

They all began to talk and ask questions, and Oliver stood beside her, now and then putting his lips to her bare hand as though such a gesture were natural to him here. Monsieur Pomme stood beside his mother looking back at Janet with an expression she could not read, but she felt comfortable here and welcome. Oliver had prepared the way, of course, and they were as proud of him as he was of them.

"Marie and Jeanne make coffee grinders at a coffee-grinders factory," Oliver said as in afterthought, and the two girls, who looked as though they should still be in school, giggled and made faces at him. It was like being at home except that the life here seemed more intense, a kind of defiance of any defeat—the bottle of wine, the great heap of bread, the good soup, the talk and animation all seemed to shout to the world that these people would live today no matter what happened.

How would I be if I had seen what they have seen? And Oliver—without Harry? she asked herself for the first time. It was a moment of revelation for her. The world around her seemed to open up, permitting her to enter it. Oliver had come to these people, accepting them as they were and making no demands on them to drive station wagons, smoke American cigarettes or speak American English. That was the difference.

THE mother was explaining: "I say to my Monsieur Pomme, if he has Oliver for a friend, he will understand Oliver's country. It is good for your boy too, madame. They do not have any prejudices to keep them apart at this age."

"They are happy savages, *Maman.* You are too hopeful."

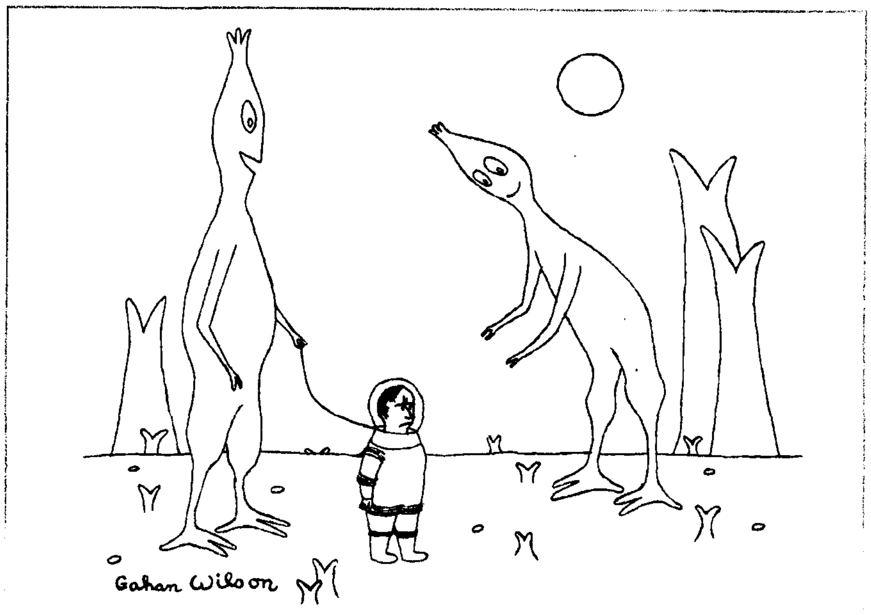
"It is no luxury," she replied and reproached her eldest son with a slight wiggle of her forefinger.

Monsieur Pomme and Oliver grinned at each other. They did not care what anyone said or thought but were quite happy to let others have their theories while they stood drowsy with food and wine, leaning against their mothers.

Finally Janet told Oliver to get his coat, and Monsieur Pomme's mother said wasn't it puzzling the way they grew like giraffes, right out of their clothes? Janet shook hands all around, and they went to the door with her. When she was about to turn the corner into the main street, she saw them still standing there—Monsieur Pomme leaning sleepily against his mother. She paused and waved, and the Frenchwoman waved back. So did Monsieur Pomme. "I like your friends, Oliver," Janet said.

"Oh, well," he said sleepily, "they're everybody's friends, you know."

It's so simple, she thought happily, hurrying home with Oliver's wet hand in hers. People *are* people, as Harry said. What *was* I stewing about? And as she walked, the streets looked familiar, the city seemed to become friendly, and she no longer lived on a strange island far from home. —ANN CHIDESTER



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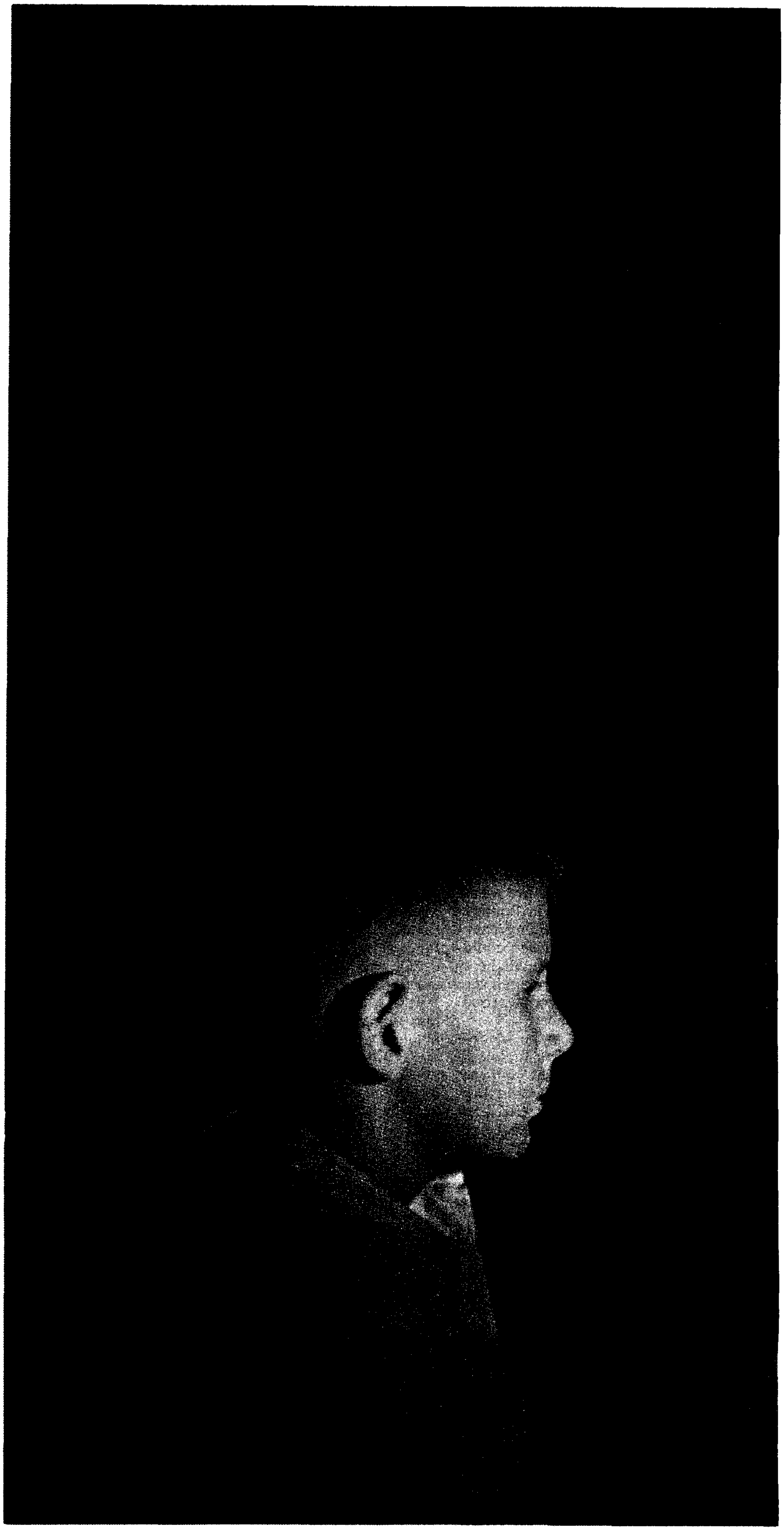
At the Fort Worth Children's Museum, learning is fun. From its shape to its scope, it is designed and directed . . .

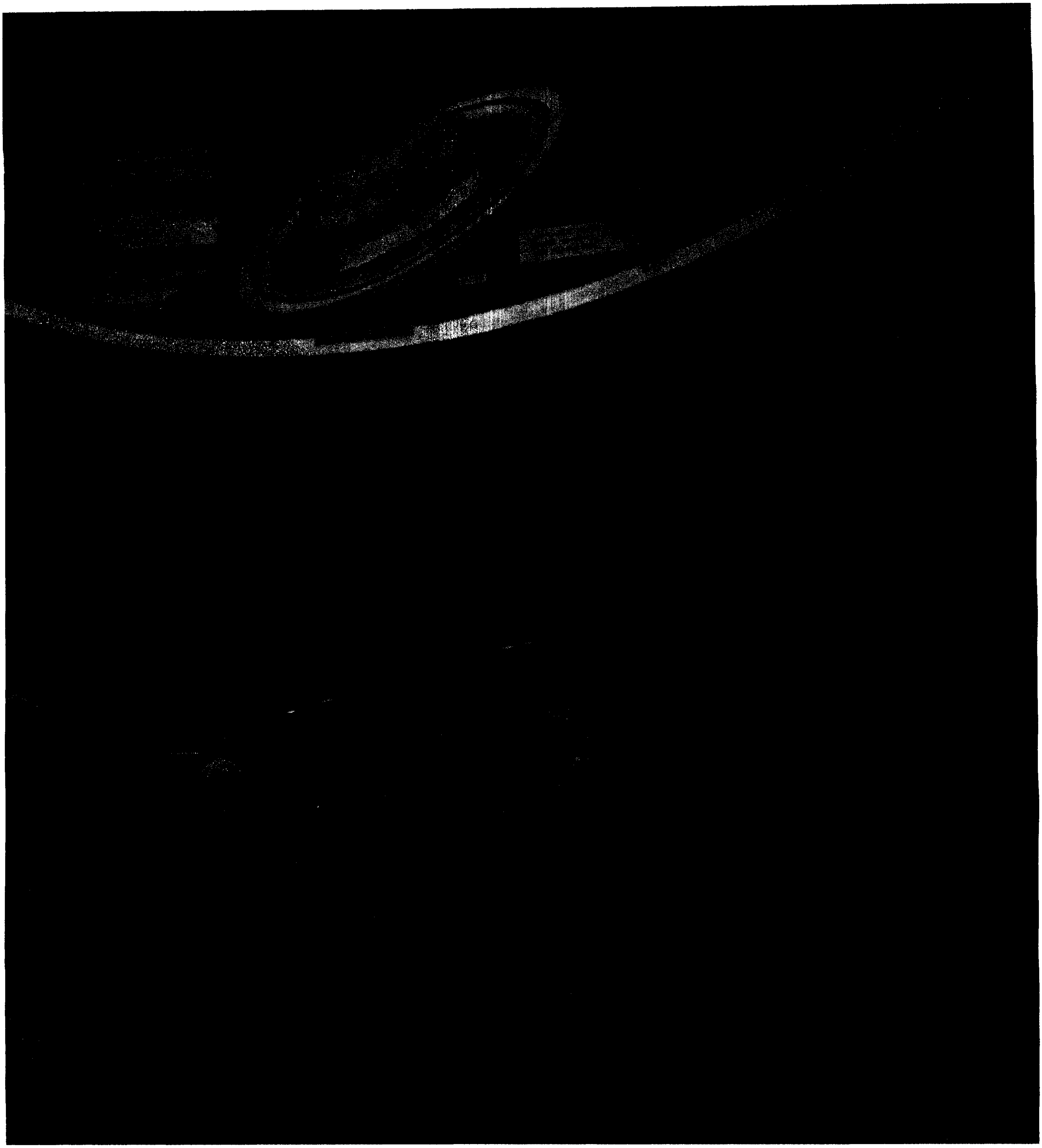
Especially for Our Children



A MUSEUM is as individual as a thumbprint. It may specialize in art or science or natural history. It may have its own ideas about public service and its own techniques of exhibition. But, basically, most museums do much the same job: they display specimens, carry on research programs and ask of the visitor only that he use his eyes. Within the museum world, however, there is one totally different breed. It is called the children's museum, and it is completely dedicated to and guided by the needs and desires of children. The typical children's museum is a place not only to see things, but to *do* things. It is a combination museum, workshop, zoo, school and community center. The young visitors help to build simple exhibits, such as displays of Indian folk art, or models of the planetary system. They play with live animals. They join clubs of science and nature study, participate in pet and puppet shows, and attend organized classes which may range from ceramics and carpentry to taxidermy and telescope making.

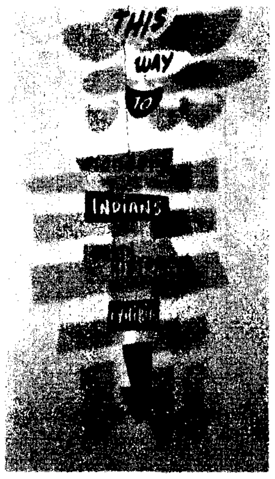
The concept of a children's museum is not much older than the twentieth century (the first, the Brooklyn Children's Museum in New York City, was founded in 1899). Today there are about 50, most of them concentrated along the East and West Coasts. One of the newest and best is the Fort Worth Children's Museum, in Texas. Housed in a handsome new $500,000, city-financed building, the Fort Worth Museum may be more elegant than most. But it shares with all the others that special flavor which distinguishes the children's museum and satisfies the child's yen to get his hands dirty: the flavor of participation.

Continued



The rapt face of Fort Worth youngster, Willard Fry, a visitor to the city's Children's Museum, is reflected in dramatic black-light exhibit of solar system. It was built by Norman Cole, 19, a planetarium lecturer

The museum and the school: a dual plan to animate the textbooks



Most children's museums work in close harmony with the public-school system. Their self-appointed task is to bring to life what the children are learning about in class. To do so, they send periodic bulletins to local schoolteachers, listing current exhibits and coming attractions. They try to co-ordinate their displays with school curriculums: if the child is being taught about the geography of Asia in school, he may find a collection of native Asiatic costumes on display in the museum.

In Fort Worth, which has the only children's museum in the entire Southwest, an average of six school groups a day arrive by car and bus. Even so, they comprise only a fraction of the total daily traffic. Youth organizations, such as the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, call for lecture tours faster than the museum staff can make appointments. Clubs and classes for the older children meet after school and on Saturdays. And mornings the museum is always crowded with members of the four- and five-year-old set, who are signed up by their parents to attend preschool classes covering such younghearts' delights as finger painting and clay modeling.

During the year and a half in which the museum has occupied its present quarters, it has been host to 225,000 children. To keep them all busy and happy, a small staff carries a heavy burden and works in triple time. Its goal: to be all things to all comers and fix itself a deep niche in Southwestern culture. This involves pleasing parents as well as children. For an approving parent, as any curator knows, is as good a press agent as a children's museum can have.

"We find," Executive Director William G. Hassler says ruefully, "that some of the parents of the youngest children consider us a glorified baby-sitting service. But we're in favor of anything that brings the youngsters in."

Continued

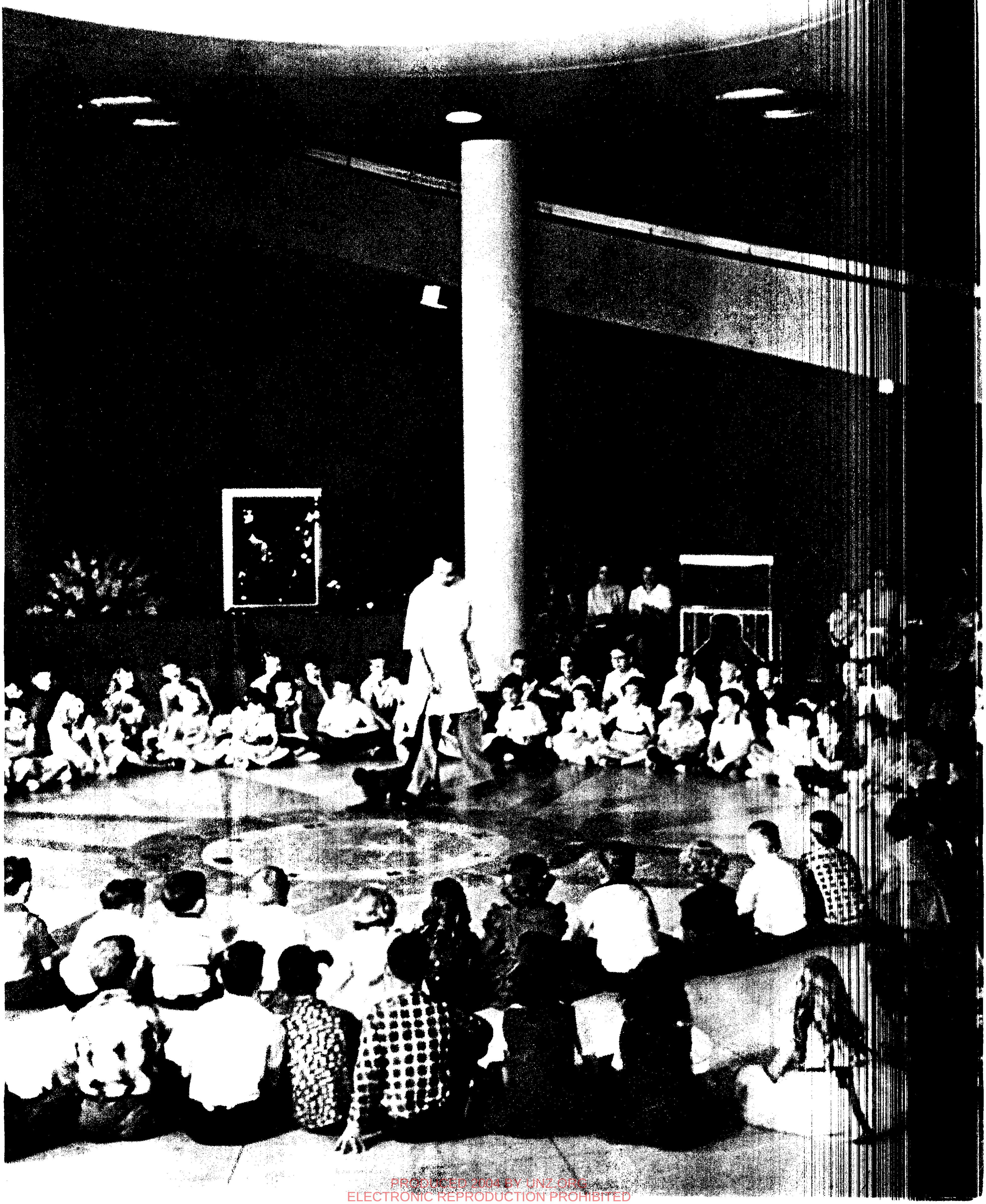
AGE OF ANCIENT LIFE
DEVONIAN
300 MILLION YEARS AGO

A class of Fort Worth fifth-graders gets lecture on earth's history from museum teacher Edith Williams (r.). Museum is host to school groups throughout Texas

Children watch drama of heavens in planetarium, which has sponge-rubber seats, hi-fi sound

Curator Mearl Carson explains anatomy of horse's jawbone to natural history club

Live-animal demonstrations are held in huge rotunda. Above, a happy alligator takes a walk. Right, animal-keeper Lawrence Ross introduces Jiggs, the museum's pet monkey



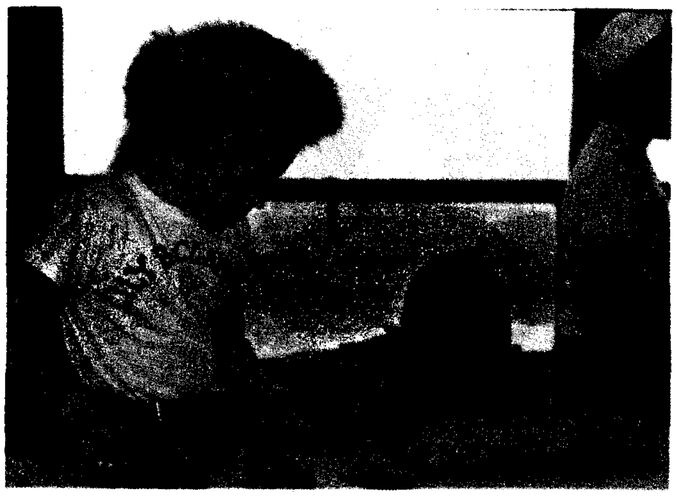
The little world of children: a place where skunks and stars are close at hand, and everybody gets into the act

In public school, a child may read about the stars, but he can't see them. At a zoo he sees animals, but he can't touch them. But in the planetarium at the Fort Worth Children's Museum, he gazes upward and sees the heavens close and bright, and his face shows awe. In the great rotunda a deodorized skunk named Petunia takes a complacent stroll across the marble floor, and the child strokes its bushy tail and squirms with delight. In the museum's science workshops, he welds together a challenge—a crystal radio set, perhaps, or a model of the solar system—and his face reflects absolute absorption. The preschooler discovers textures—sand or clay—and his fingers transmit their contentment to his face.

A children's museum is a place full of wonderful faces: open, eager and lightning-quick to change, as only very young faces can be. In a sense, the museum is a school—a delightfully breezy sort of school, where boys and girls may come and go as they like, eat and chew when they please, study just what they want and bring their pet turtles along for company. They respond to everything—to sound, smell, sight, touch, to skunks and stars and all the majestic mysteries which lie between, in the wide, wonderful world of the child. And behind every response lies a new little nugget of learning.

Thus, the museum takes up where the school leaves off. For school is a necessity. It deals in textbooks. The museum is a luxury. It deals in objects. Each is important to the other, as important as the knowledge of arithmetic to a dedicated junior astronomer.

But if the youngster treats his telescope somewhat more tenderly than his multiplication tables, he can hardly be blamed. For a child's favorite world is composed of objects, not ideas; and it is the sole and gratifying job of a children's museum to hand him the world on his own happiest terms. —MARTHA WEINMAN

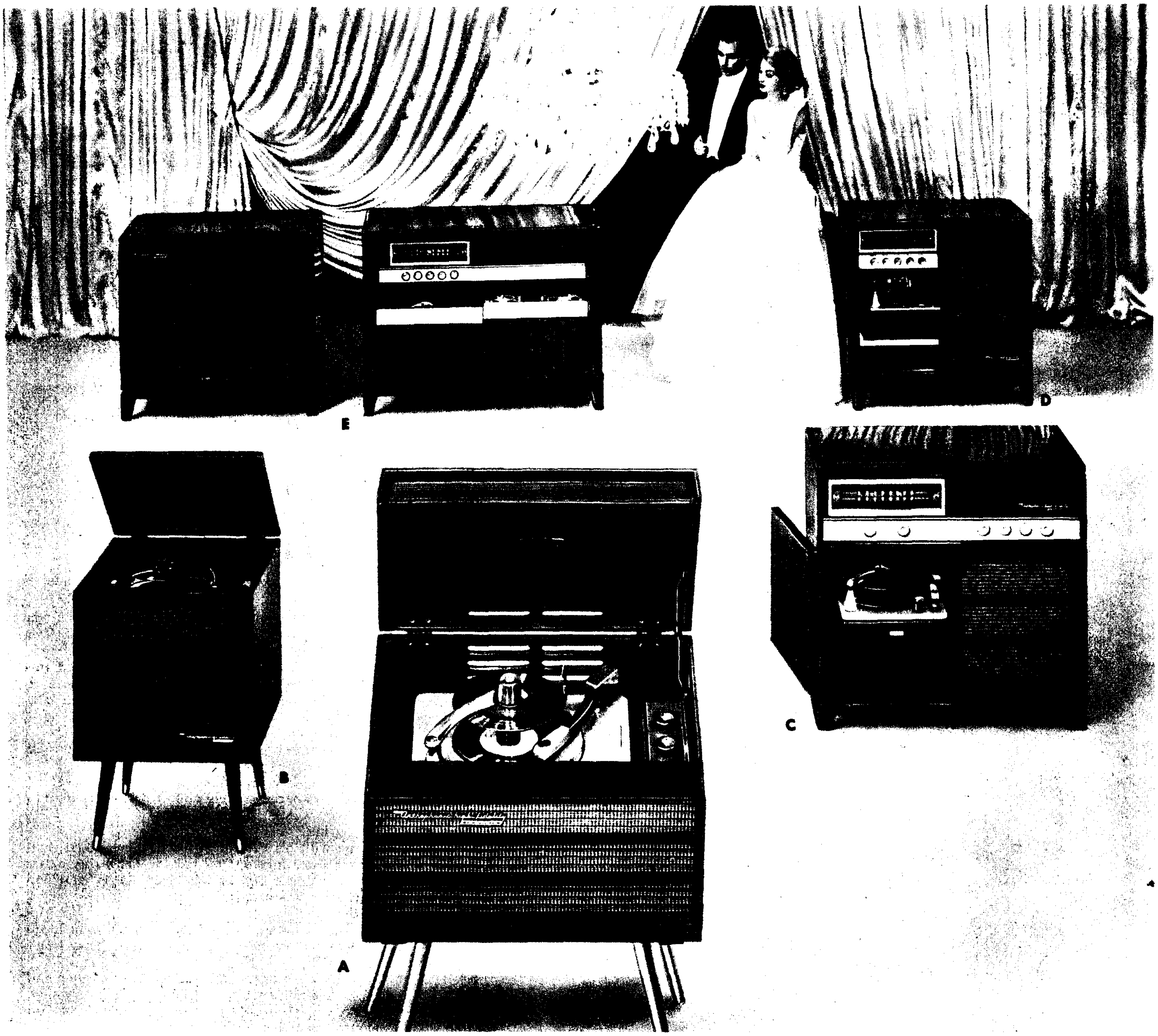


Crockett-eer Alex Pope, 8, Gary Appleby, 8, assemble a crystal radio set in museum's Science Is Fun class

Top-hatted Ronald Mills, 4, and Marshall Allmond, 5, wonderingly examine a model of Saturn and its 9 moons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ART LAVINE

Young visitors reach out delightedly to stroke Petunia the skunk. Live animals head the popularity poll at Fort Worth museum



(A) The "Mark VI," table model 3-speed phonograph. Mahogany or light oak* finish. Model 6HF5, $129.95. (Legs optional, extra.) **(B)** The "Mark IV," 3-speed phonograph consolette. Mahogany or light oak* finish. Model 6HF4, $169.95. **(C)** The "Mark III," 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio console. Mahogany or light oak* finish. Model 6HF3, $325. **(D)** The "Mark II," 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio console. Mahogany or light oak* finish. Model 6HF2, $650. **(E)** The "Mark I," twin-console 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio-tape recorder. Traditional styling in mahogany finish; modern, natural walnut. Model 6HF1, $1600.

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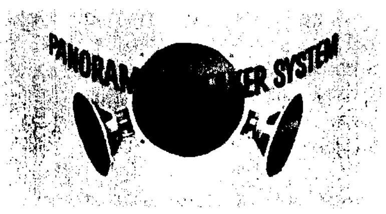

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EMERGENCY JUMP

Sergeant McCall was a big blowhard and we knew it. But now we had to trust him with saving a kid's life

By WALT GROVE

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning when the charge of quarters shook me awake. I got out of my bunk and stumbled after him to the latrine. "The major wants to see you right now," the charge of quarters said. He was a Southern boy named Sommers. "You know that radar station up at Cape Sheridan? A man's sick up there, about to die. They haven't got a doctor. The major's sending one up."

"What's he want me for?" I said. "I'm no doctor."

"*I* don't know," Sommers said. "You'd better go see him right now." He walked out of the latrine.

I went back into the bay. Everyone else was still asleep. I found Ricco's bunk and I began shaking him. He was very hard to wake up. "What d'you want?" he said.

"Come in the latrine."

He followed me with his eyes half closed. He walked right into the door. That woke him up. "What the hell's the matter with you?" he said. "You crazy? I was sleeping. What d'you mean waking a man that was sleeping?"

I told him about it.

"What doctor they sending?" he asked. "I don't want to go with just any of them doctors on something like this. They won't know what they're doing."

There was a small room off the latrine. The door opened and Sergeant McCall looked out, squinting against the light. He slept there, not in the bay with the rest of the enlisted men. He had on long woolen underwear and his hair was wild.

"What the hell's wrong with you guys?" he said. "In here in the middle of the night. You think this is a day room? It's a latrine!"

"Somebody's dying up at Cape Sheridan at that radar station," Ricco said. "We got to go."

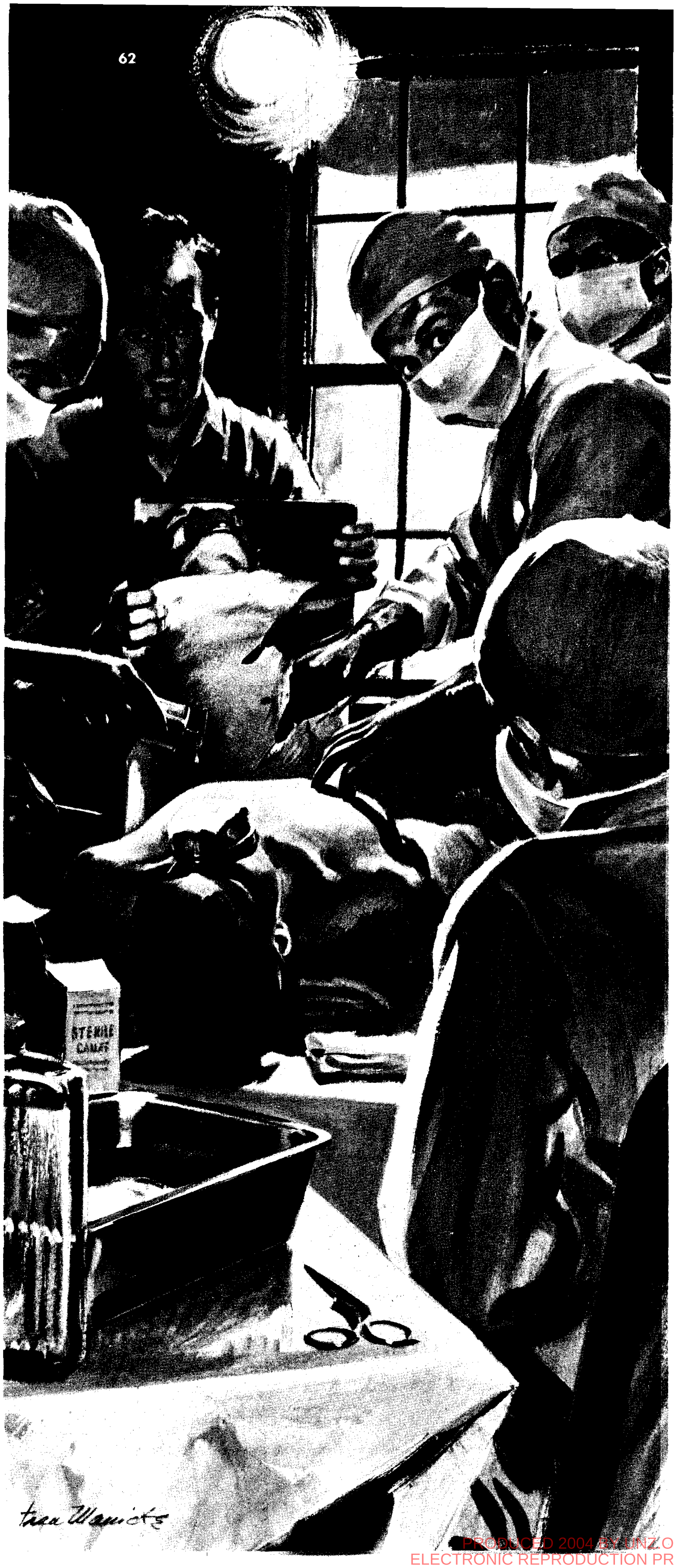
McCall's eyes opened wide. "No kidding?" he said. "No kidding. *And they're sending somebody up to do an emergency operation?* What're the symptoms?"

"Now how the hell would we know that?"

McCall was one of the medics. He was pretty young and he worked in a ward in our hospital and burned with ambition to be a doctor. When he got discharged he wanted to go to college, then medical school. He was worried about getting into medical school. He'd heard you couldn't get in unless you had someone to help you, like an older influential doctor. I didn't believe that, but McCall said it was because medical schools were so crowded. He didn't have anyone to help him, and he was always trying to think of some angle that would help him get in.

Ricco and I got dressed in the dark and I walked outside and across the hard-packed snow to the hospital. The major was standing at the window, smoking a cigar. "Come in, Corporal," he said. "Sit down."

I unzipped my parka. There were several folders from per-



McCall was having a hard time, and Lieutenant Davis said, "You're only scratching him. Come on—make the incision"

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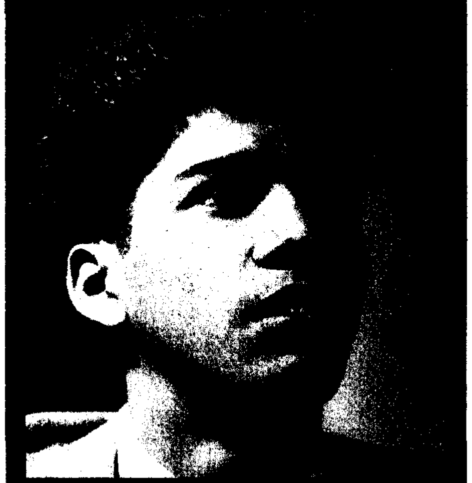

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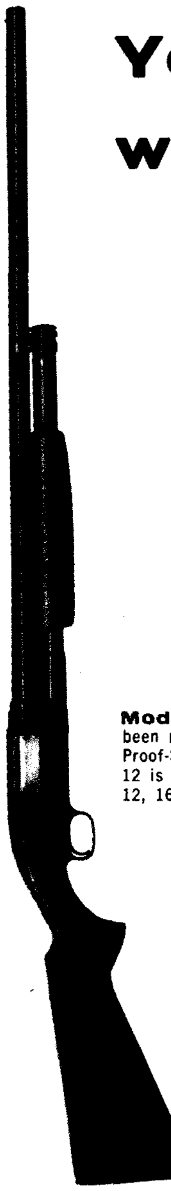

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sonnel on his desk. I saw my name on one of the tabs.

"We've got to get someone up to Cape Sheridan," the major said. The radar station was only five hundred miles south of the North Pole. It was four hundred miles farther north than we were. "None of our doctors are qualified to jump. I'm sending Lieutenant Davis because he's the youngest and should be in better physical condition. I'll ask one of the medics to volunteer. I want you to go and help with the jump. You'll have to get the medical equipment inside the radar station and help set it up. You may have to help with the operation. Do you think you can do that?"

"I'd like another man from rescue with me, sir—preferably Ricco."

"All right, if he wants to go."

I didn't think Ricco would, if Lieutenant Davis was going. Lieutenant Davis was new—he had only been with us a month. He was a small man with soft hands like a girl's. One of the nurses was in love with him. She was my favorite nurse, as a matter of fact. She was friendly and called everyone by his first name. Her first name was Betty. I was sure she was in love with Lieutenant Davis because she was always helping him classify insects. The year before, in the States, the lieutenant had collected a lot of specimens and he was just getting around to classifying them. Betty told me that as an amateur entomologist he wanted to discover a new insect. People did it every day, she said, and Lieutenant Davis didn't see why he couldn't, too.

I WALKED down to the hangar where we kept our equipment and went back to our supply room. "Lieutenant Davis is our officer," I said to Ricco.

"I resign," Ricco said. "I'm not going anywhere with him. Some guy that's crazy about bugs."

"Well, you don't have to."

"Oh, what the hell. I'll go."

Two medics drove up outside in a jeep. They came in and asked me where I wanted the medical equipment. McCall was one of them. He was grinning. "I'm going with you," he said. "I volunteered."

I would rather have had someone else, under the circumstances. I said, "Well, you know who the officer is, don't you? Lieutenant Davis."

"Damn that guy, he's always interfering with everything I want," McCall said bitterly.

Ever since he had been in the medics McCall had wanted to be the surgical assistant. He had thought it would help him get into med school. A nurse had been the assistant, but the major had promised McCall that when she shipped out he could assist in surgery. The nurse shipped out, all right, but Lieutenant Davis was sent up from the States on the same order. The major had to let him assist because he was a doctor. It almost broke McCall's heart. He thought he could assist in surgery as well as Lieutenant Davis, if not better. McCall often said the only reason the lieutenant was smarter was because the lieutenant had been to med school. He hated Lieutenant Davis, but the only way he could get back at him was to pester the nurse, Betty. He was always coming up behind her in the halls and grabbing her. It was kind of a rough, sexy horseplay. Betty always laughed, because she was a friendly girl, but McCall was vain enough to believe she really liked him.

"Why don't you change your mind and let someone else go?" I said.

"Hell, no," McCall said. "I'll show that guy I can do anything he can do. I've got natural talent for medicine. Hell, I could probably do that operation myself if I had to. Listen, don't you see what this will do for me, going on this mission of mercy?"

Ricco and the other medic had carried the medical equipment inside and put it on the hangar floor. They stopped to listen to McCall.

"A commendation is what I want," McCall said. "I'll have Photostats made of it and when I apply for med school I'll send one along with my application. After they read it they won't be able to turn me down. 'This is the kind of man we want for a doctor,' they'll say. 'He was willing to sacrifice himself for another human being in pain.' And believe me, that guy at Cape Sheridan is in pain. I found out."

"So what's he got?" Ricco asked.

"Acute appendicitis."

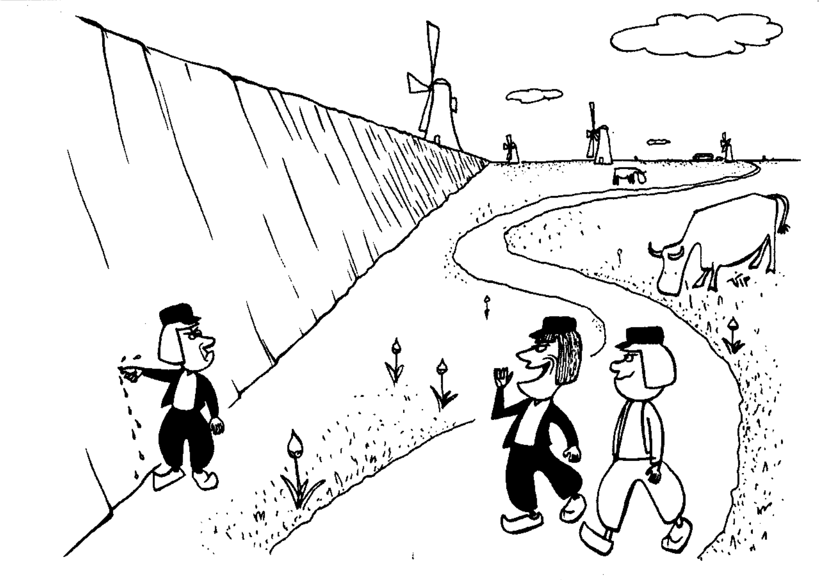
Ricco threw his hat down. "An appendicitis? You mean I got out of my sack at five o'clock in the morning because some guy has an appendicitis? My old mother had an appendicitis, a woman, and she *walked* to the hospital. It was nothing. Nothing."

"You know what happens if it ruptures?" McCall said.

Ricco closed his eyes. "Don't tell me. I can't stand stuff like that."

McCall laughed at him. "You've got no guts, Ricco. You couldn't cut on somebody to save their life."

Ricco and I put the medical supplies



COLLIER'S "Get a load of the big hero" VIRGIL PARTCH on board the C-47. When I went back into the hangar Lieutenant Davis was standing there. "Come back here, sir," I said. "I've been waiting to tell you about the jump."

"Corporal, I don't want to go."

I stopped and turned back. "You aren't going?"

"Oh, I'm going," Lieutenant Davis said. "The major said I'm in better physical condition. You'd think I was a weight lifter. Well, I don't want to go. I just thought I'd tell you."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I appreciate that." I meant that I was glad he hadn't waited until the last minute to tell me he was afraid.

HE LET out his breath. "I try to tell myself it's only a parachute jump. But it doesn't work. I'm scared."

"Well, do you think you can do it anyway?"

"I don't know," Lieutenant Davis said. "Perhaps if I close my eyes and you push me out."

"Maybe after I explain you'll feel better about it, sir," I said. I thought that if he got to the point where he had to do it, he'd be able to.

I took him back to the supply room where we kept our equipment. Ricco and McCall were getting into heavy clothing. I helped Lieutenant Davis on with his boots and showed him how to hook the chute pack onto the harness. Then I made them line up like we'd go out the door: Ricco first, then the lieutenant, McCall and me.

"Is this off limits for me?"

I turned around. The nurse, Betty, was standing in the doorway. She had on flying boots and those slacks nurses wear and a white leather parka. But no matter how the girl dressed she still looked like sun-tanned legs and tennis on a hot summer afternoon.

"I wanted to tell you good-by," she said to Lieutenant Davis, putting her arm through his.

"Well, I wish you hadn't."

She looked surprised. "I guess it was silly. You certainly won't be gone *that* long."

"I don't know," the lieutenant said. "At moments I feel as if I'm shipping out on permanent assignment."

"If you'll excuse me, Betty," I said. I made them all face me. "When I tell you to prepare to jump, then line up like this. We've got to go out that door at one-second intervals because we don't want to drift apart. If anything goes wrong with your chute you've got another one. The handle for the rip cord is here, right here, but don't pull it unless the first one doesn't open."

I noticed that McCall was staring at the lieutenant. When I finished my speech Lieutenant Davis gave a shuddering sigh, and McCall grinned. He was beginning to understand.

Betty put her arm through the lieutenant's and walked him to the door. She was beginning to understand too.

"Just think what fun we'll have this summer," she said, trying to get his mind off the jump. "Why, you told me yourself that when the snow melts, the ground literally teems with insects. We may even find a new mosquito!"

"I don't care about that. Not any more."

"You do," Betty said. "You know you do."

They walked across the hangar floor, talking. I stood in the door of the supply room and watched them. McCall was right behind me.

"He's chicken," McCall said. "All *this time I've been around him and I* never realized it."

Betty walked back to the supply room with Lieutenant Davis. "I'll tell you good-by now," she said and she kissed him.

"Hey, how about the rest of us?" McCall said.

I cringed, because I expected Lieutenant Davis to jump all over him, but he didn't.

"Why not?" Betty said. She kissed me first because I was standing in the doorway and she would've kissed Ricco too if he hadn't been asleep on the floor of the supply room. Of course McCall had to put his arms around her and smirk and so on. It was disgusting.

"You're all brave and sweet," Betty said, and she patted the lieutenant. "Especially you."

"Wait, I'll walk you to the door," McCall said, and he pushed past me and took her arm. He walked Betty across the hangar and followed her outside and closed the door behind him. McCall was gone a long time, ten or fifteen minutes. He came back whistling and dug his elbow into my ribs.

"Now there's a little old girl that sure knows how to kiss," he said.

It was the moment for Lieutenant Davis to rise from the hangar floor and with the help of the Lord smite McCall in his wrath. But nothing happened.

I walked McCall down to the end of the hangar. "Listen, you better leave his girl alone. He's an officer. You're just an enlisted man."

"So what. He's chicken," McCall said. "And how do you know when we get back she won't be *my* girl?"

"Because you're a fool," I said.

McCall laughed and slapped his thigh. "You just wish she was your girl instead of mine."

IT WAS a boring flight. When we got to Cape Sheridan we circled low over the radar station. One dark figure stood below on the ice near the huts, waving. I opened the door and fastened it back. Ricco horsed the two crates up to the door and we both sat on the floor with our feet against the crates and our legs drawn up. The radio operator had the door to the pilot's compartment open. Suddenly he brought his hand down, I shoved with my feet and the crate tumbled out. Ricco shoved the other one out. They both hit the ice about a hundred yards from the hut.

I had to shout in Lieutenant Davis's ear because of the noise. "We're ready to jump, sir!"

He stood up. I checked his harness and his chute. He kept moistening his lips. Then I checked McCall's equipment. His eyes were glittering with excitement.

"Hook on!" I yelled. "Move up to the door!"

Ricco stood in the doorway, holding to the sides with his hands. I made Lieutenant Davis stand right behind Ricco. "When he goes then you go!" I shouted. "Don't wait for anything!"

The lieutenant nodded with his eyes closed.

I stood behind McCall and hooked on and watched the radio operator. He was holding his hand up and watching the pilot. Suddenly he brought his hand down. I yelled, "Go, Ricco!"

Ricco tumbled out the door. The cord hooked onto the static line jerked his chute open.

Lieutenant Davis froze right in the doorway. "Go, man!" McCall yelled. "Go, go, go!" He shoved against Lieutenant Davis with his shoulder and they fell out the door together.

I fell out, drawing up my legs. The

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chute cracked open. I had been falling head down, and when I jerked upright I bit the inside of my mouth. Down below I saw Ricco hit and roll over and spill the air out of his chute. McCall and the lieutenant were so close together that McCall's feet were touching the top of the lieutenant's chute canopy. Lieutenant Davis hit, but he didn't spill the air out of his chute. It began to drag him. I didn't see what happened to McCall. I was too busy. I hit hard and rolled over about four times before I got the air out of my chute.

I got up and walked over to Lieutenant Davis. He was lying on his back and McCall was kneeling beside him. "On your feet, Lieutenant," I said.

"I broke something. My right leg."

McCall flexed the lieutenant's leg, making it bend naturally at the knee. He took the lieutenant's foot in his hand and bent it back and forth. Sweat broke out on the lieutenant's forehead and he breathed heavily.

"Any pain there?"

"Yes," Lieutenant Davis hissed.

"Fractured your ankle," McCall told him.

The first thing I thought about was that boy who had to have an operation. What'll we do now, I thought. I yelled, "Ricco! Over here!"

Ricco dropped the crate of medical supplies and walked over to where McCall and I were standing. "The lieutenant's busted his ankle," I said. "You've got to pack him into the hut."

McCall and I picked up the lieutenant. He was cold and hurt, and he didn't say anything. Ricco stooped down and we put the lieutenant on his back. McCall and I carried one of the crates toward the hut.

There wasn't much to the station, just the radar installation and the hut where the five men who operated it lived. A master sergeant was standing outside. I guessed he'd been the one who waved at us when we made the drop. McCall and I went in and put the crate on the floor. Lieutenant Davis was lying on a table and Ricco was just standing there.

WE HAD to cut the lieutenant's boot off and half his pant leg. He said, "Take—it—easy," like that, with his teeth clenched. His face looked yellow, almost waxy. His ankle was swollen and badly bruised. You could see all the ruptured blood vessels near the surface of the skin.

He's not going to be able to operate, I thought. Not now he isn't. "Sir, is there some morphine among the supplies?" I said. "Do you want some?"

"No," he said. "I've got to—" He started to sit up, but he didn't. "Who's in charge?"

The master sergeant said, "I am, sir."

"Where's your officer?"

"We don't have any. We're waiting for a replacement."

The lieutenant put his hand over his eyes. "Open those crates. McCall, take the patient's temperature. Get some blood for a count."

"Ricco, get the other crate," I said.

McCall began prying the lid off the crate we'd carried in. The master sergeant said, "Lieutenant, do you think you can do anything for that boy?" I could tell he was thinking the soldier might die.

"The microscope isn't here," McCall said.

Ricco came in with the other crate. McCall started ripping the lid off. "Here it is," he said. He put the microscope on the table. Then he handed me a white enameled pan with a thermometer and some other stuff. "You bring that," he said. "I might need you to help."

The master sergeant led us back through the kitchen. On the other side of that was a room with some bunks. It was dark. The master sergeant snapped on a flashlight.

THE boy was lying on a bunk, wrapped in a blanket. He looked like he was about seventeen. He was lying doubled up, retching.

McCall put the thermometer in the boy's mouth, pricked his thumb and squeezed a drop of blood on a glass slide. "You're going to be okay," he said.

"Thanks, Doctor," the boy said.

We went back into the other room. I had to sit down. I was scared and feeling a little sick myself. McCall said, "It's a hundred and one and five-tenths, and he's nauseous." He put the slide in the microscope and bent over it. "Count's eighteen thousand," he said after a while.

The lieutenant moistened his lips. His face was drawn, his color still wasn't good. "Sergeant, when did he first complain of pain?"

"Well, it was yesterday afternoon."

"Did he take any medicine, any laxative or anything like that?"

"Last night he did. About half a bottle."

Lieutenant Davis put his hands flat on the table and pushed himself into a sitting position. Sweat broke out on his forehead when he did that. "There's some gauze among the supplies," he said. "McCall, if you bind my ankle. Perhaps with support I can stand."

I helped Ricco look for the gauze. McCall had to have scissors and tape, too. The lieutenant sat on the table with his leg hanging off and told McCall how to crisscross the gauze around his ankle. McCall made a bandage that looked like a boot.

"Help me," the lieutenant said.

Ricco and I put our hands under his arms. The lieutenant couldn't put any weight on his right foot. He could stand on his good foot, holding onto the edge of the table.

"Slide that chair over here," he said.

The lieutenant tried resting his knee on the chair seat. That way he had both hands free. It was an awkward position and an awful strain on him. "I can't," he said. "Not long enough."

I helped him sit down. "Sir, I'll send a message to the major. He'll have to send someone else."

"That appendix will rupture before anyone else can get here," Lieutenant Davis said. "If it ruptures, the infection will spread; and then it may not be just a matter of removing the appendix, but part of the intestine too."

The master sergeant said, "Well, somebody's got to do something."

The lieutenant looked at McCall. "Have you ever seen anybody do an appendectomy?"

"The only reason I haven't is because the major made you the surgical assistant instead of me," McCall said. "If he'd kept his promise—"

"Do you know anything about it at all?" the lieutenant asked.

"Well, I read about it in a book."

"It's a simple operation if you do it now," the lieutenant said. "If we wait and the appendix ruptures it'll be too complicated. It's now or never, McCall. Do you think you can do it if I direct you?"

"What's the matter, McCall?" Ricco burst out. "No guts?" Ricco was more worried than any of us because he

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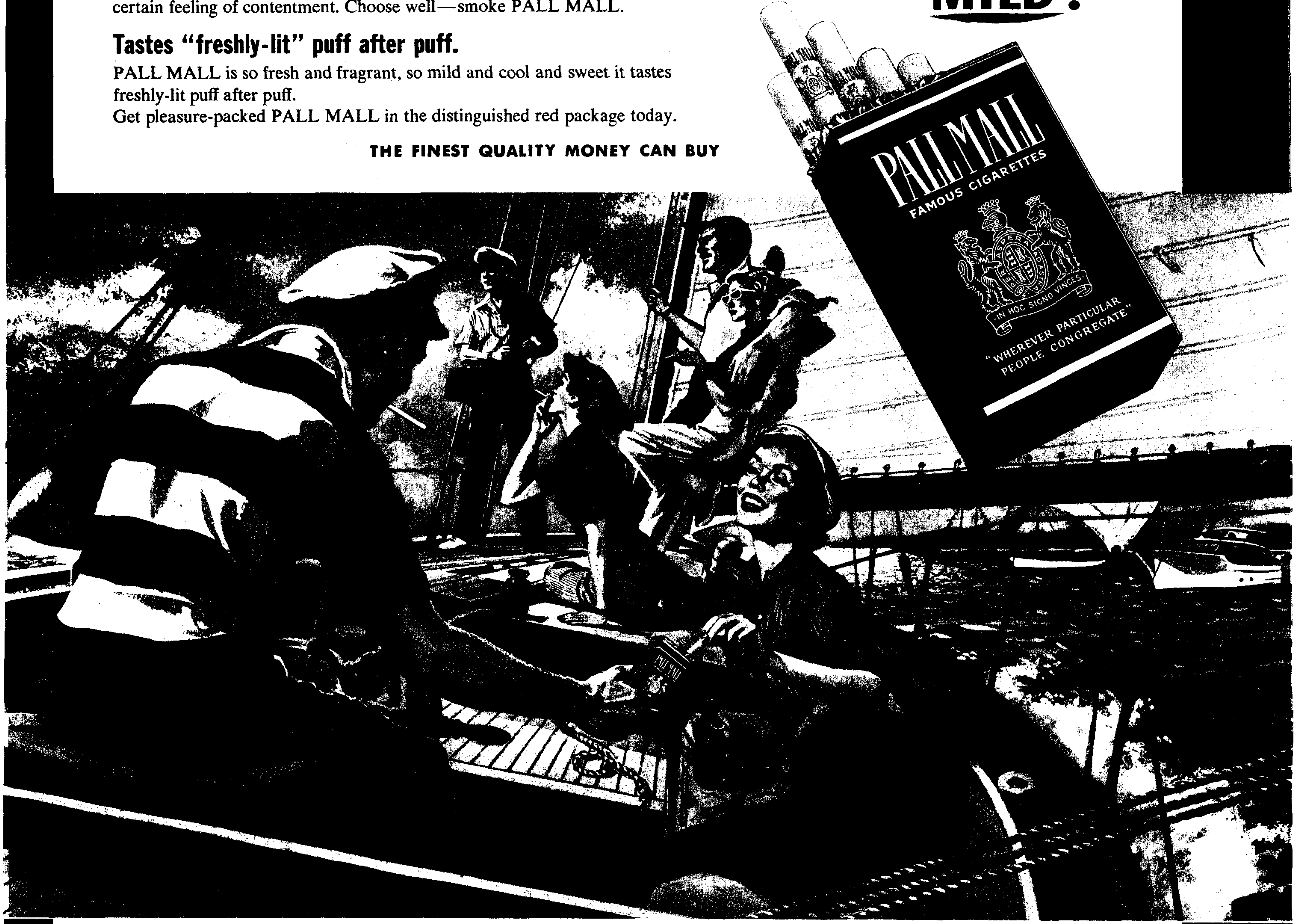

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really did have a fear of operations. Things like that made him sick, even to hear about them. "You been going around all the time telling us what a big medical brain you are. Well, where's your guts now?"

"Listen, Ricco, I can do it," McCall said. I don't think he meant that. It was just the kind of thing you say when you're angry.

"Then let's see you," Ricco said. "Let's see if you got the guts."

"Set up the operating table," the lieutenant said. "Put the sterilizer and the instruments on the table. We'll need a basin to scrub in. Don't open any of the sterile packages until I tell you." He looked at the master sergeant. "Have you got a mirror?"

"Yes, sir. In our latrine."

"Take it out of the frame and bring it here. I want just the glass. Sterilize it with alcohol. McCall, give the patient a quarter grain of morphine."

THE lieutenant sat with his eyes closed until the master sergeant and McCall came back. Then he said, "I'll sit in the chair at the patient's head. The sergeant will hold the mirror so I can see into the incision. McCall will make the incision and remove the appendix. Corporal, you can assist him. Ricco will give the ether."

"Do I have to?" Ricco said, looking scared.

"Don't worry, I'll tell you exactly what to do," Lieutenant Davis said. "Remember, no one does anything until I tell him. McCall, get the instruments."

McCall put the instrument case in the lieutenant's lap. The lieutenant looked up at me. "Corporal, you'll lay these out in the order McCall will use them. First the knife. Then the retractors—these are the retractors. Then the hemostats—these are hemostats. Sponges, and some carbolic and alcohol for a cautery. For the sutures you'll first give McCall plain catgut, then chromic catgut and silk catgut. Got that?"

"I think so, sir."

"McCall, you'll make what is known as a mid-rectus incision," Lieutenant Davis said. "It will be two inches to the right of the umbilicus and four inches long. I'll paint a line on the patient with a swab where I want you to make it."

McCall nodded.

"You'll hold the skin back on either side with retractors. The corporal will assist you. Then you cut through the upper fascia. It's the tissue around the muscle. After that you separate the muscle in layers, with the butt of the knife or a hemostat. You slip the retractors farther in. That leaves the lower level of fascia to be cut through. It's attached to the peritoneum. You have to grasp the tissue with two hemostats and raise it to a tension before you cut. Then you're inside the abdomen. Do you know where the appendix is?"

"Where the small and large bowel join," McCall said.

"Yes. If you feel around carefully on the outside of the large bowel, you'll find it."

We all washed our hands and arms and put on the gowns and masks and caps. The master sergeant was the only one who wasn't sterile. He went back to the bunk room and carried the boy in. Ricco put him on the table.

"Start the ether, Ricco," Lieutenant Davis said. "That's right, pour it out."

In a minute or two the lieutenant put his finger on the corner of the soldier's eye. The eyelids closed. The lieutenant waited, then did it again. That time the eyes stayed open.

The lieutenant drew a line on the kid's belly with a swab dipped in iodine. I didn't think I'd ever seen such human-looking skin in my life. "No talking until we're finished. Sergeant, tilt the mirror a bit more toward me. McCall, make the incision."

McCall held out his hand. I put the knife in it, then glanced at Ricco. He was looking at the ceiling. I looked back at what McCall was doing. He was having a hard time.

"You're only scratching him, McCall," the lieutenant said. "Come on, cut. Make the incision." His voice sounded tired and thick. What if something goes wrong now, I thought.

McCall completed the incision through the skin. The lieutenant said, "Now get the retractor in. Keep using the sponges, Corporal."

I looked at McCall as I put the retractor in his hand. There were beads of sweat on his forehead and I could hear him breathing. When he slipped the retractor in, his hand shook.

"Now the second retractor."

McCall was getting sick. His eyes above the mask looked like a whipped dog's. He managed to get the second retractor in. He sounded like he was gagging to me.

"Make the incision through the upper fascia."

Across the operating table from us the master sergeant was holding the mirror and looking at the floor.

"Knife?" McCall hissed.

I put it in his hand. He took a deep breath and made the incision. It took him a long time to get the muscle separated and the retractors slipped farther in. The lieutenant had to talk to him all the time, like he was landing blind. It was so hot in that room, the smell of ether was about to knock me out. I kept using the sponges.

The lieutenant told McCall to cut through the lower fascia and peritoneum. I had to wipe the sweat off McCall's forehead. It was dripping all over the place. He clamped two hemostats on the tissue and raised it. He was breathing like a horse, but he completed the incision.

"Slip the retractors farther in."

McCall wiped his hand nervously across his chest and worked the retractors farther in.

"That's the large bowel," the lieutenant said, looking in the mirror. "Feel carefully with your index finger. Can you find the appendix?"

I WAS watching McCall's face. He kept feeling and he began to look scared. "It's not there," he said.

"It has to be there."

McCall felt again. He was in a panic.

"You've got to find it," the lieutenant said.

"I can't," McCall said. "I can't do it."

"Don't give up now, don't give up."

McCall stumbled back from the operating table, took three or four steps to the wall and leaned his head against it. His shoulders were shaking.

I looked at the lieutenant. His teeth were clenched so hard his jaw muscles were standing out. He stood up on one leg and held my arm. He said, "Sergeant, put down the mirror. Don't touch me, but move my chair closer to the table. Just pick up the chair. Don't touch anything sterile."

The master sergeant moved so fast he almost fell down getting the chair close to the operating table.

The lieutenant rested his right knee on the seat of the chair. The position was a strain on him. He said, "Sponge that. Quick."

I watched him feel for the appendix. He was standing so close to me I could feel the muscle in his leg jumping. "Hemostat," he said. I gave it to him and he used that instead of his finger. We were all breathing hard, and the lieutenant suddenly sighed. "I've got it," he said. "It was behind the large bowel."

He clamped the appendix, tied it, then cut it off and dropped it into the basin. He sutured the lower fascia and peritoneum, and put two sutures in the muscle. But he couldn't keep standing like that. I had to help him sit down.

"McCall," he said, and his voice was husky. "McCall, get over here. You've got to finish up."

McCall turned and faced us. What I could see of his face above the mask was pale and wet-looking. He didn't say anything, but he walked slowly back to the operating table.

LATE that afternoon a Norseman equipped with skis flew the lieutenant and his patient back to our base. Ricco and McCall and I had to wait until the next morning before the Norseman could get back up. I was worried about the operation being a success, and the first thing I asked the pilot was, "How's that kid doing?"

"Haven't heard," the pilot said.

"What do you think, McCall?" I asked. "You think that kid's all right, or you think he'll develop some complication like pneumonia and die?"

"Can't you shut up?" McCall said. "What do you want to worry about something like that for? I got enough on my mind as it is." He really hadn't recovered from the operation.

When we landed we all walked over to the hospital together. Lieutenant Davis was sitting up in bed looking through a magnifying glass at something on the end of a pin. He had a cast on his leg. Betty was looking through the magnifying glass with him.

"Sir, I've got to ask you a question," McCall burst out. "Sir, I want to be a doctor very much, and do you think I can get into medical school with something like this on my record?"

"What record? What do you mean?"

"I mean the way I couldn't find the appendix and got sick."

"Listen, you did what you could," the lieutenant said. "You aren't a doctor, and that appendix wasn't in a normal position. Nothing's going on any record."

McCall still looked upset. "Well, somebody who gets sick probably shouldn't even try to be a doctor."

"No, I remember when I started dissecting. I couldn't eat my lunch at first. After a while I got so I could eat my sandwich right in the lab. You want to be a doctor?"

"After I get out," McCall said. "Yes, sir. But, hell, I'll be an old man by the time I get to med school. I'll be twenty-four. I'm worried about getting in, they're all so crowded."

"Work," the lieutenant said. "You'll get in."

"Say, how's that kid?" I asked.

"He's very good," Betty said. "Stop in and say hello if he isn't asleep."

We walked down the hall to the ward. The kid was lying in one of the beds, but he was asleep. We didn't wake him, of course. Ricco went to the mess hall, and McCall and I started for the barracks.

"I'm telling you," McCall said. "What this outfit needs is more officers like Lieutenant Davis."

"Well, he wasn't too good on the jump."

"That's all right. He got up and found that appendix when he had to, didn't he?"

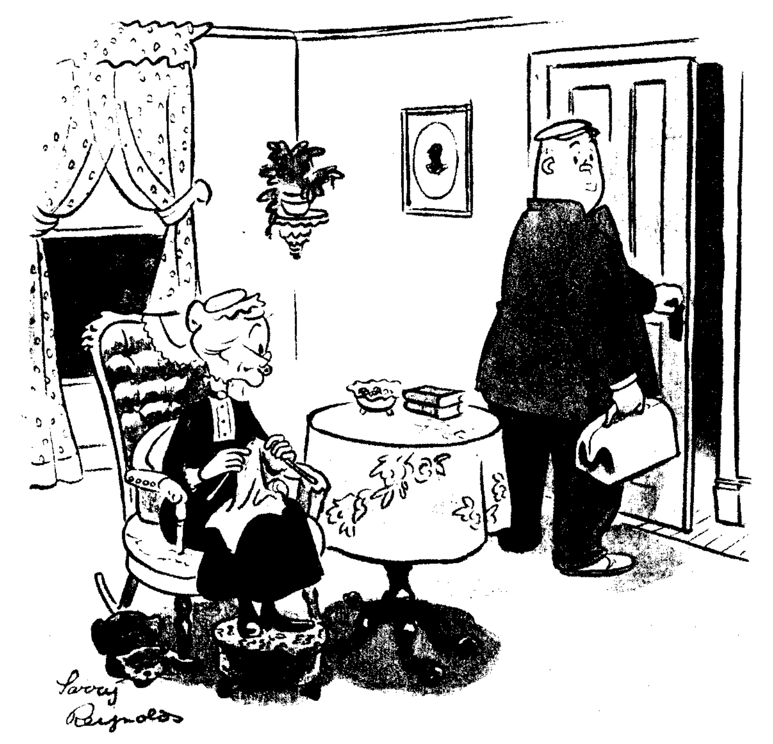
Outside the orderly room we ran into Sommers, the Southern boy who'd been charge of quarters two nights before. He said, "Say, did you guys get up there to that radar station?"

"Yeah," McCall said.

"Well, so what happened?"

"Nothing. We just took out his appendix, that's all." —WALT GROVE

BUTCH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The Doctor with 2,300 Patients a Day

MARTIN HARRIS

Dr. Friedman (l.) and assistant (seated) question some newly arrived immigrants about their medical history

He's public-health inspector at the Port of New York—and he's given swift physical exams to thousands a day for so long that he often can make a diagnosis at a glance

By ROBERT BENDINER

ONE morning in 1907 the British liner Lusitania steamed into New York Harbor. If, by some remote chance, you were among the passengers aboard, before you landed you probably were given a quick once-over by a twenty-four-year-old public-health doctor named Henry M. Friedman. What makes this noteworthy is that if you arrived in the same city last week on the Ile de France, the chances are you got a similar checkup from this same Dr. Friedman—now seventy-two, and known to every ship's captain on the Atlantic as the swiftest, shrewdest diagnostician ever to keep a disease germ from sneaking into the United States.

In the 48 years since he joined what was then called the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, Dr. Friedman has virtually spent his life on the passenger ships that drop anchor daily in the world's biggest port. The "patients" he has seen run to more than a million, ranging from the lowliest stoker in the hold to Winston Churchill. As much as any one individual can, he has protected these shores from the kind of contagion that for centuries has traveled by ship.

How is it possible to check on the health of as many as 2,300 persons in six hours and make sure no suspect travelers get by? Before Dr. Friedman and his men come over the side, they already know the state of public health in the ship's port of origin and all its ports of call. In addition, the doctor talks first with the ship's surgeon, visits the ship's hospital, and looks over the medical records of the voyage. Only then does he inspect the passengers. So quickly do Dr. Friedman and his staff work that travelers are often skeptical that they have been checked at all. "You can tell a lot about people at a glance," says Dr. Friedman—enough, in any case, to decide whether to pass them or hold them for detailed examination.

He notices first their walk. A peculiar gait may indicate a neurological disorder, or even an advanced case of syphilis in which the central nervous system has been damaged. The skin, even more than the walk, is "a very sensitive barometer of disease." Rashes may tip the inspector off to scarlet fever, measles, typhoid fever, typhus, smallpox and a number of other contagious diseases. But color alone is often enough to indicate illness. A flushed face or an unusual pallor are warning signs; so is the apparent state of nutrition.

Foreign diplomats, though aliens, are subject only to Quarantine checkup, not the more thorough immigration examination. But even on this score Dr. Friedman has had trouble from time to time, most recently with Soviet bigwigs. The late Andrei Vishinsky was generally amiable; Foreign Minister Molotov is inclined to be crochety; but the real difficulty stems from the second and third levels of the Communist bureaucracy. He recalls the visiting comrade who, when asked to show an immunization certificate or a vaccination, truculently replied: "I will not." He was a high official, he declared, and could not take orders from a Quarantine inspector. His two subordinates followed suit.

Dr. Friedman calmly excused himself and went about his business. "The man followed me all over the ship, demanding his landing card," the doctor recalls. When he saw this would get him nowhere, he finally submitted, as did his underlings. All three, it turned out, had just been vaccinated.

The most dramatic case in Dr. Friedman's career involved the German liner Hansa, which arrived with 400 passengers one day in 1939. The ship's doctor had certified there was no contagion aboard. When Dr. Friedman arrived, he was again assured there was "no sickness at all." As usual, however, he proceeded to the infirmary, only to find it locked. There were no patients, he was told, and the doctor didn't happen to have the key on him.

When the usually even-tempered Dr. Friedman threatened to have the door broken down, a key was produced, and he was admitted. The hospital was full of seamen, many obviously very ill, some of them dying. Merely a mild cyanide poisoning, the result of fumigating, the German doctor explained—nothing worth talking about. To Dr. Friedman it looked more like typhoid fever. It was, and the victims were not all in the ship's hospital. Some were discovered on deck, wrapped up and posed as sunning passengers. Others were feebly waiting on table. In all, there were 87 cases of typhoid aboard.

Subsequent investigation showed that the captain and the doctor of the Hansa had conspired to conceal the epidemic because the ship was scheduled to pick up 1,000 passengers for the return trip. Delay would have meant a sizable financial loss. "Anyway," the captain was reported to have said, "those stupid American doctors won't know the difference."

The Hansa was forced to refit as a hospital ship and take its sick crew back to Hamburg. It was six months before the ship was allowed to reenter New York. When it did, it had a new captain and a new surgeon.

If there is anything that gives Dr. Friedman visible satisfaction it is that he has seen his job pay off in the almost total absence of shipborne contagion in the Port of New York. "I have often been tempted late at night or early in the morning to let some small thing slip by," he said recently, in a mood expansive for him, "and many's the time I've been glad that I didn't yield to that temptation."

Then the Public Health Service's senior surgeon, who last March was named "Waterfront Man of the Year," repeated his abiding rule: "Nobody, but nobody, escapes being seen."

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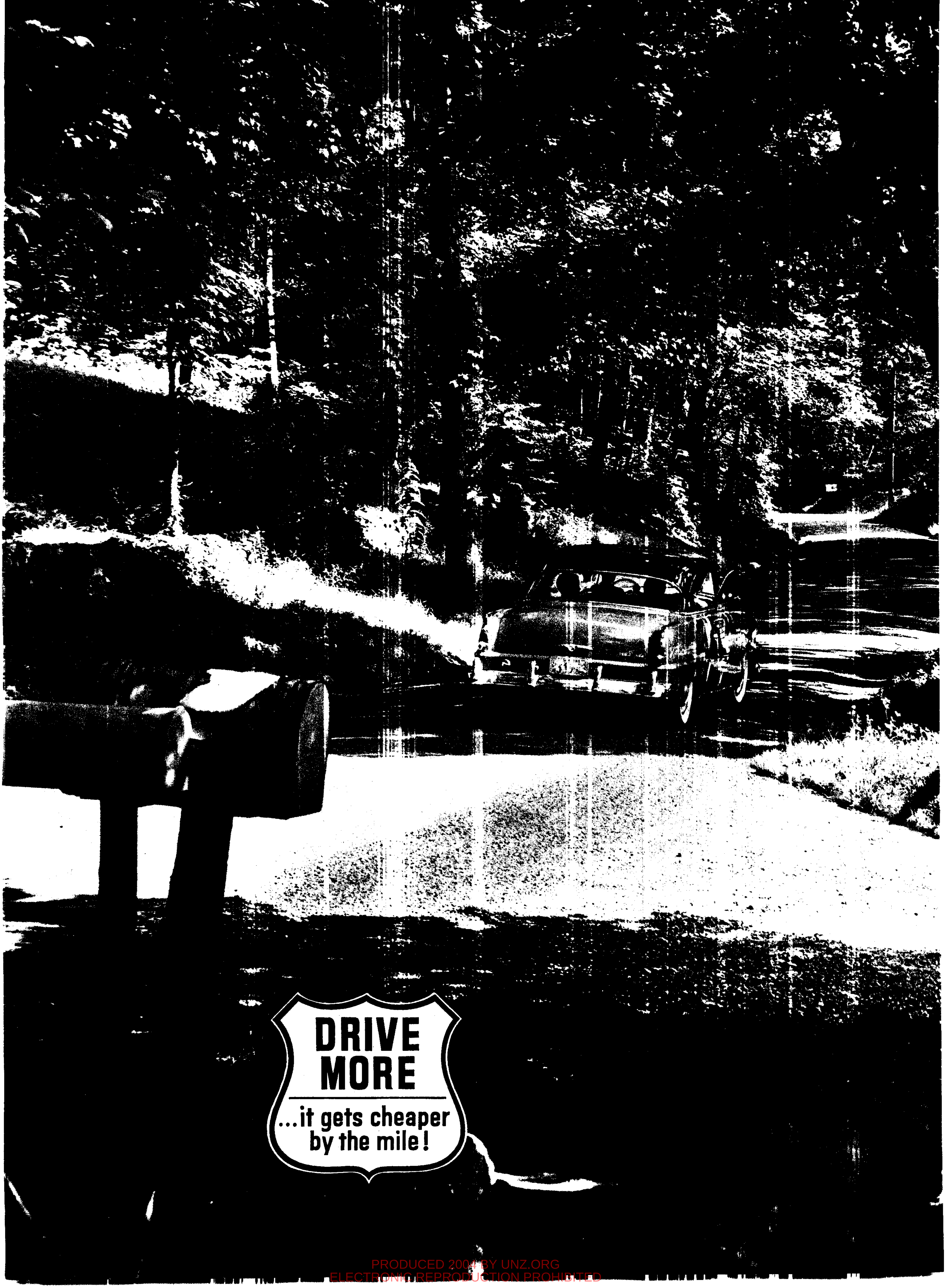
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LOS ANGELES TIMES

Jim Decker, UCLA, goes 24 yards in 1954's key Maryland game—which Sanders feels he won by smart preparation. Teams play again this year

By HENRY (RED) SANDERS with MELVIN DURSLAG

UCLA Head Coach

On September 24th UCLA meets Maryland in the first make-or-break game of the year. But the author, current Coach of the Year, believes that the winner is already decided

JUST about 15 years ago, when I was starting out as head coach of Vanderbilt University, I addressed my first football alumni group. The school had, and still has, a policy of not playing for matchsticks, so it behooved me to look and talk like a smart fellow or keep on moving.

Trying to wind up my speech on an erudite note, I tossed in that delightful wheeze, ". . . But in conclusion, gentlemen, let me remind you that irrespective of anything that is said and written, football games are still won on Saturday afternoon between the hours of two and four thirty. And that's when our Vanderbilt team will prove its mettle."

Actually, as I found out several defeats later, I couldn't have made a more stupid observation. Experience was to show me that football games are merely played on Saturday afternoon. It's what goes on before that decides whether you win or lose.

Sure, I realize that a missed signal, a high pass from center, a fumbled punt can hurt a team's chances. But it is my honest opinion that most of the time such breaks do not influence the outcome of the game. Far more important are your planning and the habits developed in practice.

On the first of September, at the University of California at Los Angeles, where I am in my seventh year as coach, we started our regular fall practice. We had a rather tough problem this time, that of replacing seven starting linemen and two starting backs from last year's team. For both players and coaches, this meant considerable work. There were certain athletes to be converted from one position to another, certain characteristics of new opponents to be studied, and, of course, more drill on those popular old stand-bys, blocking and tackling.

A Team That Didn't Count on Luck

Our purpose, primarily, was to come into our opening game so solidly prepared that we wouldn't have to count on luck to win it. We were trying to develop not just nine players to replace our regulars of last year, but a smoothly functioning, tightly knit squad of thinking athletes to carry us through the season.

We sounded no warnings, posted no clippings in the dressing room during practice to fire up our team for any single game this year. With the schedule we're facing—the stiffest in UCLA's history—that would be suicide. We play intersectional games with Texas A&M, Maryland and Iowa, which may be three of the best teams in the country. In addition, we play seven other games, with Southern California, Stanford and California among our opponents.

I'm not complaining; actually, preseason talk that's favorable or unfavorable to my team never bothers me. In fact, if you will examine the Los Angeles newspapers of last year, you will find that I went on record as picking UCLA to win the Pacific Coast Conference championship. I also predicted we would have the best team in the school's history, which we did. We went undefeated and untied and, depending upon which poll you read, either we or Ohio State was the No. 1 team in the nation. I also managed to come out of the struggle as Coach of the Year, an honor which, unlike a Nobel prize, carries no cash award, but does assure

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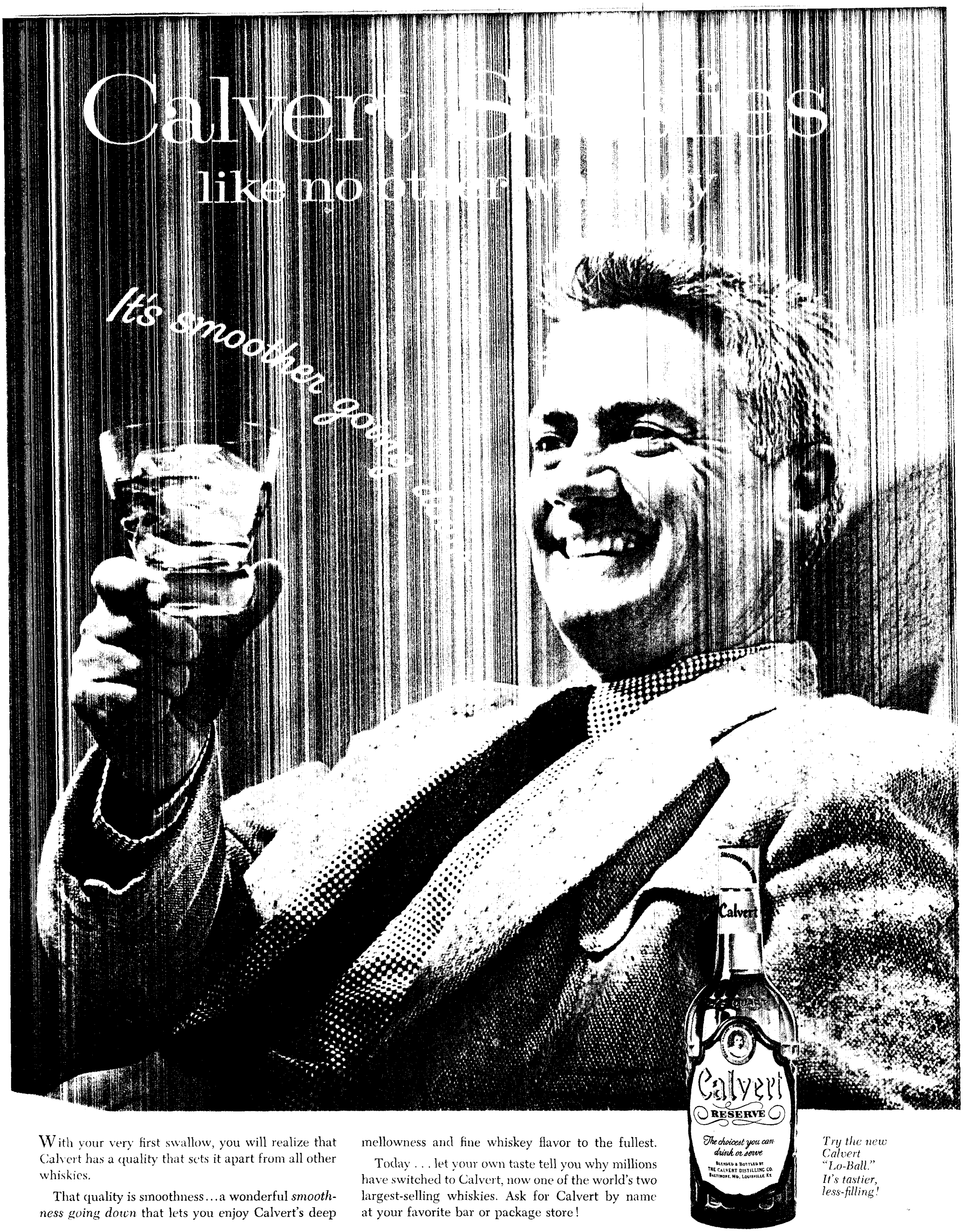
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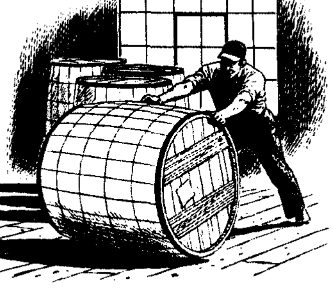

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Once play starts, says Sanders, the coach can't s

you of a lot of free meals in the veal-cutlet and creamed-chicken banquet league.

I have been especially careful to pick this time—while I'm still a winner—to go around talking like an expert. By November my views may pack considerably less authority. But whether UCLA comes out on top or bottom, the result of each game will largely depend upon what has happened during the previous days, weeks or months.

The "Inside" on the 1954 Game

On September 24th we will be playing the University of Maryland in a game which we feel will be one of our make-or-break efforts in 1955, just as it was in 1954. Obviously, I can't disclose our battle preparations for Maryland this year, but let me tell you about last year's game. Some purist will no doubt point out that it wasn't played on Saturday afternoon, either—it took place on Friday night. But Friday or Saturday, I feel the game was essentially decided before the opening kickoff.

For the most part, we had but four days in which to get ready, while Maryland had ten. Jim Tatum, the Maryland coach, admitted frankly that he had left the weekend before the game open to give his team additional time to prepare for us. Although I say we had four days "for the most part" to get ready, we actually had begun to draw a bead on Maryland as early as spring practice. Our players, however, weren't aware of it at the time.

Under the guise of drilling against the split-T formation in general for the 1954 season, our coaches set up scrimmage specifically against a Maryland-type attack. The purpose was twofold. First, football players, like elephants, are mostly creatures of habit. Those who don't react to situations instinctively must learn by repetition to react mechanically. Second, I felt that if we could stop Maryland's split-T, we could stop anyone's.

When spring practice ended. I began my usual summer lecture tour of the clinics. From place to place about the country, I was amused (though I laughed with tears in my eyes) to find Maryland assistant coaches in my audiences. Tatum had sent them to the clinics presumably to learn as much as possible about the UCLA single wing. There was nothing unethical about this. In fact, I would call Tatum very forehanded.

But I was working, too. At the clinics I quietly pumped other coaches who had played Maryland in the last few years and gathered some valuable notes. One piece of information, which I will tell you about presently, was to prove highly important in UCLA's win.

On the Sunday prior to the Maryland game, I called a staff meeting to go over the scouts' reports. We had sent three men to look at Maryland in its opener against Kentucky. Maryland won 20-0 and our scouts came home impressed. We had an unmistakably tough team to beat.

Now before us, as we sat in our staff meeting, was the top-secret "G-2" document which we compile about every opponent, mimeograph, and distribute to our players. Our Maryland book was about as thick as a telephone directory for a city of 200,000. There were page after page of diagrams of Maryland plays, a complete dossier on the ability and playing characteristics of every man on the Maryland team, and probability charts of the Maryland offense.

Here is the chart on Maryland's run and pass customs, based on five games in 1953 and the opener against Kentucky in 1954:

	Runs	*Passes*
From their goal to 20	24	3
From their 20 to 40	48	20
From their 40 to opponent 40	52	31
From opponent 40 to 20	41	23
From opponent 20 to goal	37	8

"This would indicate," the report said, "that Maryland does not prefer to pass back of its 20 or inside the opponent's 20. Its favorite passing zone seems to be from its 40 to the opponent's 20."

Under the heading, "Left-half running plays," our G-2 report on Maryland showed notations such as this: "The left-half quick trap is one of their most dangerous plays. They utilize this trap as a long gainer and will run it in plus territory, too. Look for it on first and ten or more, and on second and seven or more."

Generally, our scouts had described Maryland as an outstanding running team, fair at passing and outstanding on defense, particularly against an air attack. The Maryland secondary had intercepted five Kentucky passes, two of which were converted into touchdowns.

So the first thing we discussed at our Sunday meeting was the advisability of passing. Kentucky had a better passing game than we did and couldn't throw against Maryland. We decided not even to try. How, then, were we going to score? We concluded that the game measured up basically as a defensive match in which it might be best to play it safe and try to outlast them. We decided to shoot almost entirely with a tight ground attack and gamble as little as possible. It is my feeling, anyway, that a coach should gamble in football only when he has a weak team. Last year we had a solid one.

Before our meeting ended late that night, we analyzed Maryland personnel, man by man. For this, we turned again to our G-2 report. Maryland's star fullback, Dick Bielski, for example, had this entry after his name:

"One of the great fullbacks in the country. His legs are tremendous and he runs with great power. He's a human battering ram and Maryland rates him above their All-America fullback of 1951, Ed (Big Mo) Modzelewski. In their spring game against an all-pro line, Bielski averaged eight yards per carry in eleven tries. Last year, he kicked three field goals, one for 47 yards and another for 41."

About Maryland's top left halfback, Ron Waller, the G-2 report said: "Plays left half on offense and defense. A real 10-flat runner with a fancy change of pace. Waller is Maryland's number one threat for a long TD run from scrimmage, kickoff or punt return. They like to run him on the reverse from the flanker position. He will throw the running pass to the end."

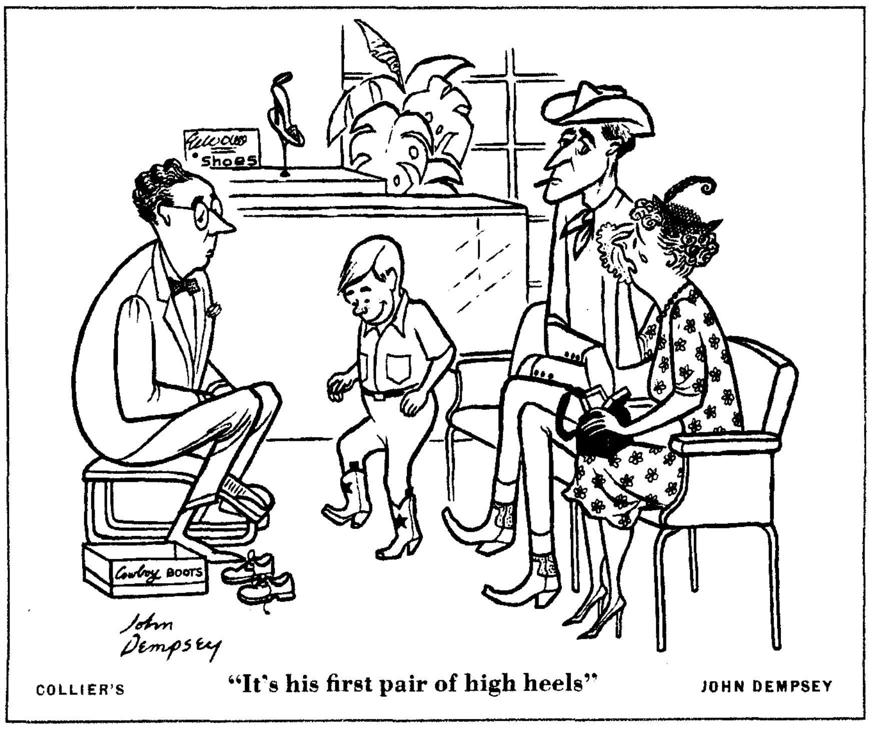
About a certain lineman, however, the report wasn't quite so frightening: "Charges well on defense, but is comparatively easy to trap. Kentucky did it several times."

Split-T Bread-and-Butter Plays

Our preliminary work now finished, we opened practice for Maryland on Monday by setting up a defense against the bread-and-butter plays of the split-T formation—the optional runs and pitchouts. On these operations, the quarterback, or "keeper," moves laterally along the line of scrimmage and either retains the ball or pitches out to a halfback, or "trailer." For a defense against such plays, some teams let their end take his choice of going for the keeper or the trailer. If the quarterback works the play perfectly, the end is caught in between.

Our defensive plan was different. Our line-backer (on either side) was definitely assigned to the quarterback on every optional pitchout play, and our end was assigned to the trailing halfback. This eliminated the guesswork. Each man knew his job.

At our coaches' meeting on Tuesday morning, we made our most important decision of the year—to switch the



COLLIER'S "It's his first pair of high heels" JOHN DEMPSEY signal calling from our tailback, Primo Villanueva, to our blocking quarterback, Terry Debay. It was the first time since I had begun coaching that I had asked anyone other than my tailback to call signals. We made the change for two reasons. First, Debay struck us as a man who thrived on responsibility; and second, Villanueva seemed the type who would handle his assignments more coolly without the pressure of signal calling. On the strength of his job in the Maryland game, Debay called signals the rest of the season—and Villanueva became a far better tailback.

Special Defense Against Bielski

We did considerable defensive work with our guards on the practice field Tuesday afternoon, preparing them for the power and trap plays of Bielski up the middle. In the defense we planned for Maryland, the guards were our only linemen who were going to remain stationary on every play. Their primary target was Bielski, and they were to tackle him every time he popped through, whether they thought he had the ball or not.

Most of the practice on Wednesday was devoted to pass defense. Although they are a pure split-T team, Maryland throws the ball more than most other split-T teams. Working from our G-2 book, we simulated situations from places on the field where Maryland was most likely to pass and took great pains with our secondary. We worked especially hard against the running pass, which G-2 informed us halfback Waller was apt to throw to the end. We also followed our custom of concentrating on a forcing game in which we would rush the kicker, harass the passer and generally try to induce our opponent to make mistakes.

On Thursday, the day before the game, we simply loosened up for 30 minutes and spent the rest of our time with a chalk talk and oral review. I also called aside quarterback Debay for a conference on offense. I reminded him that we were going to play it snug against Maryland and instructed him to use mostly power stuff, spins and traps by the fullback and optional run-pass plays by the tailback in which the man with the ball held it and ran. Above all, I told Debay to lay off the passes, but to throw one or two early in the game so as not to give away our hand.

Now there was nothing more I could do. To a large extent, I felt that the game already was either won or lost. On the field, Debay would have the full responsibility of directing the action. You'd be surprised how little control the coach has once the game gets under way. He can send in substitutes and plays, but is only faintly conscious of what's happening on the field. That's mainly because he can't see—he has the worst seat in the stadium. Besides, there is no such thing as a side-line genius.

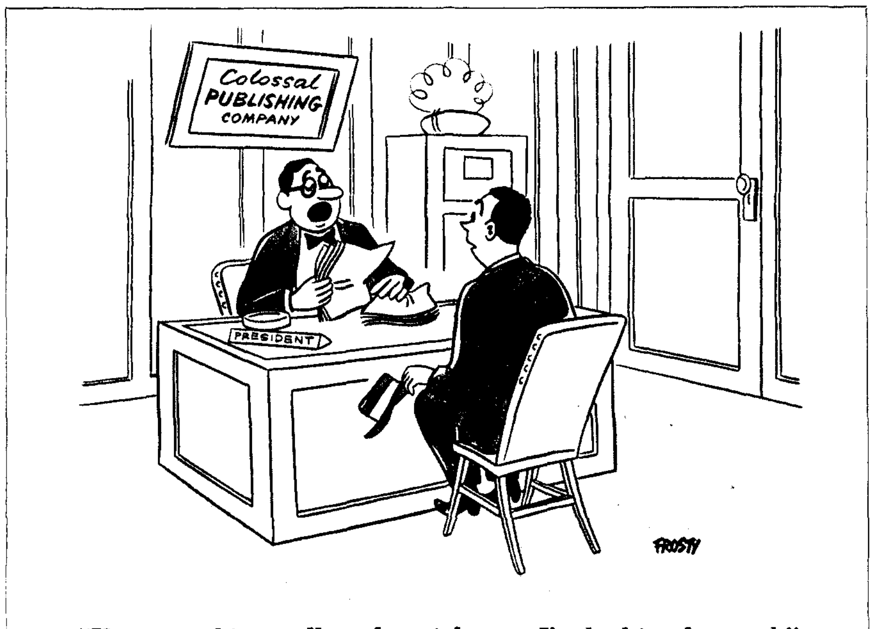
The UCLA-Maryland game in Los Angeles Coliseum drew almost 75,000 fans. It was the top game of the week and probably one of the biggest of the season. It didn't take more than the flip of the coin to let me know we were in for a tough night. Although winning the toss, Maryland elected to kick off, something you rarely see in football these days, especially on a perfect field. Tatum, too, was going to play it snug.

After returning the kickoff to our own 30, we moved in 10 plays to the Maryland 19, where we lost the ball on downs. Debay was following instructions to the letter, even calling for one pass and one fake pass to divert suspicion on the part of Maryland that we intended to run all night.

The Fumble That Led to a TD

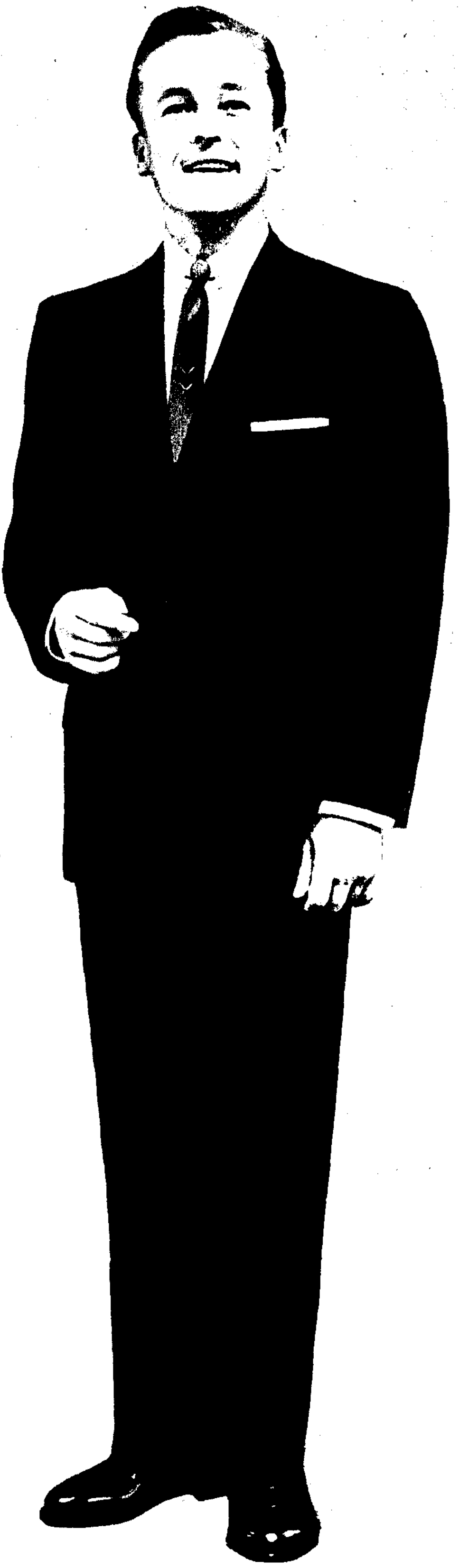
Maryland couldn't advance with the ball and called for a punt on third down, the first of five third-down kicks it was to call in the game. The kicker, however, fumbled the pass from center and we recovered on the Maryland 10-yard line. After two smacks at the line, we had a 6-0 lead.

In the second quarter, Dick Bielski pounded away steadily at our guards, but they kept their posts and held him to only small gains. At the same time, Maryland was cleverly setting up the running pass by Waller, sending him wide on pitchouts and having him hold the ball. Luckily for us, the pass didn't come until late in the quarter. Waller crossed us by throwing one to the 10-yard line to his right halfback instead



"Your novel is excellent, but right now I'm looking for trash"

COLLIER'S JOHN W. FROST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of his end, but the half ended after the next play and we still managed to sit on our 6-0 lead.

Late in the third quarter, Maryland got a drive going that produced a touchdown early in the fourth and put us in the hole 7-6. The scoring play was a pass from our 11-yard line. According to our G-2 report, this wasn't supposed to happen. Only rarely, said G-2, did Maryland pass back of its own 20, or inside the opponent's 20.

Terrapins Kick on First Down

Now we were in trouble and had to move fast. It was here that pregame planning paid off. A clipping penalty had moved Maryland back to its one-yard line. The Terrapins chose to kick on first down, but we rushed the punter so hard, an integral part of our strategy, that he sliced one out of bounds on the 15. Two plays later, we had third and five to go on the 10-yard line.

Earlier in the week, I had told Debay of the piece of intelligence I had picked up at the summer clinic. Someone had informed me a tip was circulating about the Maryland camp that, inside the opponent's 20-yard line, UCLA never gave the ball to the tailback on the fullback-spin series. In other words, according to the tip, when our fullback spun, he either kept the ball or handed off on a reverse to the wingback.

As I intimated before, Debay is nobody's sap. From the 10-yard line in this critical predicament, he promptly called for the fullback to spin and then hand off to tailback Villanueva. The maneuver caught Maryland by surprise and Villanueva ran to the one for a first down. We bucked it over and won the ball game 12-7.

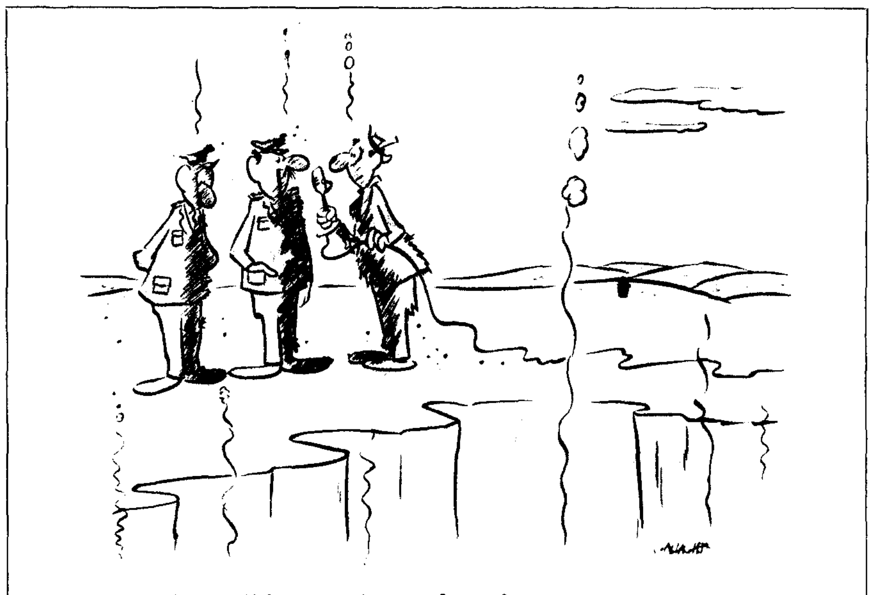
There have been times, however, when our planning hasn't worked out so well. In our 1953 game against Stanford, we had to face a quarterback named Bobby Garrett, one of the finest college passers I've ever seen. In devising our defensive plans, we decided that we could hold Stanford's running with a five-man line, thus releasing six people to work in the secondary against Garrett's passes. I learned a good lesson that day, one I'll never forget. Secondary coverage alone cannot stop a good passer. He must be rushed forcefully. Garrett completed 18 passes, not one of which was behind us. They were all hooks, spots and shorties in front. Our defenders didn't touch the ball even once during the game, and Stanford, the underdog, beat us 21-20 for our only loss of the season.

Sometimes, your pregame planning can backfire in another way. In 1953, I had been lecturing all season that nothing in football is more demoralizing than having a punt blocked, unless it's having the ball stolen. Anticipating a close game with Michigan State in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, 1954, we had worked extremely hard on punt protection, maybe even overdoing it. We were leading 14-0 late in the second quarter when someone missed an assignment and Ellis Duckett, the Michigan State end, crashed through to block our punt. He picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown. That punt was the only one I've had blocked since I've been coaching collegiate football. We still led at the half 14-7, but our rhythm had now been broken and we eventually lost 28-20. Perhaps if punt protection had not been emphasized so strongly in our battle plan, the emotional impact of that blocked kick wouldn't have been so powerful.

Some sports writers credited Michigan State's win to Biggie Munn's sentimental locker-room speech during halftime when he informed his boys that this was his last game as a coach. He had decided to accept the job as Michigan State director of athletics.

UCLA Coaches Taboo Speeches

Maybe Munn's tugging-at-the-heart-strings approach did the trick for him, but somehow you never hear about the times such speeches are made during games that are *lost.* At UCLA, we try to avoid speeches of any kind. We never give pep talks on the practice field nor fight talks in the dressing rooms. Nor do we go in for signs or slogans. We try to approach football with all the cold logic of a merchandising campaign. We have no superstitions. We don't fight for the psychological advantage of being the underdog and we aren't worried by preseason predictions in the newspapers



"Well, I'd say we've gathered some very pertinent data from these A-bomb tests. For one thing, don't stand too close"

COLLIER'S JOHN GALLAGHER

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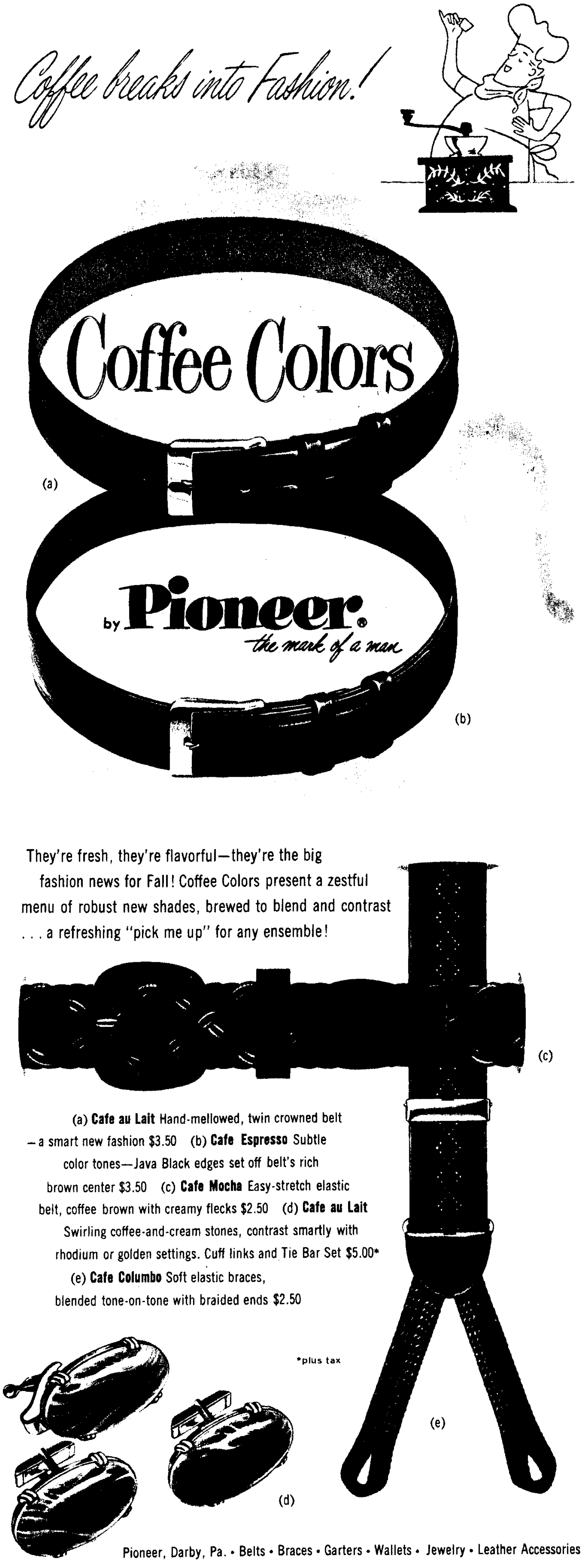

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and magazines. We never use "gimmicks," such as mud cleats, breakaway jerseys and handwarmers, and we have no special strategy for rain, heat and artificial lighting. Coaches who try to be cagey and make allowances for these things usually louse up their teams more often than they help them.

What we try to do is to reduce the game to its simplest form in which all factors other than preparation and execution are minimized or eliminated. We place our highest premiums on the development of good habits through repetition, and on good planning based on sound intelligence.

The Accent Is on Confidence

Mind you, I don't claim that spirit isn't important in football. I just don't believe that genuine spirit can be built superficially. A well-prepared team develops confidence, and, from confidence, spirit comes in quantity.

In trying to create a winning attitude at UCLA, we want our players to feel a sense of pride and responsibility. We have no curfew or training rules. When the boys leave the practice field, they are entirely on their own. There is no penalty if a player misses practice, either. If a boy is ill, has a late lab, or wants to keep a dental appointment, he is allowed to take the day off without specified permission. Under this arrangement, it's amazing how few boys miss even a single day of practice. We have never had to kick a player off the squad, or even warn one for taking advantage of this rule.

While we may seem liberal in certain respects, we aren't so broad-minded in others, particularly when it comes to the physical aspects of playing football. An average of 70 players turn out for practice each year at UCLA. We usually wind up with a squad of 40 or less, the smallest in the Pacific Coast Conference. We don't "cut" the others. They are relegated to the "Redshirts" —junior varsity—which scrimmage the varsity during the season. Actually, we could carry more people on our varsity, as other schools do, but we don't believe in picking players simply to fill up the bench. We aren't in favor of penalizing worthy athletes by playing unworthy ones purely through courtesy.

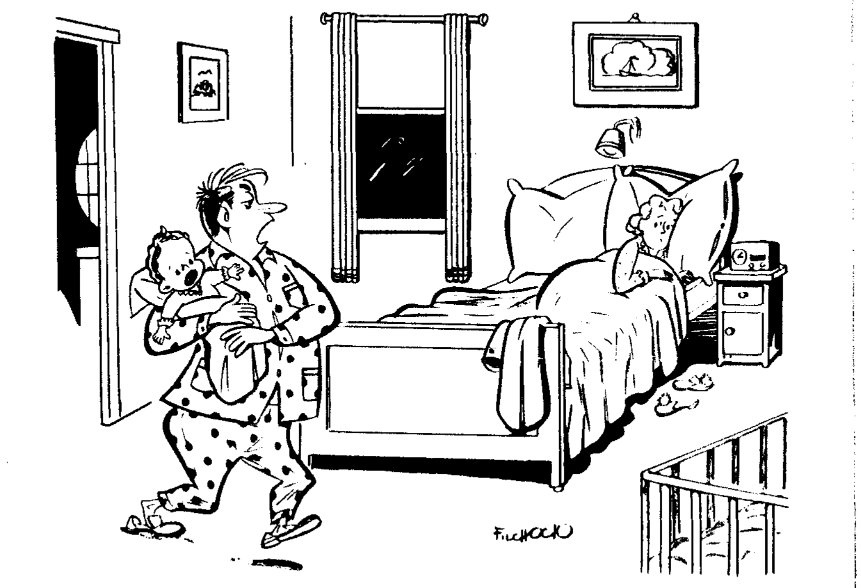
I have had my share of criticism from people who have regarded my thinking on the game and my treatment of personnel as somewhat cold-blooded. They point out that college football is still a game for boys who can be handled by methods less businesslike. To this I merely answer that a coach in big-time football these days fulfills his obligation to his employer only by winning as often as possible in a manner consistent with the rules. As far as the public is concerned, it doesn't ask whether a coach is a good guy or a bad one, but how many did he win and how many did he lose.

I feel, similarly, that it is more important to win than to contribute to the happiness of any individual player. This year, for example, I had to shift a fine 215-pound fullback named Don Shinnick to guard. Shinnick, a junior, was a star ball carrier in high school and wanted to remain in the backfield. But this year I had two fullbacks ahead of him and could use him more advantageously in the line. The boy told me honestly that he is interested in playing professional football someday and that this shift could hurt his chances. Reluctantly, I had to answer that my job is building the best possible team at UCLA, not producing players for the pros. Besides, I told him, Bronko Nagurski played tackle as well as fullback at Minnesota.

How Scout's Tip Defeated USC

Good planning in football is largely contingent upon good scouting. Tips from our scouts, seemingly insignificant, have won many games for us. Against Southern California in 1953, our scouts noticed that when USC's top punter, Desmond Koch, was out of the game, the kicker had apparently been told to angle the ball away from opposing safety men to the wide side. We instructed our safety on punting situations to get a head start to the wide side and field the kick on the run. The first time we tried this, our safety returned the ball 39 yards deep into USC territory to set up our first touchdown. Later, a runback of 32 yards put us in position for our second touchdown. We won the game, 13-0.

A scout report was probably responsible for the most effective defensive



"Are you sure it's all right for her to be up this late?"

COLLIER'S MARTIN FILCHOCK

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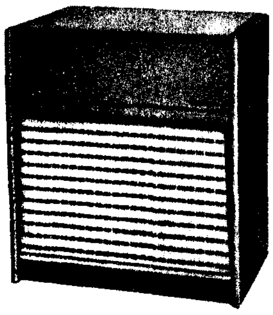

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job we've done since I've been at UCLA. This was the stopping on successive years, 1952 and '53, of Alan (the Horse) Ameche, the Wisconsin fullback and Heisman Trophy winner. Our scouts discovered that on 90 per cent of the Wisconsin plays, Ameche either carried the ball or led the way. This meant that if we met him on every play, we usually would be getting to the core of things, whether he had the ball or not. So in each of the two games we assigned two men to key their movements entirely off Ameche. We stopped Ameche colder than any team he faced in college football. He averaged only 2.2 yards per carry against us in 1952 and 3.7 in 1953. We won both games, but might not have if Wisconsin had tried more passing.

When Players Do Recruiting

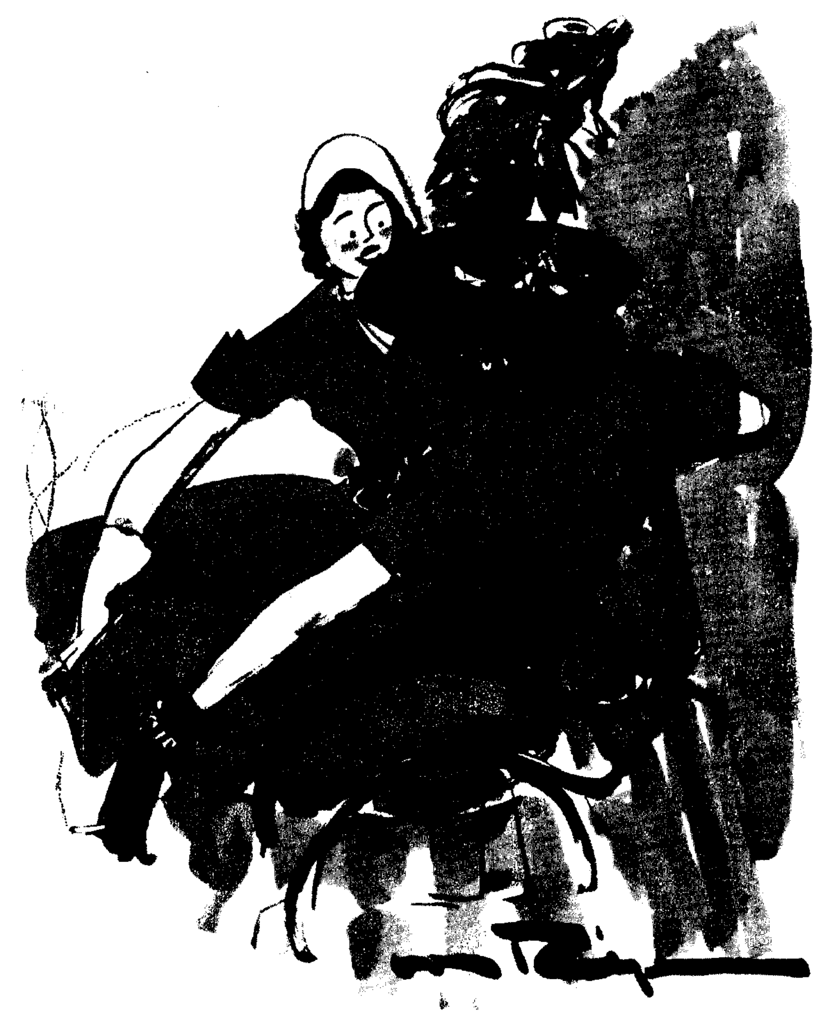
Naturally, no coach can win, either on Saturday or earlier, without a handy commodity called material. I would guess that material, when properly trained, amounts to 85 per cent of the game. In big-time competition, however, everyone has good material. That's why training and planning are so important. Our recruiting method at UCLA is slightly different than at most places in that we turn over a big part of the job to our players. They are the best salesmen I know. They can talk the language of the prospects, explain the setup and convince them that UCLA is their best choice. The last three years or so, the record shows our young recruiters have done a good job.

But, as indicated earlier, I have a few qualms about 1955. Probably the most solid team on the Pacific Coast this year is Southern Cal. It has the physical line strength this season that we had last. I think that Stanford will have the most improved team on the Coast; its freshman crop last year was tops. I would pick UCLA third, but with an excellent chance of landing in the Rose Bowl if we can get the line replacements to build up our defense. Our backfield replacements this year definitely should be stronger.

Meanwhile, I have read some interesting stories in connection with the UCLA-Maryland game on September 24th. They contain quotes from my old pal, Jim Tatum, who may be trying to soften us psychologically for the big rematch. Jim has said, "We were lucky that UCLA didn't beat us by four touchdowns last year. That was the best college team I've ever seen. And I hear they'll be even tougher this year."

There have been other stories out of the East to the effect that Tatum is really "gunning" for us this time. If true, this makes a cozy situation because we're gunning for Tatum too, just as we gun for everyone else.

But Maryland will never beat us in this game through psychology. If we are trimmed, it will be the result of many things that have happened before Saturday. Win or lose, it usually is. THE END



"It was the usual summer romance. We met in the morning, were crazy about each other by noon, spent the afternoon at the beach, and then fell in love with somebody else at the dance that night!"

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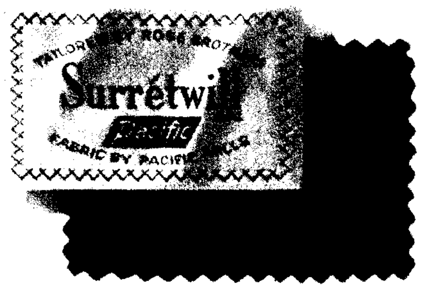

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SINNERS *and* SHROUDS

By JONATHAN LATIMER

Sam Clay's time had run out. When the cops caught him they'd arrest him for murder —unless he could name the real killer

The Story: Circumstantial evidence indicated that Sam Clay, Chicago Globe reporter, was guilty of the murder of Mary Trevor, a society reporter on the paper. In an effort to clear himself before the police nabbed him, Clay hired Amos Bundy, a private investigator; Bundy found that the girl had been raised under the name of Baumholtz in Fort Worth, where many of the Globe's executives came from. Upon the death of her guardian, Esther Baumholtz, she took the name of Trevor—and became suddenly rich; it was hinted she had some tie with Larry Trevor, an Oklahoma bank robber who had terrorized that state in the 1930s. Mary had once told Mrs. Cornelia Gordon, owner of the Globe, that she was having trouble with one of the executives, but she refused to say who. Bundy guessed the girl had been blackmailing someone high up on the Globe. On the night of her death, the girl called Mrs. Gordon twice, once from a night club, when she said she'd left a message with "the mechanical man," and later, just before she was killed, from her apartment. When Clay went to see the girl's boss, Laura Peterkins, who might have information that would help him, he found she too had been killed. Lt. Diffendorf, the detective on the case, was obviously giving Clay time to clear himself, but Sam knew he had to hurry. He told Mrs. Gordon what he'd learned about the girl, and insisted he was innocent; she said she believed him but that it was her duty to turn him in. Clay hit her and ran. As he was escaping from the Globe building, his ex-wife, Alice, met him and gave him a letter from Laura Peterkins, but there was no time to read it—Mrs. Gordon had already sounded an alarm demanding that Sam Clay be held for questioning.

The Last of Four Parts

SAM CLAY walked up Michigan Avenue fast, watching for a taxi, listening to the approaching police sirens and putting distance between him and the Chicago Globe building. It was almost ten o'clock and there weren't any cabs in sight. He came to steps leading down to the lower level of the avenue, the truck level where deliveries were made and cargo was taken off the lake freighters. He went down the steps and into a grubby, neon-lighted stevedores' bar.

There were three tough-looking men standing at the bar, but the booths along the opposite wall were empty. Clay went over to the wall telephone, made a call, and then sat down in a booth and ordered a sandwich and coffee. He opened the envelope Alice had given him as he was running from the Globe building and took out several sheets of paper. The top one was a scrawled note to him from Laura Peterkins—the late Laura Peterkins.

Of course you're not the murderer, Sam, even though you were there—I learned enough from Mary to know that—but I MUST know everything you have learned.

Just can't name names until we talk—the thought so terrible, so repugnant, so impossible!

Yet I'm frightened that it IS true and then what you know and I

"I'm not insane," Peterkins told Clay. "The killer will return soon and this is a trap, an ambush set by Laura and me"

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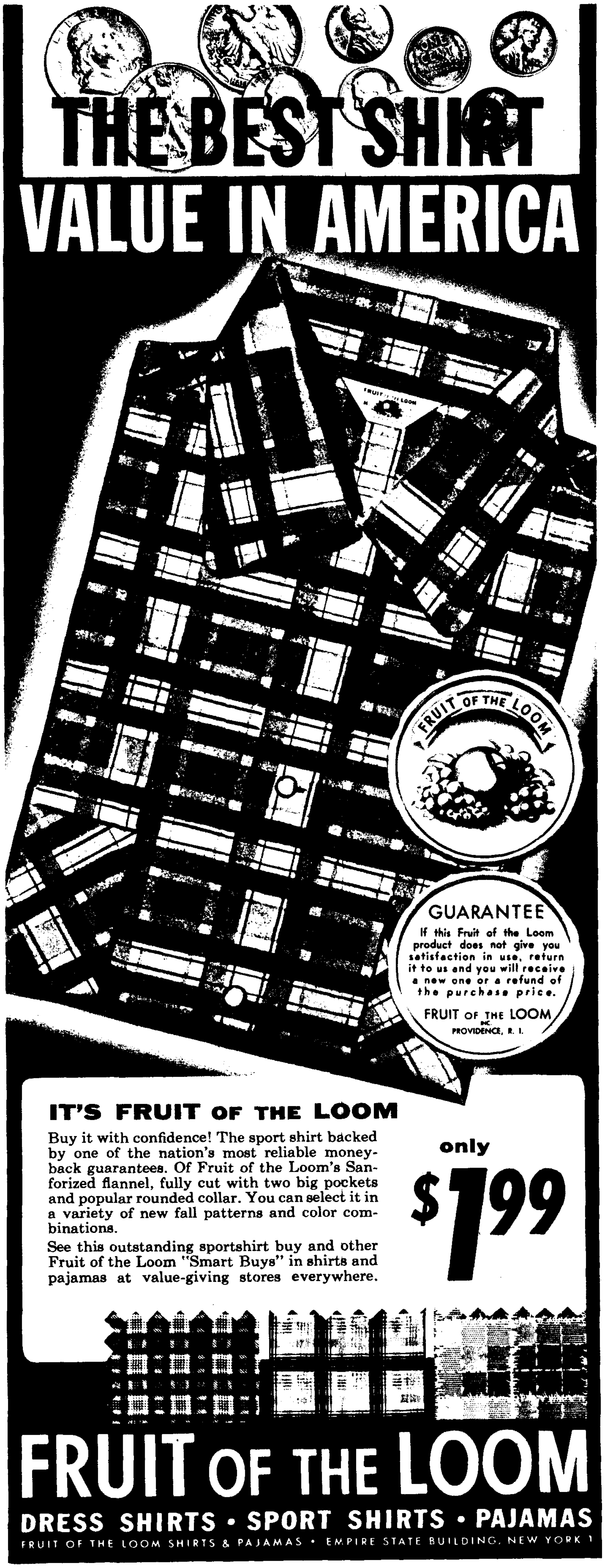

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know and this letter (enclosed) the only evidence. I don't dare keep it—in case! What an awful thought! and I don't dare send it to the office where wrong hands, THE WRONG HAND, might get it.

Your Alice has promised to take it to you—I don't dare keep calling the office for you or go myself and your phone doesn't answer—

Please put it in a safe place and come—Laura

HE READ the note again wondering if she'd been drinking when she wrote it. It didn't make any better sense the second time. What did he know? Nothing. Yet Laura had somehow figured they both possessed the same evidence. And she did know something; otherwise she wouldn't have been killed. He unfolded the other pages. There were three, all part of one letter from the warden of the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. The letter was dated October 3, 1952, which would have been not long before the dead girl had changed her name to Trevor. He read:

Dear Miss Baumholtz:

I regret to have to inform you, in reply to your request to see Larry Trevor, that he died almost two years ago, on November 6, 1950, of a heart attack.

As to the questions you requested me to answer in the event he was no longer alive, I fear I can give you small satisfaction. Most of the information you desire would have had to come from Trevor himself, and as he was an unusually taciturn prisoner, I knew very little about him.

I will take your questions in order. The records show:

He had no visitors in the nineteen years he was here.

He wrote and received no letters.

He had no prison friends.

His body was unclaimed.

He made numerous attempts to escape, the last only a month before his death.

He never revealed the identity of his accomplice, the so-called Hooded Nun.

He never disclosed the hiding place of the money he stole, over $100,000.

So much for the records. He did tell me, when in the prison hospital before his death, that he was married. He told me, if I recall correctly, that the marriage took place in 1931 in Clearcreek, Oklahoma. If you were born in 1932, as you say, it is possible, so far as the time element is concerned, for you to be his daughter, but I am certain he knew nothing of your existence.

At one time he gave me a letter to be posted in the event of his death, but later I destroyed it at his request.

I now recall, having seen your name, that Trevor's letter was addressed to an Edna (or Esther) Baumholtz in Fort Worth, Texas. Could this be the woman who raised you, and who told you that you were his daughter?

There is little more I can add. I was once told by a deputy that Trevor was captured through information supplied by the so-called Hooded Nun. This betrayal, if betrayal it was, would account for Larry's escape fixation, since he would naturally have wanted revenge.

It is my belief, and incidentally the deputy's, that the Hooded Nun was a boy, or a young man. There would seem to be no purpose in the disguise except to conceal the sex of the wearer.

That is all I can tell you. If you will take the advice of an old man, you will let the matter drop here. I can see no good coming from the disinterment of matters better left buried.

Sincerely,
D. W. Griscomb
Warden

Clay folded the two letters and put them back in the envelope. There was a definite link between Larry Trevor and the murders of Mary Trevor and Laura Peterkins. Laura had found out something, apparently from the warden's letter, that had scared the daylights out of her, made her feel it was too hot to have around. But what was it? Maybe he could find it if he put together what he already knew and what he'd just learned.

Okay. The girl was Trevor's daughter. She had been left by her mother with Esther Baumholtz, probably a relative, which would explain her being willing to take the baby. On her deathbed Esther had told Mary who she was, and probably a lot more, too. Possibly she'd told the hiding place of the money, which would account for Mary's sudden wealth.

No, not the hiding place, because Mary had asked the warden about that. The sudden wealth was still unaccounted for, and blackmail was still the best angle. But who would she be blackmailing? *The Hooded Nun!* It was a natural. A boy or young man in 1932, he'd be a man now. And there was no reason why he shouldn't be any one of the Globe's top men: Charley Adair, the columnist; or Horace Widdecombe, Mrs. Gordon's assistant—or Harry Hannen, city editor; Edwin Standish, managing editor; or Saul Blain, head rewrite man, for that matter. What had Mrs. Gordon said about the person Mary had told her she was having trouble with? Someone in the organization, someone high-placed! A perfect fit!

THE street door opened and a prim-looking woman carrying a purple umbrella and wearing a sort of old-fashioned touring duster backed into the bar. It was Miss Dewhurst, Mr. Bundy's secretary. She sat down in the booth opposite him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Followed," Miss Dewhurst whispered. "Police."

Clay said, "Let's get out of here!"

"No." She was breathing hard. "Almost certain—threw them off."

"Where's Mr. Bundy?"

"Poor man. In jail." She unbuttoned her coat. "Detectives about to leave office when girl's bracelet and bloody shears found in your apartment were uncovered in his desk drawer. Very unpleasant. Threats. Handcuffs."

The bartender called out: "Coffee, ma'am?"

"A triple shot of straight brandy," Miss Dewhurst said and went on in a whisper: "Men left to watch me and the office. Eluded them."

"You get a chance to talk to Mr. Bundy?"

"I managed to give him your message about the Trevor girl's earlier call to Washington, and about the 'mechanical man' who she said answered, and about her looking at plane schedules for Washington. He seemed excited." She took a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket, evidently a sheet torn from one of Mr. Bundy's ledgers. "But he left this for me. It's in our code."

"What does it say?"

"Cherry-blossom number lady pub," she read. "That means the Washington number everyone's so secretive about belongs to Mrs. Cornelia Gordon." And

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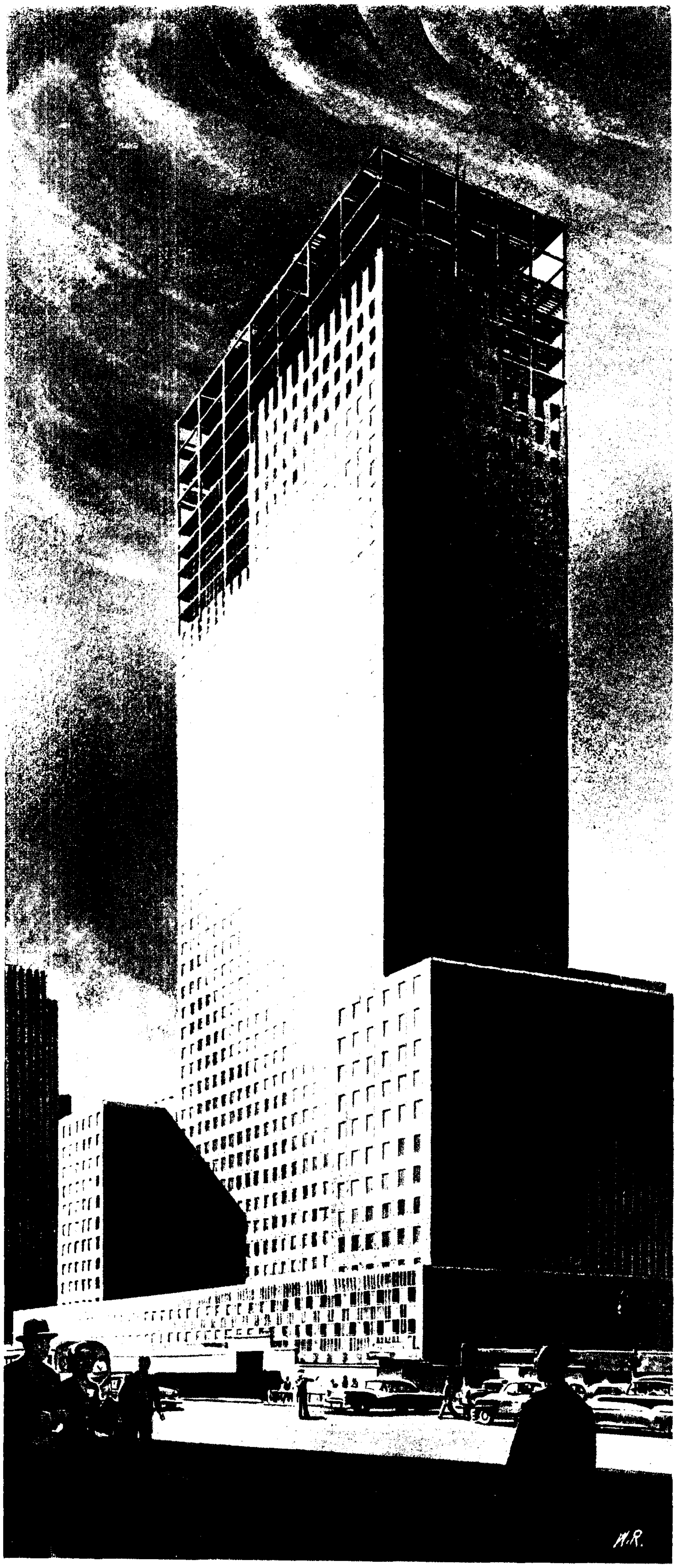

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then she read the next notation: "*To from airplanes fly.*"

"Huh?"

"I don't know *what* that means," she confessed, and read: "*Already ordered kidnap mechanical man. Office twelve-stroke all go well.*"

The bartender came up, holding the half glass of brandy like a time bomb. Miss Dewhurst took the glass from him and drained it. "Another!" she said. Gape-mouthed, the man turned away.

"Unstrung," she explained to Clay. "A drop or two. Sedation."

Clay nodded. "You got any ideas about the last section you read?"

"Why, it's perfectly clear. If the kidnapping goes well, the mechanical man will be in the office at midnight."

"What's a mechanical man?"

"I thought *you* would know that."

He shook his head, and then got out the envelope containing the note and the letter. "When—if Mr. Bundy gets free, give this to him."

"Right," she said cheerfully. "That man! So slow bringing the brandy." She turned to the bar. "You there! Pip, pip!"

The bartender eyed her apprehensively. "This is a respectful place, lady, so no more."

"Well!" Outraged, Miss Dewhurst swung back to Clay.

"Me, I'm leaving," he said hastily. "Where will you be?"

"Right here until I'm properly served." She shook her umbrella wickedly. "And then at the office."

He nodded and crossed to the door. As he went out, he saw Miss Dewhurst approaching the bar, the purple umbrella held in a clubbing position.

IT WAS a little after ten when Sam Clay got to Laura Peterkins' house in the suburbs. Walking cautiously on the grass, he kept his eyes on a light at the back of the yard; it was, he knew, in the studio cottage where, earlier in the day, he'd found Laura murdered. Coming here was a gamble, a crazy gamble. But it was the only gamble he had; he must talk to Laura's husband, Elmo Peterkins. If only the police had come and gone, left the old man alone. And if only he could be persuaded—

Music came from the cottage, guitar music. Clay halted abruptly, his spine tingling. And then another guitar joined the first, and a plaintive voice began to sing a Western ballad. Clay walked silently to one of the tall windows and peered in. Wan light from a cast-iron lamp showed a portable phonograph; the music came from it.

Clay moved closer so that he could see more of the room. There was no sign of the police, no sign of anybody. What the hell? he thought and turned to peer from another angle. What he saw froze him in startled surprise. On the enormous divan, back propped up by pillows, head swathed in a white bandage, was Laura Peterkins. Smoke curled from a cigarette in an ash tray beside her.

For a second he was unable to believe what he saw, and then relief, followed by exultation, filled him. It was all over! His troubles were like the Hooded Nun in the ballad about Larry Trevor, he thought, gone like summer smoke. With what she knew and what he knew it was just a matter of comparing notes. He pushed open the window and called softly, "Mrs. Peterkins!" and moved toward her. The voice and one guitar stopped; music from the second guitar still came from the phonograph. And then Clay heard a sound in a corner of the room.

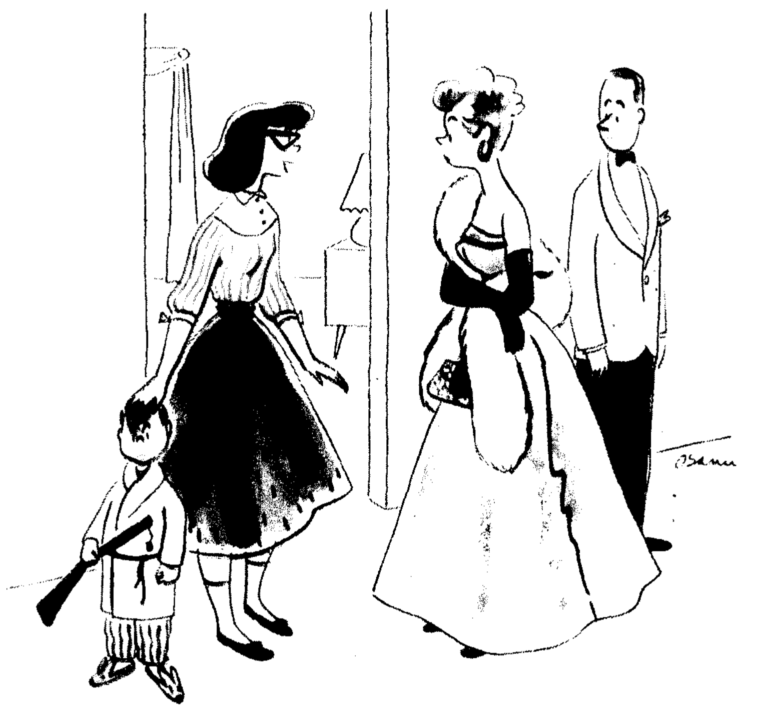
Mr. Peterkins was seated on a low bench there, a guitar on his lap, and beside him was a frontier-model rifle. He seemed to be smiling.

Clay started to ask, "Is she—" and stopped. Draped over the back of a chair, as though worn by someone kneeling, was a nun's black habit.

He swung back to face Mr. Peterkins. He saw the smile was actually a grimace of pain, of grief, of madness, or possibly of all three combined. Mr. Peterkins said gently, "Laura loves the old songs. She's listening, wherever she is. Aren't you, Laura?"

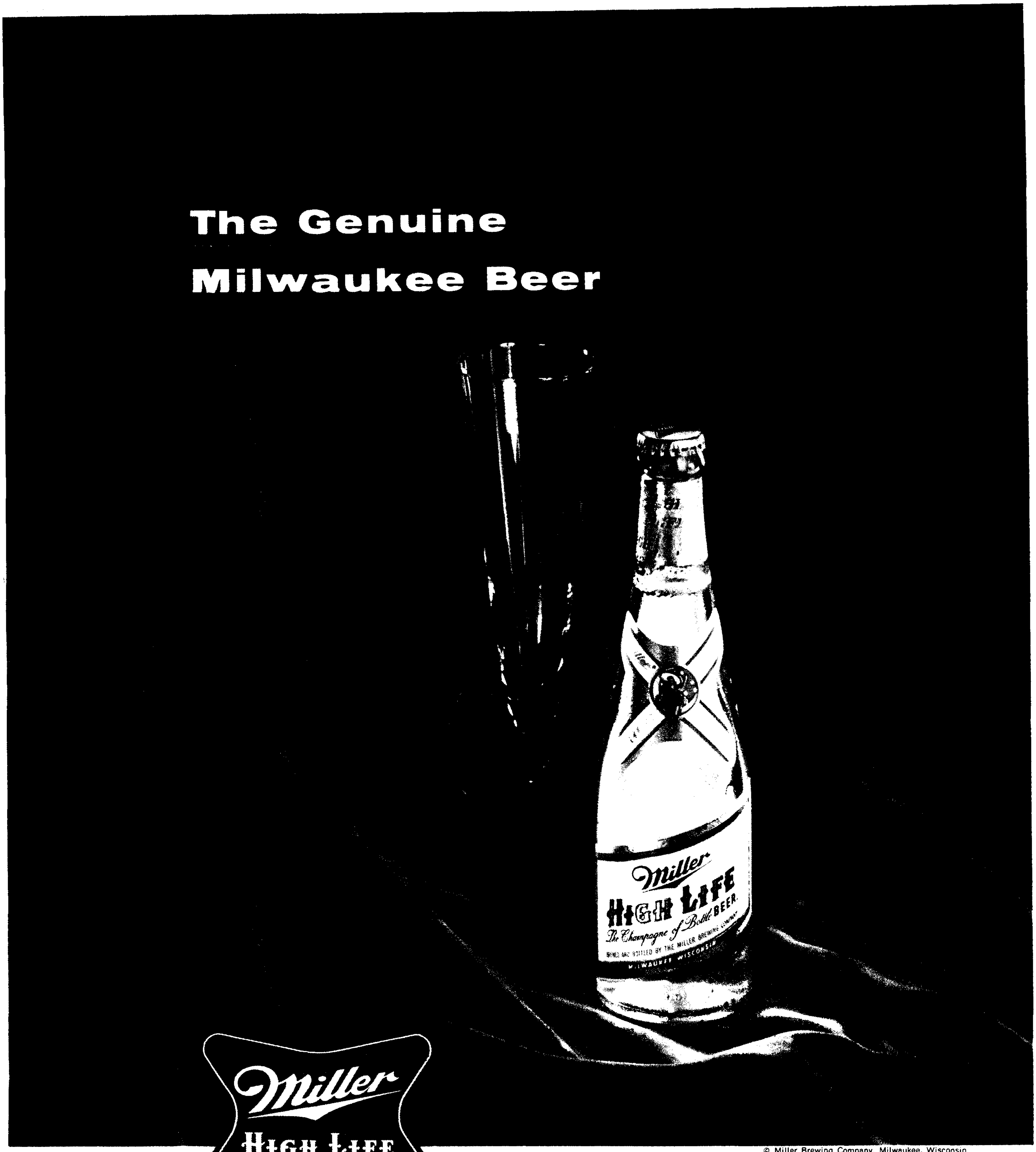
Clay stared at Laura Peterkins. He realized now that the skin on her face, under heavy rouge and smeared lip-

TIZZY



"Don't worry about a thing; I haven't forgotten how to kick and scream myself"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN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stick, was bloodless, that the bulging eyes were sightless.

"No," Peterkins said. "I'm not insane. At least I don't think so. This is a trap. An ambush set by Laura and me." He picked up the rifle.

Clay felt a rush of relief. This began to make sense. Peterkins had set the scene to make it appear Laura was still alive, so the killer would try again.

Peterkins was changing the record on the phonograph. "It was fortunate you called to Laura," he whispered. "It saved your life." He fingered the rifle. "Of course, I should have known. Your age. He would have to be at least forty."

"The killer?"

"Speak softly! You see, I didn't call the police." The old man pulled Clay to one side, into the shadows. "I realized he would come back if I made no report. To see what had happened. If he thought he had failed the first time, perhaps he would try again."

"But if Laura saw him—"

"He struck from behind. Laura didn't see him, Mr. Clay."

Maybe Elmo Peterkins did have an idea, Clay thought. If the killer hadn't known for certain she was dead, he might very likely come back. He asked, "When did you find the—Laura?"

"Soon after you left. A man came out of the cottage—he looked like Abraham Lincoln."

"Mr. Bundy!" Clay said. "A private detective.

"You must go now."

"There're some things I have to know, Mr. Peterkins."

"Some other time. He will come."

"Do you know who he is?"

The old man looked at the nun's habit. "He wore that many years ago. Left it when he betrayed Larry Trevor. Poetic justice—wear it when he dies."

"Mr. Peterkins," Clay said. "I want to help. I *have* to help. You must tell me everything you know."

THERE was a pause and then the old man whispered, "Mary Trevor's maid—key to apartment. They were talking. Laura and the Trevor girl."

"What was said?"

"Her maid had confessed she had lent the key to someone. For a hundred dollars."

"Who did she lend it to?"

"If the Trevor girl knew she didn't say. Now you must go."

Clay asked, "That nun's habit, Mr. Peterkins, where did you get it?"

Peterkins shifted the rifle. "Came originally from a Catholic orphanage near Oklahoma City. Convent of the Good Shepherd. Near the poor farm where Larry grew up. It was stolen . . ."

Peterkins seemed to be listening to something, and then the curtain by the open window darkened as a shadow fell across it. The shadow grew distinct: the shadow of a man wearing a snap-brim hat. The rifle was fired twice.

Clay ran after Peterkins, and found the old man kneeling in the shaft of light by a flower bed. Deep footprints showed in the bed; by one was a spatter of fresh blood.

"Winged him!" Mr. Peterkins' voice was anguished. "Just winged him!"

Excited voices came from nearby houses. A light flashed on. A door slammed somewhere. Clay turned and started for the street.

BY THE time Sam Clay got back to the Loop, he had figured what he would do next. At first he had thought he would call Lieutenant Diffendorf and tell him what had just happened, that the killer had a bullet wound in him. But then he knew he couldn't do that; by the time he got through explaining, his telephone number would have been traced and cops with machine guns would be closing in on him.

Instead, he called Mr. Bundy's office, and luckily found Miss Dewhurst was back. She told him Bundy was still in jail and his men hadn't been able to find out where Standish, Hannen or Blain had been during the hours immediately after the Trevor girl was killed.

Clay asked, "Can you have someone get hold of the passenger lists of planes to Washington between five and seven this morning?"

"Certainly," she said. "And where will I find you if the mechanical man should come?"

"You find out who he is?"

"Not yet."

"I'll call back." . . .

The splintered stairway leading to the tenement's fourth floor creaked under his feet; the landing above him was a black pocket. He hesitated a second before entering the pocket, and then cautiously felt his way to a door. He knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked again and turned the knob. The door came open.

The room was ornate but shabby. On a frayed red velvet sofa sat Clarissa Simpson, Mary Trevor's maid, her eyes staring glassily.

She didn't move as Clay came across the room. "Clarissa," he said.

"Goof balls. Three sticks. Red wine." Her voice was drowsy, indistinct. "No good. No good at all."

"Do you remember me, Clarissa? The reporter from the Globe?"

She turned vacant eyes toward him. "Don't want to remember anything." Coked to the gills, he was thinking, when she mumbled, "What'll I say?"

"Say to who?"

Her voice rose in minor hysteria. "All be wrote down anyway. Be there in the book for him to read. That key, he'll ask. That hundred dollars. What about Miss Mary? How you get the gall to come knockin' at my pearly gate? How? How?"

"Clarissa," Clay said. "You remember me."

The luminous, too-big eyes looked at and past his face. "Poor Miss Mary," she said. "All wrote down in the book."

"If you help me catch Miss Mary's killer, Clarissa, if you tell me who got the key from you, that'll be written down, too—on the good side!"

"Numb," she said.

"Numb?"

"In the big church."

"A *nun!*"

"Big church off Chicago Avenue." He could barely hear her voice. "Called me meet her there. Twice. Gave key. Get key back. While we pray." She sighed. "Wasn't nun—at all."

"What do you mean, wasn't a nun?"

She toppled over onto the sofa and her eyes closed.

Clay jerked her upright. She tried to pull away, but he held her firmly. "You've got to tell me! What was the nun like? You must remember!"

No longer resisting, she leaned against him. "Spoke deep down. Hands strong. Whisky breath—man's breath."

"It was a *man?* Why did he want the key?"

The door to the back of the apartment opened and the most powerfully built man Clay had ever seen came into the room. He was wearing pajama pants, and Clay saw he had a cruel, narrow face. "What you doing to my wife?" he asked hoarsely.

The girl clung to Clay now, but he shoved her away, letting her fall limply onto the sofa. The man moved a step closer.

Clay remained rigid, one knee touching the girl's leg. And then one powerful hand closed on his neck, yanked him around and pushed him toward the door. Suddenly Clay was in the hallway, with the door swinging shut behind him.

THE ring signal 750 miles away persisted tiredly. From behind Clay, Gwen Pearson said, "Why didn't you go into your own apartment across the hall? Why did you come pounding on my fire-escape window when it's almost midnight, scaring me half to—"

Clay spoke impatiently into the telephone. "I know they don't answer, operator. Keep trying."

"—and now you're ruining me with long-distance calls," Gwen concluded.

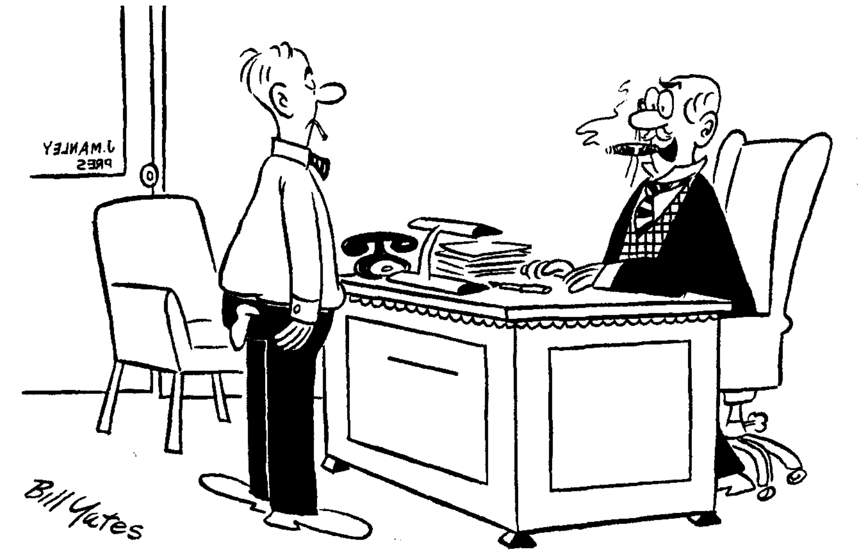
"I couldn't come in the front way, and I couldn't go to my apartment. I'm a desperate character."

"Don't I know it! You should hear how they describe you over the radio. Makes Jack the Ripper sound like—"

A man's reedy, querulous voice came over the telephone. "Hello? Hello?"

Clay shouted, "County poor farm? I want to talk to the superintendent—the man in charge. Chicago police. Official business."

"How's that? Police?"



"I was gone three weeks, Jones. *That* was your vacation . . ."

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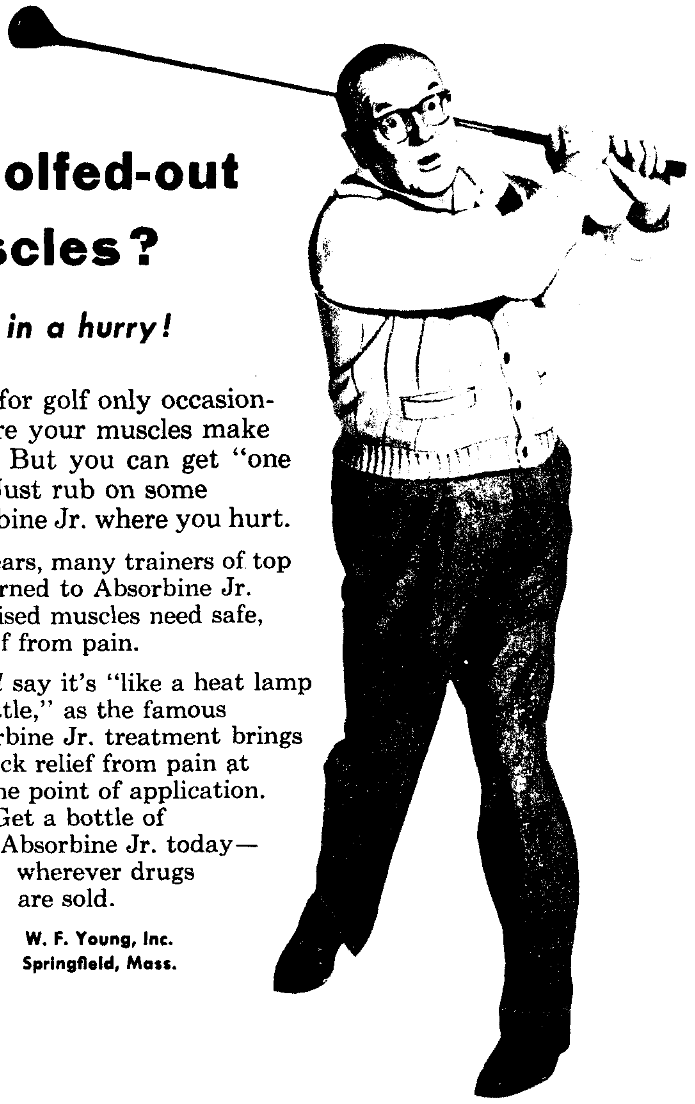

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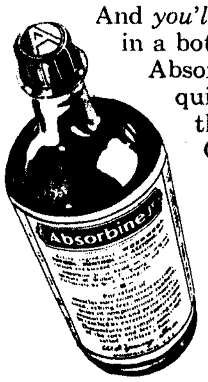

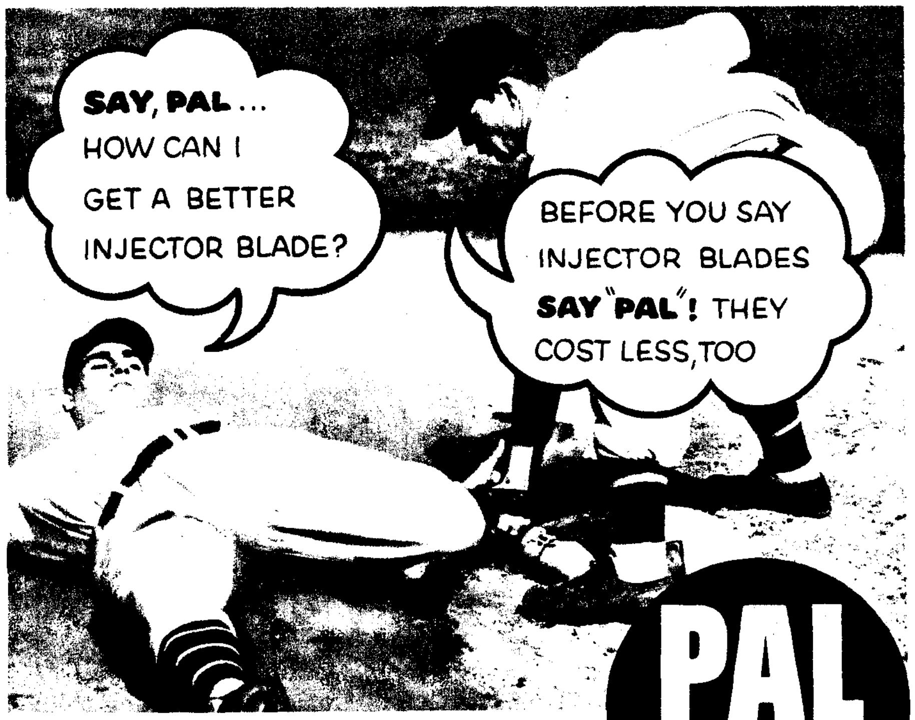
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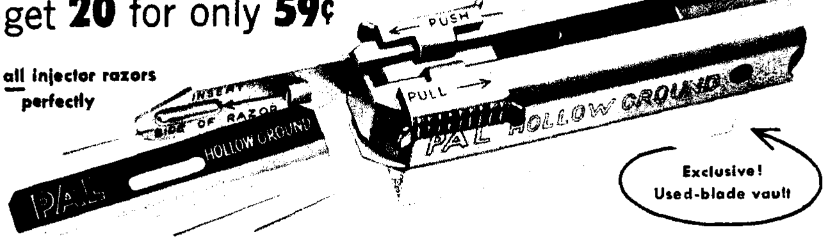

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"Are you in charge?"

"Yessir, I'm Ed Jessup," said the voice. "What do you want?"

"Some information about Larry Trevor. Were you there when he was released from the farm?"

"Wasn't released. Ran away, summer of thirty. Year before he took up bank robbin'."

"Did any other boys go with him?"

"Yep. Caught all but Horace Middern."

"This Middern," Clay demanded, remembering the knife Horace Widdecomb had pulled on him, "was he a small fellow, blond, fair skin?"

"Small, all right. Brown hair. Skin might have been fair. Never washed him to see!"

"Who butchered the hogs in those days?"

"All the boys took turns. Why?"

"We're trying to identify someone here. Would you describe Middern as a choirboy type?"

"Never seen a choirboy."

"Girlish, then?"

"Couldn't be you're thinkin' of the girl at the convent? One Larry used to talk through the fence to? One the other girl came here three-four years ago got so excited about?"

"No. I mean—wait a minute! What girl three or four years ago?"

"Real beauty. Hair like cornsilk. Young, too. Figured she might be Larry's daughter, way she talked. Went on over to the convent."

"Thanks," Clay said. "Have you ever heard anything from Middern?"

"Heard he was real sick with TB over in Texas several years back."

"Where in Texas?"

"Your guess as good as mine. Kin tell you all about Larry, though."

"We're interested in Middern right now, Mr. Jessup. You think of anything, call us collect. Detective Bureau. Lieutenant Diffendorf."

HE HUNG up and then picked up the phone again. The line was silent. Gwen was sitting across the room, fidgeting with the sash of her bathrobe. "Sam," she said. "What if they find you here?"

"Tell them I pulled a knife on you."

"I'm not worried about me. But from the way the radio was screaming, they'll shoot first and—"

Clay spoke into the telephone. "Yes, I'm through with the call, operator. But I've got another. Am I still connected with Oklahoma City?"

A faraway voice said, "This is Oklahoma City, sir."

"The Convent of the Good Shepherd. Anyone who answers."

Above: Chance to swap musical instruments sparks duet, but no deal. Right: Pup and clock are available for trading

Swap Day

Lindsey Hilley (l.) and Art Kuykendall swap dogs in no-cash trade

MARVIN KONER

This time the telephone was answered immediately. "Sister Cecelia speaking," a cheerful voice said.

Clay went through the police routine again, then said, "We're inquiring about a young lady who visited the convent in fifty-two. In either October or November. Would there be any way of checking?"

"A Miss Baumholtz?"

"You talked to her!"

"No, but I remember her well. So pretty. She talked to Mother Germaine."

"Do you know what about?"

"She was asking about a girl who was with us a long time ago."

"The girl who was a friend of Larry Trevor?"

"Larry Trevor?"

Clay tried again. "Was your girl the one she was looking for?"

"Mother Germaine didn't say."

The doorbell rang, scaring Gwen visibly. She stared wide-eyed at Clay. "What'll I do?" she asked.

Clay put his palm over the telephone. "Keep the chain on the door. If it's the police, I'll beat it out the fire escape." He spoke into the telephone. "Would anyone know the girl's name?"

"I'm afraid not. Miss Baumholtz spoke to no one but Mother Germaine."

The doorbell rang again. Clay could feel bullets entering his back. "Thank you, Sister," he said hurriedly. "Thank you very much." He hung up and was just getting to his feet when Miss Dewhurst, followed by Gwen, marched in.

Clay grinned. He was so tense he had forgotten about summoning her here. He said, "You get the lists, Miss Dewhurst?"

SHE opened her purse. "I did. And just as I was leaving the office, Hervey, our Washington man, called about the mechanical man. It's at the airport—a package, Hervey said."

Clay held out his hand. "Let's have the lists."

"Two planes between five and seven. Not a popular time." Miss Dewhurst handed him some papers. "Lists and the envelope you gave me."

Clay put the envelope in his pocket and spread the lists on a table. The first was headed: *5:55 A.M. FLIGHT.* He quickly scanned the list of sixteen or so names: *Frank Furnas, Chicago, Ill. . . . W. C. Richards, Quincy, Ill. . . . Woodrow W. Lapiezo, Detroit, Mich. . . . Sister Angelica, Mundelein, Ill. . . . Sidney Stickelberg, Washington, D.C. . . . A. Karabatson, Blue Island, Ill. . . . Pearl Perrin, Chicago, Ill.*

He turned to the second list: *6:20 A.M. FLIGHT. Note: Through flight*

COMES the first Monday of each month and the placid little Southern city of Scottsboro—normal population: 5,000—bulges with visitors and echoes with softly accented trading talk. First Monday has meant Swap Day in this northeast Alabama community for 50 years. With court holding session there the first Monday of the month and a large crowd assured in town, the farmers of the area used the day to congregate around the courthouse to trade and sell hogs and livestock. Soon the swapping wares grew to include goods of every sort. Today crowds of 500 to 10,000 outsiders, from the South and elsewhere, join the townspeople at these sessions.

You can usually spot a fellow headed for a First Monday Swap Day. He's got a swapping dog on a long chain. Maybe even two or three. Riding his shoulder is the 12-gauge shotgun he's aiming to trade for a 16 or 20. Secure in the bib pocket of his faded overalls are a "biscuit" (pocket watch) and a couple of pocketknives—items more negotiable than gold in the bartering.

It's sunup when he reaches the courthouse square in Scottsboro. His wife and kids scatter to the rummage sale, or to the artificial-flower booth, or across to the dime store because the swapping is strictly a male prerogative. He, in turn, starts his day with a friendly stroll around the square, whittling a trail of red-cedar curls fragile as butterfly wings as he saunters past the swapping goods laid out before his yearning eye.

He sees a vista of "secondhand" America, ranging from wheels without tires to lengths of rope and chain, and radios in homemade cabinets. And he sees hound-dogs of every breed and mixture. Chances are that the Swap Day veteran will spy the thing he's been hankering to own right away. But he trades slowly. Swapping, properly done, is a cautious rite of cagey talk, thoughtful scowls and wary conjecture. It's something to be sipped and savored, not gulped down like a bitter purge.

The bartering banter is everywhere, rising and falling as effortlessly as the snuff-colored dust beneath a man's boots.

"Man, you can carry this here radio right on home and trade it off for a house and lot . . ."

"Now you just take this stroppin' razor and I ain't standing here if it won't last a lifetime . . ."

By four o'clock, the crowd starts to disappear. A farm visitor, who came to Scottsboro with a pig, a shotgun and a pocket watch, takes stock. After all of his dealings, he now has a beagle pup, the same shotgun, a pair of dog shears, a three-foot clock which he had tried to retrade without success, and is five dollars poorer.

"Reckon if I hang this old clock way up on a pole, I can be way yonder and still not have to squint to see how near dinnertime is," he consoles himself as he starts his homeward trek.

Better yet is the thought of next month's Swap Day. Who knows but what there'll be a fellow there that's just aiming to get himself a good, stout, three-foot clock.

—MARGARET MORGAN MABRY

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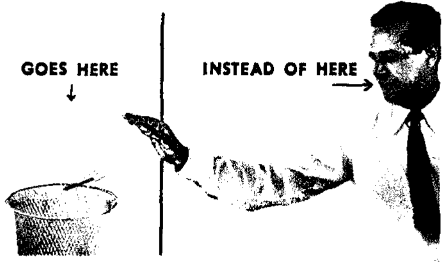

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from Los Angeles so only listed passengers getting on at Chicago. Felix S. Lyman, Washington, D.C., Norma Patterson, Chicago, Ill., Horace Widdecomb, Washington, D.C. . . .

Clay shouted: "Bingo! Good old Horace!" . . .

It was almost 1:00 A.M. on Monday and Sam Clay was working at an old-fashioned roll-top desk in a cubicle down the hall from the sports department, which in turn was off the city room. He had struggled for nearly an hour, but the story wouldn't jell.

Finally, in desperation, he had gone ahead with it anyway, forcing himself past points he would like to have rewritten, putting it down as it came to him. Now, finishing the fourth and final page, he felt relief. Maybe it was lousy, but it would have to do.

The electric wall clock read 1:05 when Andy Talbot, the assistant city editor, came into the room, his round face apprehensive. "Sam, I've been thinking," he said. "I just can't do it."

Clay, pasting a loose paragraph to a half-filled page, didn't look up. "Do you want my death on your conscience?"

"Yes. No. Look. I smuggled you in here. Isn't that enough?"

"Friendship," Clay said.

"How far does friendship go?" Talbot asked. "Who's going to support the Universal Loan Company if I get sent to jail?"

Clay tore page one out of the Home Edition, began to cross out the first part of the story on Mary Trevor's murder. "I slugged my stuff: new lead—Trevor," he said. "That okay?"

Talbot nodded weakly.

"Well, give it the eye." Clay spread out the four pages on the desk. "Suggestions appreciated."

Clay's new lead was marked *REPLATE FINAL—Mrs. Gordon MUST!* The first paragraph read: *The "Hooded Nun" of Oklahoma folklore—a ghostly figure long believed dead—early this morning became a suspect in the Globe slayings.*

The rest of the story, after two paragraphs lifted from the Home Edition describing the deaths of Mary Trevor and Laura Peterkins (now a matter of public record), told what Clay had learned and surmised so far.

TWO years ago, he wrote, Mary Trevor had found out she was the daughter of Larry Trevor, the Oklahoma outlaw of the 1930s, and had also discovered through a visit to the poor farm where Larry grew up, the identity of her father's partner and betrayer, the "Hooded Nun." This fellow outlaw, he added, was now believed not to be a woman, but a Horace Middern who had left the farm with Larry.

Mary Trevor, he went on, had used this information to blackmail him (here Sam told of Clarissa Simpson having given the apartment key to a "nun" who was really a man), and had later confessed to Mrs. Cornelia Gordon, owner of the Globe, that she was being threatened by someone "high-placed in the Gordon Publications."

These two facts, he declared, had caused police to believe the "nun" was both a fellow employee and her slayer. Then, after reporting how Elmo Peterkins had wounded the killer, he told how police had narrowed the chase down even further. He reported them as believing Mary Trevor had left important evidence with Laura, thus causing her death, and as having learned from witnesses with Mary before her death that she was apprehensive over airplane flights from Washington, D.C.

This, he asserted, had caused them, and Mrs. Gordon, who was aiding the authorities, to theorize the killer lived in Washington and to begin a check of the passenger lists of Chicago-to-Washington flights immediately following the girl's murder.

Clay's story ended: *The search for Samuel Clay, 33, missing reporter, now extends over four states.*

AS TALBOT finished reading, he looked at Clay, his eyes wild. "Think it'll work?" Clay asked.

"Horace Middern," Talbot whispered, amazed. "Horace Widdecomb! It's—true?"

"Will be. Soon as the cops read it."

"No!" Talbot said. "No! Not me."

"Yes, you. All you've got to do is lug it down to composing."

"What if somebody down there calls Standish?" Talbot asked, stalling.

"They won't. Not on a 'Mrs. Gordon must.' "

Gingerly, as though picking leaves from a clump of poison ivy, Talbot began to gather up the sheets of paper.

"I'd do it for you," Clay said.

"Yeah," Talbot said. "That's the damn' trouble." He went to the door. "See you in cell thirteen."

In order to stay in hiding, Sam Clay climbed the fire-well steps to columnist Charley Adair's air-conditioned office on the thirty-first floor. His lungs hurt. There was a pain in his side. He was dizzy. He leaned on the cooling unit, letting the chill air hit his chest and shoulders, and then turned toward the electric clock on the desk—half past one Monday morning.

He wondered what had happened to Andy Talbot. The paper should have been replated by now; somebody from circulation should be bringing copies to the executive offices.

The doorknob turned and Charley Adair came into the office. He was wearing a white dinner jacket, and under his arm were tucked two papers. He didn't notice Clay until he reached his desk, and then his usually suave expression changed to arrogant outrage. Clay hit him, a roundhouse right deep on the left cheek.

"That," Clay said, "is for refusing to answer a Globe reporter's questions this afternoon."

Adair didn't try to get up; he just sat there rubbing his cheek. It was obvious he thought he was dealing with a madman, that he was afraid.

Clay took one of the papers and glanced at the story. It looked fine. He turned to Adair and asked: "This paper, where did you get it?" Even to him, his voice sounded ominous.

"The boy gave it to me—minute or two ago."

"Why did you beat me up when I asked you about Mary Trevor?"

"I—I thought—"

"Thought I killed the girl?"

Adair didn't say anything.

"Who's champ of the thirty-first floor now?" Clay asked.

"You are."

Clay tossed the paper to him. "Amuse yourself."

Adair read the story through, and then lowered the paper. "I suppose I should apologize," he said. "I should have—"

Shots sounded, three of them, evenly spaced, and Clay was in the corridor before the muffled echo of the third had died. They had come from Mrs. Gordon's office.

Clay found her sitting at her desk, her beautiful face expressionless. The

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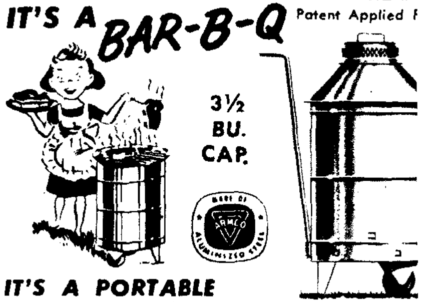

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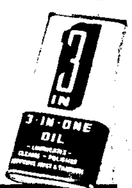

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Luger was still in her hand and she was staring at something lying between the two chintz couches. She didn't move as Clay took the Luger. She didn't move as Charley Adair came in and was abruptly shouldered aside by Lieutenant Diffendorf and I. P. Geisel, the company lawyer.

The men stared at her for a moment and then, almost in unison, turned to stare at the thing on the floor. It was a body almost completely covered by a nun's black habit. By the cowl lay a crumpled copy of the Globe and by that, open blade gleaming wickedly, was a knife.

Diffendorf knelt, drew back the cowl and said, "Widdecomb."

"The Hooded Nun!" Charley Adair exclaimed.

Diffendorf pulled back the habit and undid the coat and the shirt under it. On the left arm, between elbow and shoulder, was a bandage, a faint circle of pink tinting the gauze.

"He's the one old Peterkins winged, all right," Diffendorf said.

He covered the body and stood up. "Put that gun away," he said to Clay.

Clay put it on the desk by Mrs. Gordon, noticing that she had begun to tremble. She was also breathing hard, almost panting.

"Now," said Diffendorf. "Who plugged him?"

Mrs. Gordon's voice, so faint they could barely hear it, said, "I did. He came at me saying, 'Betrayer—betrayer—' " She shook her head in bewilderment. "I didn't betray him. I didn't know anything about him."

"That was me," Clay said.

DURING the next hour, many persons came and went, so many, in fact, that Clay became confused as to both cast and continuity—photographers, an expert from ballistics, a physician from the coroner's office. Standish, the managing editor, and Hannen, the city editor, rushed in, their eyes wild. Mrs. Gordon told them how to play the story. They rushed out. A reporter from the Sun tried to get in.

I. P. Geisel stood beside Mrs. Gordon while she made a statement, merely an elaboration of what she had said before. Geisel said at the end that it was fortunate Widdecomb had paused in the doorway because it had given Mrs. Gordon time to take the Luger out of her desk. Mrs. Gordon added it was fortunate her late husband had taught her to shoot. Everybody agreed.

Clay went over his story a second time. Lieutenant Diffendorf showed the assistant state's attorney the papers Clay had given him: the airline passenger lists, the note from Laura Peterkins and the letter to Mary Trevor from the warden. And then people began to leave and there were just Mrs. Gordon, Lieutenant Diffendorf, I. P. Geisel and Sam Clay.

Mrs. Gordon sighed. "He was my husband's friend," she said wearily. She looked tired and ill, but still beautiful. "A drink, please?"

Clay mixed four drinks at the recessed bar and handed them around. Mrs. Gordon, watching him, said, "I'm not sure I exactly approve of what you did, Mr. Clay. Why didn't you come to me with the information?"

"Or me?" Diffendorf asked.

"Rubber soles," Clay said.

They stared at him.

"If I'd had 'em," he said, "I wouldn't have slipped in the corridor just now."

"Slipped?" said I. P. Geisel.

Clay nodded. "If I hadn't slipped, I wouldn't have to explain now why Mrs. Gordon really killed Widdecomb."

I. P. Geisel and Diffendorf stared at him incredulously. Mrs. Gordon's face remained blank.

"She almost threw me," Clay said. "Then I got to thinking about how she started to pant after we were all here. A hundred in nine flat. That's what it took to shoot Widdecomb, open up his knife, slide the nun's costume onto him and get back to the desk before anyone came."

"Have you lost your mind?" I. P. Geisel demanded. Mrs. Gordon asked, "Do you really believe I did all that?"

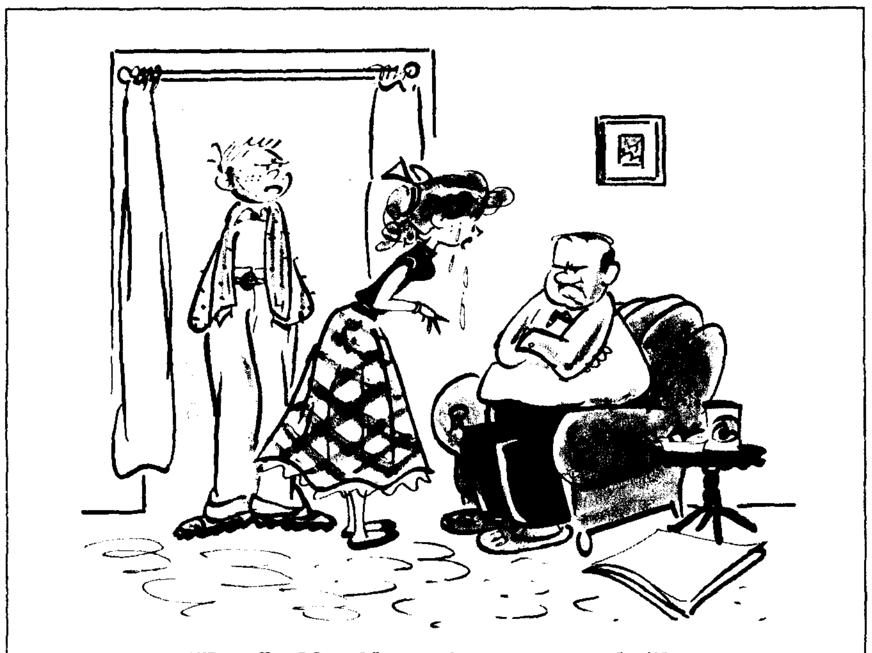
Diffendorf said: "Go ahead, Clay."

"Slander," I. P. Geisel warned. "Severe penalties."

"One thing first," Clay said to Diffendorf. "I didn't figure on Widdecomb being killed. I thought the story would scare him, stir up a row between him and Mrs. Gordon. Smoke out some counteraccusations I could tune in on."

"Like what?" Diffendorf asked.

"Well, I'm going to have to start 'way back at the beginning," Clay said. "After Mary learned from her guardian, Esther Baumholtz, that her father was Larry Trevor and from the warden that he was dead, she began a



"But, Daddy, if he can't support me, he'll marry some *other* girl he can't support!"

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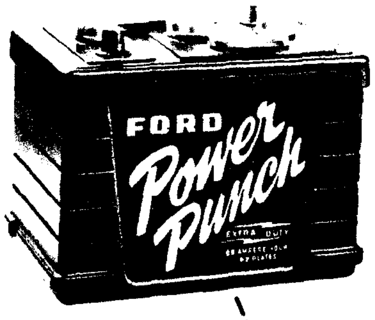

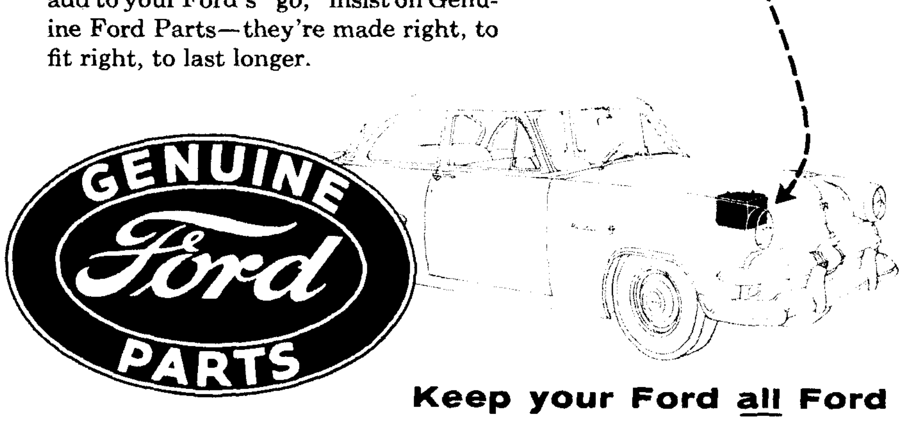

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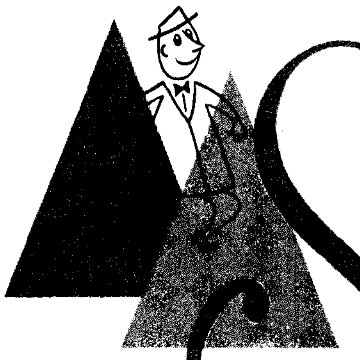

Spruce up for Fall

Women have no corner on colors and fabrics in the realm of apparel

RELUCTANT as a man might be to give up the casual attire of summer living, he's turning to fall clothing with his eye cocked toward comfort and color. Fortunately, both are his.

Now available for virtually every item of clothing are new fabrics—lighter in weight but warmer to wear. Suitings of all wool or in blends of wool and synthetic yarns offer a wider range of fashion interest for the dominating items of apparel in a man's wardrobe. With the variety of surface treatments given to fabrics, there is a wider selection to choose from, thus avoiding any tendency to uniformity.

While "char" tones continue in fashion, there are medium and lighter shades in suitings to break the monotony. Many of the "char" tones derive their diversification with slub effects, frequently with the use of a second and sometimes with a third color. Metallic threads, too, break the flat appearance of some fabrics.

Topcoats are no longer a burden since new linings add to warmth yet lessen weight. Greater utility is afforded many of these garments with the "shell" fabrics being treated for water repellency.

Jackets and coats for sports or leisure wear take on bolder colors to add apparel spice to fall weekends and outings.

Mint green comes to the foreground in color for shirtings, with pin shadow stripes, either horizontal or vertical, to break away from the uniformity of solids. Pink, maize and blue shirts round out the spectrum of pastels—but brighter hues are available if the wearer should like them. It's in the realm of sport shirts that these high key colors, combined with continental styling, make for bright apparel.

Ties frequently are designed to complement a specific shirt—thus assuring the certainty of correctly matching the two items. Neat patterns and stripes to offset deep-toned backgrounds continue in favor, as do narrower shapes and smaller knots.

Both headwear and footwear coordinate the colors of the new suits and topcoats. Hat brims and crowns are available in varying measurements so that a man can select his hats to fit his face. Softer leathers in shoes make for more comfortable wearing and new styling gives them eye appeal. High styling predominates footwear for casual wear.

Outerwear illustrated in the photograph at the left is from Buck Skein Brands, Kuppenheimer and Rainfair. Footwear is by Fortune and Weyenberg, with hats from Adam, Lee and Mallory.

Suits illustrated at the right are Botany "500" by Daroff, Kuppenheimer and Pacific Mills Surretwill by Rose Brothers. Shirts and ties are from Arrow, Botany, Colony, Jayson, Wembley and Wings. Jewelry by Hickok, Pioneer and Swank. Sport jacket is from Chief Apparel; slacks are by Haggar and Saxon. Formal wear is by Rudofker. Shoes are from Bates, Endicott-Johnson, Florsheim and Nunn-Bush. Hats are by Dobbs, Lee and Mallory.

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search for her mother, backtracking on every possible lead. Anyhow, she found, as I did, that Larry'd had a girl at the convent next door to the poor farm where he grew up. So she went there and showed the mother superior the name she'd copied from the marriage certificate her guardian had had. It was the same as that of a girl who'd run away from the convent when Larry and his pals left the poor farm."

"You got the girl's name?" Diffendorf asked.

"No, but I can get it. But what's more important, the mother superior not only identified the name, she told Mary who and where her mother was."

Mrs. Gordon, her expression at once interested and skeptical, asked, "You spoke to the mother superior?"

"No. She's dead." Clay realized he wasn't making the impression he'd expected, but he continued anyway. "One of the sisters told me about it. And from the convent Mary went to her mother and put the bite on her. And the mother paid up."

"But why would she?" Mrs. Gordon asked. "Even if Mary were her daughter?"

"Forty million bucks."

NOBODY seemed to get it. Clay scowled at Mrs. Gordon. "When did you marry Simon Gordon?"

"In nineteen thirty-six."

He turned to the men. "Larry Trevor didn't die until fifty."

I. P. Geisel looked as though a cigar had exploded between his teeth. "Are you trying to say Mrs. Gordon—"

"Bigamy," Clay said. "What would happen to the Gordon estate if it was discovered it was being illegally held?"

"Revert to the rightful heirs."

"Forty million bucks," Clay said again. "Now do you see why she paid?"

"Preposterous!" I. P. Geisel said. "A nightmare—"

"A nightmare," Mrs. Gordon agreed. "But a fascinating one." She smiled at Clay. "Let me get this straight. You accuse me of being Mary's mother, of bigamy and of paying blackmail?"

"And of Widdecomb's murder."

I. P. Geisel croaked: "Evidence—of these alleged blackmail payments, Clay?"

"Of the initial one: the Gordon jewelry and cash."

"I thought you'd be getting around to that," said Mrs. Gordon. "But didn't we agree my husband gave the jewelry to Esther Baumholtz?" She shrugged. "Could I have another drink, please?"

Clay made it for her. As he gave her the glass, she said, "The next step, I suppose, is to identify me as the Hooded Nun."

He eyed her uneasily. In the movies she would have been shattered by now, would have confessed or committed suicide or something. Instead she seemed to be amused. He didn't like it.

"We can try it on for size," he said. "When you—"

"One moment," said I. P. Geisel. "I would advise using the third person."

"Okay. After the mother escaped from the convent dressed as a nun, she married Larry Trevor. Convent records, marriage records will prove this. Then, wearing the stolen nun's habit, she helped him rob a dozen or so Oklahoma banks. In the middle of thirty-two she turned informer, got Larry caught in a trap and went off with the money. Mary came and was left on the Baumholtz porch, probably with a note identifying her as Larry's child. Then the mother set herself up in Fort Worth with the stolen dough and a fake name. Four years later, she hooked old man Gordon."

Mrs. Gordon smiled. "To the last charge I plead guilty."

"No divorce was possible," Clay continued grimly. "She couldn't use the Trevor name because the police were still hot after the money. So she married Simon Gordon bigamously under the fake name."

No one said anything and Clay went on: "For sixteen years, everything was dandy. Simon died in forty-seven never having had the slightest idea of the deception, and she became ruler of the Gordon empire. Then in fifty-two Mary Trevor appeared. The girl didn't hurt as long as she represented only exposure of the bigamy angle. Worst that could happen was loss of the empire and over the years the mother had probably stashed away a fortune. But next, to get a bigger share of the loot, Mary accused her of being the Hooded Nun, a known killer. Exposure of that meant hanging or the gas chamber or whatever they use in Oklahoma. There's no statute of limitations on murder."

"That's true," Diffendorf agreed. "But what gives you the notion Mary rang in the Hooded Nun?"

"Laura Peterkins' note. Read the second paragraph."

The lieutenant took the note and read slowly: *"Just can't name names until we talk—the thought so terrible, so repugnant, so impossible!"*

Clay said, "Words like those wouldn't be applied to bigamy. Have to be something worse—like murder."

"One second, please," I. P. Geisel said. "Let us admit the girl who escaped from the convent was the Hooded Nun. But what proof have you that she was Mary Trevor's mother? Or that Larry Trevor was the father?"

"The warden's letter."

"Inadmissible as evidence."

"The mother superior."

"Dead, I believe—as is Esther Baumholtz."

"She's got to be the mother!" Clay said desperately. "It's the only way it makes sense!"

Finally Diffendorf said, "If you could prove Mrs. Gordon did the murders here, then maybe the other stuff would hold water. Otherwise . . ."

"Yes, try," Mrs. Gordon urged.

Strangely, they were helping him, like people trying to ease the embarrassment of someone who'd committed a *faux pas* at a dinner table. To hell with that! "Maybe I can," he said savagely. "That part began a couple of weeks ago when Mrs. Gordon—"

A BLOND man in a blue gabardine suit, carrying a heavy canvas-wrapped object the size of a case of beer, came in and asked, "Guy named Clay here?"

"Me."

"What d'you want done with this recorder I picked up at the airport? Miss Dewhurst said to tell you it played Chopin from cherry blossoms."

While Clay stared, bewildered, I. P. Geisel said, "We've all had an exhausting day, Mr. Clay—"

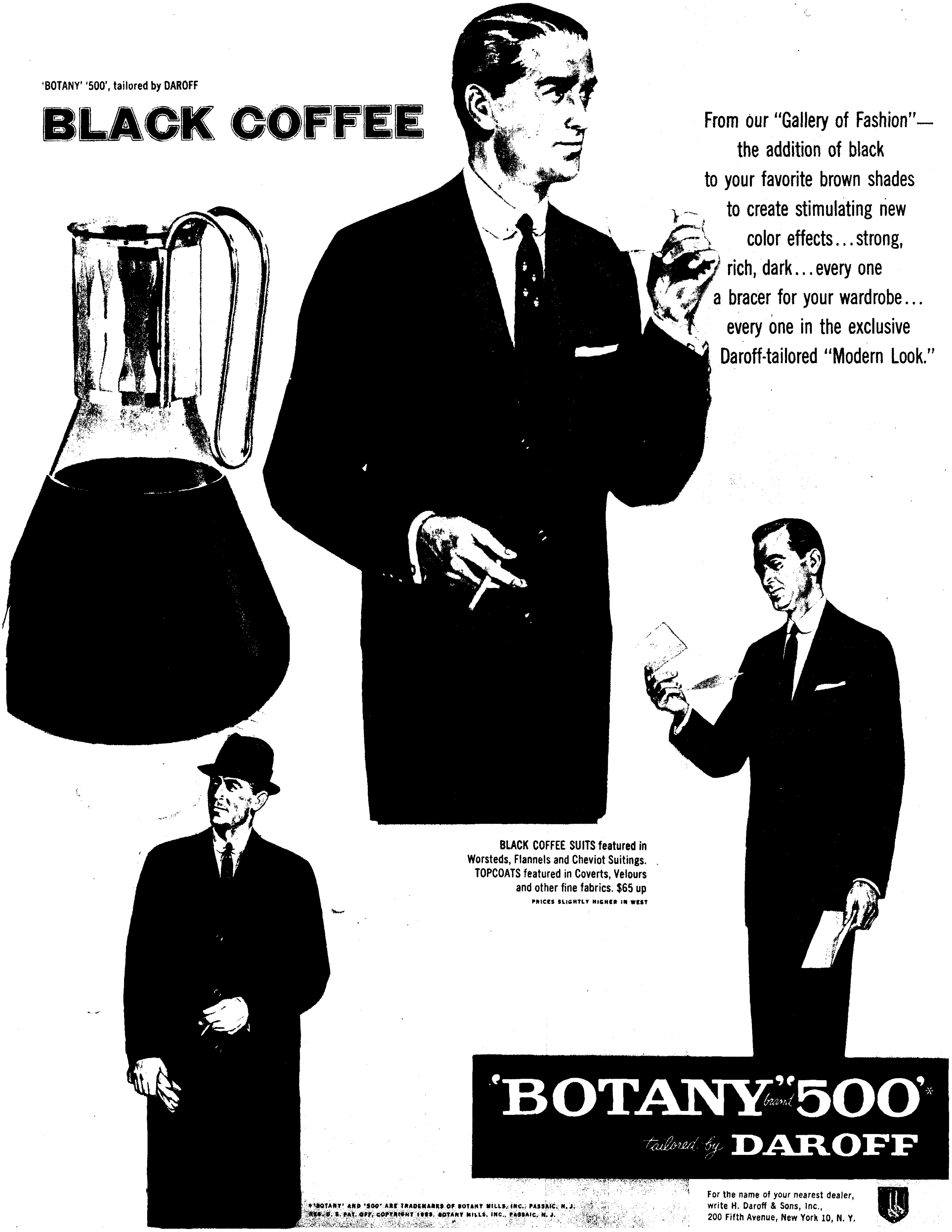
"Leave the recorder in the outer office," Clay said.

"Miss D. said I was to stick around."

Diffendorf prompted, "A couple of weeks ago—?"

"That's when Mrs. Gordon decided murder was the only way out. Dressed as a nun, she met Mary's maid at the Holy Name Cathedral, got the key from her and had a duplicate made."

"The nun was a man!" Diffendorf



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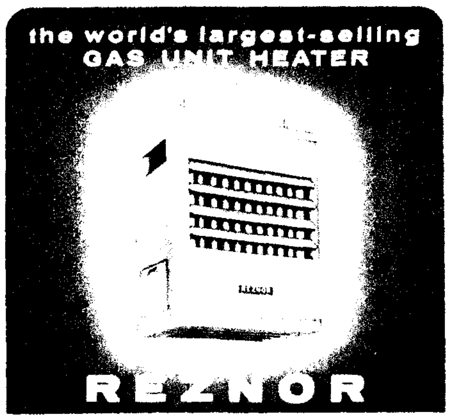

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said. "You told us the maid said so."

"*Believed* so, because of the smell of whisky on the person's breath." Eying Mrs. Gordon's startled face, he went on: "Again dressed as a nun, she used the key to get into the apartment Saturday night. Around four thirty, after I'd passed out and the girl had gone to sleep, she went to work. Murder. Plus such fancy touches as ripping the clothes and slashing the body to make it look as though a man had done it, and planting the scissors at my place. That's when Gwen Pearson saw what she thought was me in a cloak, when the janitor at Mary Trevor's building saw his 'Angel of the Lord.' Then, informed of the girl's death when she got back to Washington, she flew to Chicago with Widdecomb in her private plane, knocked off Laura Peterkins and sat down to see what happened."

There was a long silence. "A disordered dream," Geisel said.

"Yeah." Diffendorf nodded. "This hopscotch: your apartment at five and then home in time to be told of the girl's death?"

Clay said, "Damn it, look at the passenger list I gave you."

"She traveled as Horace Widdecomb?" Diffendorf asked.

"The other list." This was his ace, and until right now he hadn't known he was holding it. "Sister Angelica."

"What about Sister Angelica?" I. P. Geisel asked.

"You ever hear of a nun traveling alone?"

For the first time Diffendorf was impressed.

Mrs. Gordon frowned. "I must admit it's odd," she said. "But I'm sure there's an explanation. Some kind of an emergency." She regarded Clay thoughtfully. "To go back for a moment: What if I told you I grew up on a farm near Waco, Texas? And that my foster parents are still living there? And what if I found Sister Angelica?"

Clay knew then that he'd lost. All the substantiating witnesses she needed could be produced with money. Records could be altered, officials greased, inquiries hushed. And if he persisted in his charges, the money could even produce a little accident. He should have had better sense.

"You got anything more to say?" Diffendorf asked.

"Yes," Clay said. "I generally get my strait jackets from Brooks Brothers."

EVERYONE'S glasses had been filled again, but the scene was like a funeral, a funeral in which the deceased, Clay kept thinking gloomily, was a gent named Sam Clay.

"I still don't like being accused as I was," Mrs. Gordon said.

"He's admitted he was wrong," I. P. Geisel said placatingly.

"That's just it," Mrs. Gordon said. "Mr. Clay's thinking he should have waited, obtained more evidence, built up a better case. He's not convinced."

"I'm the most convinced man you ever saw."

"No. Not really." She didn't look sick now. She was alive again, her eyes smoky and wise. "But one or two things occur to me that might set his mind at rest now."

"It couldn't be more at rest."

She ignored this. "One is: How could I have talked to Mary Trevor in Washington if, at almost the same time, I was murdering her in her apartment? Of course I could have invented the conversation, but how could I invent the fact that she called me? That's a matter of record. And then Laura Peterkins—why would I have gone back to Washington on a five fifty-five flight and then returned to Chicago in the afternoon to kill her? Why wouldn't I have killed her the same night?"

"I figured you got some sort of a message," Clay said weakly. "About her having the warden's letter."

"But how? Who gave it to me?"

"Mr. Clay was understandably confused," I. P. Geisel said blandly.

"I want him unconfused," Mrs. Gordon said. "A final thing. Don't you think that if Miss Trevor, or anyone for that matter, were threatening me, I could find some way of removing the threat without involving myself?" She stared at Clay for a second. "That sounds like a threat itself, doesn't it? It wasn't meant to."

IT DID and it didn't, Clay thought tiredly. It didn't matter anyway. On the record he was wrong, would always be wrong. He went to the bar, and saw the blond man, still waiting in the outer office. Clay recalled Miss Dewhurst's message: Chopin from cherry blossoms. What in hell did that mean? The recorder, of course, was Bundy's mechanical man. But Chopin?

Tilting the bottle, Clay let whisky pour into his glass. "Chopin," he said. "Polonaise. Mazurka. Prelude."

"I can think of something he wrote that would be very appropriate for you," said Mrs. Gordon. "*Marche Funèbre.*"

"Funeral march!" Clay yelled, and then called to the blond man. "Bring that thing in here and hook it up!"

The blond man set the machine on the desk. "Seal on it when it came," he said. "Miss Dewhurst had me watch her take it off, in case we had to testify."

"What in hell is that?" Diffendorf asked.

"Telerecorder!" Clay said excitedly. "Takes down telephone calls when you're not home."

Mrs. Gordon was watching them curiously. "Where did it come from?"

"Cherry blossoms," Sam Clay said. "Washington, D.C."

"It's mine?"

A green light came on, followed by static and a deep hum. "Got it!" the blond man said.

An angry voice came from the machine: "Thirty seconds! We're paying for this call, not you! *Whose residence is this?*"

"That's me," Clay said, "when I called the Dupont number this afternoon trying to find out whose it was."

"We never doubted that you made the call, Mr. Clay," said Mrs. Gordon.

Clay spoke to the blond man. "Take it farther back."

Bending over the machine, the man depressed a lever and the telerecorder began a delirious chattering of words said backward. The delirium ended and he raised the lever. The machine purred again. A girl's frightened voice said: "She's not there? Oh, of course. Not there . . . But just in case . . . Laura Peterkins has the evidence . . . Safe with Laura Peterkins where it can't be touched . . ."

Clay turned from the machine. "And that," he said, "was the girl's call from the night club—that's also the message that sent Mrs. Gordon back to Chicago to kill Laura Peterkins." He turned back to the blond man. "Take it up to the call the girl made just before she was murdered." I. P. Geisel and Diffendorf moved closer, fascinated.

Another recording started. Mary Trevor's voice said, "Hello, hello—" and then stopped abruptly. There was a long period in which the machine hummed, picking up only the sound of faint scuffling; and then Mrs. Gordon's voice, sharp and imperative, demanding: "What do you want? What are you doing in here?"

Clay's blurred voice, gradually getting louder, said, "Couch too little. Can't sleep."

"Go back to the living room!"

"Wanna bed. Wanna light too. Can't see. Here's a bed. Won'ful bed. Mary?"

"What?" demanded Mrs. Gordon's voice.

"Bye-bye."

"All right! Bye-bye!"

Clay's voice mumbled, "I can see you by the door, Mary. Tha's funny ni'gown you got on, Mary. Black."

"Go to sleep!" Mrs. Gordon said, her voice farther away, but still audible on the scratchy recording.

"Am. Black nightie. Look like a nun."

THERE was a moment of humming in the machine. Then Clay's voice, close to the telephone, said, "Dark in here. Can't see clock—gotta set clock. Oh—oh, Mary left phone off hook." And then there were rattling sounds as he fumbled with the telephone—and then a click. The machine resumed its faint humming.

Slowly, their faces reflecting the same blend of awe and horror, the men turned to Mrs. Gordon's desk. But Mrs. Gordon was no longer there . . . .

Clay and Lieutenant Diffendorf stood together by the massive wooden doors of the cathedral. Clay looked at his watch; it was 4:45 Monday

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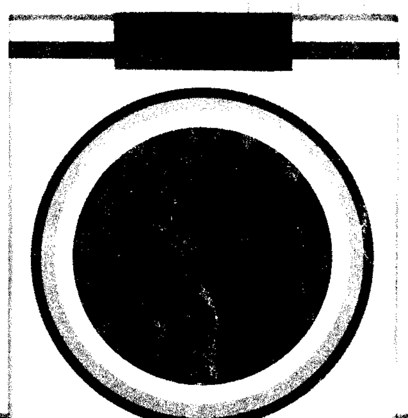

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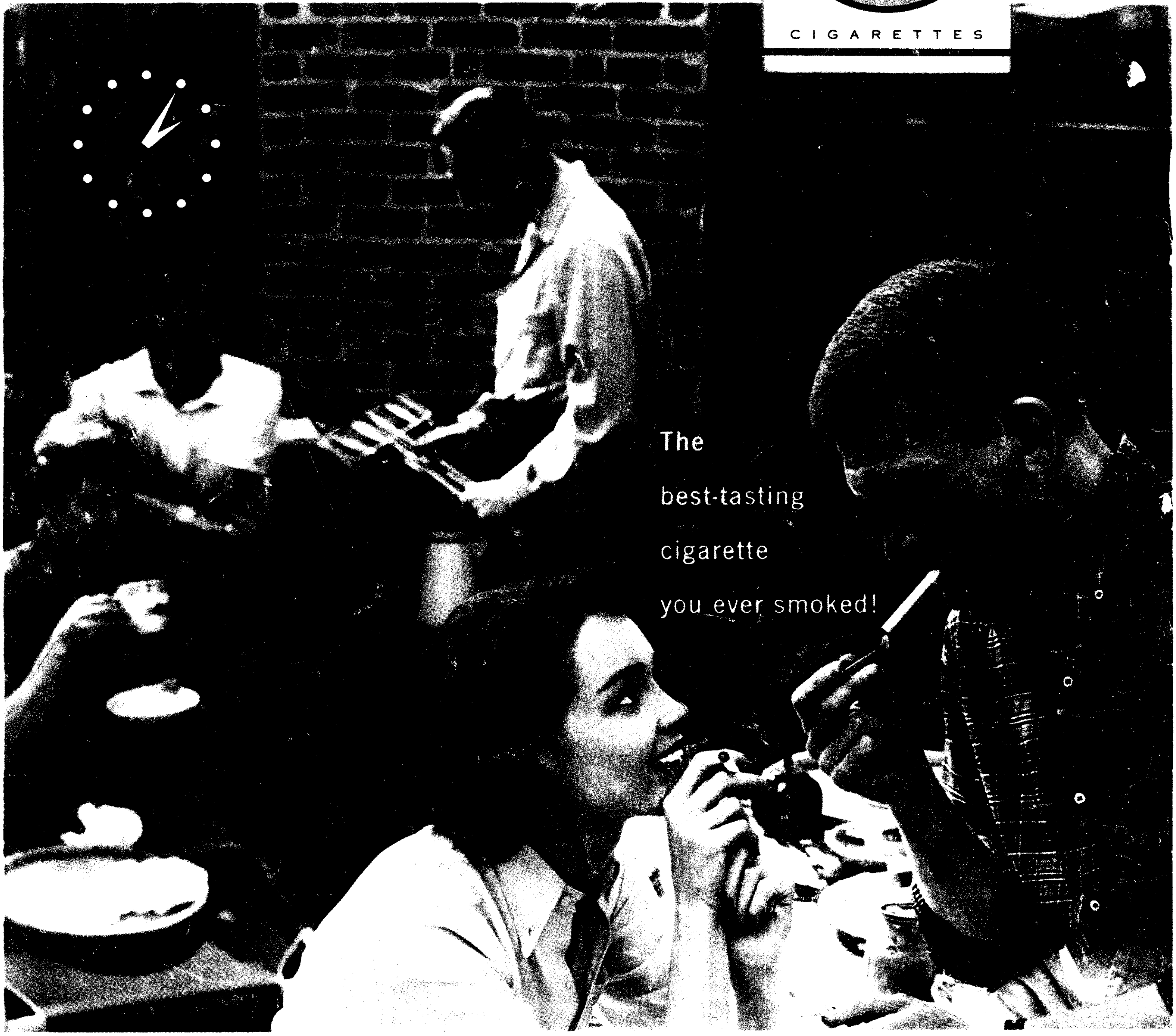

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